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SIGNS OF DECAY.

We are told, on high authority, that there is nothing new under the sun—that what has been may be again—that all things revolve in an old appointed circle—that for empires as well as for individuals there is a period of growth and a period of decay—and that neither the mighty nor the humble can escape the operation of the invariable law which fixes a penalty for every transgression, and which punishes with the same severity the high and the lowly.

A modern writer, struck with the power of these old truths, and tracing in the past and present history of Great Britain the operation of causes which must, in the fullness of time, produce its fall, has drawn a vivid picture of a New Zealander, sitting upon a ruined arch of London-bridge, and moralizing upon the fate of the once mighty empire, become as much a thing of the past as Rome, Greece, and Assyria. But when we read the eloquent page, we smile at the prediction of the writer. We cannot believe that "Babylon, that mighty city, who glorified herself and lived deliciously," who said in her heart, "I sit as a Queen and shall see no sorrow," shall ever fall from her high estate. We think of the wealth, the enterprise, the indomitable courage, the intelligence, the zeal, and the piety of her sons—we see her wondrous progress in arts that Greek and Roman never knew—the triumphs of her science, and the blessings of a civilization superior to any ever enjoyed by the earlier ages of the world, and we fancy that in all these things

there are germs of stability and progress which shall grow up and flourish in after time, bearing the name and fame, the power and the glory, of Great Britain to the remotest generations.

It is well, however, that we should sometimes view the other side of the picture, and ask ourselves more calmly whether our empire is indeed so firmly rooted—so endeared to the world by its justice, humility, and beneficence—so supported by its own integrity—so much removed from all possibility of rivalry, as to defy the agencies of decay and ruin, and stand to the most distant times the Queen and the Model of Nations. The picture is not quite so brilliant when it is thus considered. The golden image is found to have feet of clay. The fair peach of prosperity is seen to have a worm within it, and the mighty empire to be menaced with perils from within and from without. We see that we have no exclusive claim to the possession of the virtues which have raised us to the high position that we hold; that what we have, we share; that men of our own blood and language have permeated with our intelligence, our industry, and our enterprise, the remotest ends of the earth; that our sons have founded new empires, at present as brilliant, and promising in the future to be more brilliant, than our own. If we calculate the growth of population, we shall find that, in fifty or twenty years hence, or even earlier, Great Britain will no longer be the principal seat of the vigorous race of the Anglo-Saxons; and that, although that race may continue to rule the world, it may not be from the banks of the Thames, or from any part of the old country that gave them birth. An empire twenty, thirty, or fifty times

as extensive, and as rich as ours, has already arisen on the other side of the Atlantic, to entice into its bosom the best blood which remains to us. The young, the hardy, the persevering of our country, and of all the countries of Europe, that groan under the weight of debt, of difficulty, and of a surplus population, and that cannot say to their sons, as the New World does, that every man is a man, welcome, for the sake of his manhood, to the great feast of Nature, where there is enough and to spare for the meanest, are daily invited to leave the shores of effete Europe, and settle in more vigorous America. The growth of the United States is, in reality, the downfall of Great Britain. All the unhappy circumstances that are of prejudice to us, are of benefit to them. With us, the mouths that clamour to be fed are causes of decay. With them, every additional mouth is an additional pair of hands, and every additional pair of hands is an increase of wealth, power, and influence. Let us pour our millions into the great valley of the Mississippi, and it will hold and feed them all, were their numbers quadrupled. Such is our great rival in the West. In the South there is another rival almost equally formidable, equally splendid, fed in the same manner from our entrails, and rising daily upon our fall. Who shall fix the bounds of the future prosperity of the great Australian continent? While in this old country the pauper vegetates or dies, accursed of the land that produced him, in that new country the pauper becomes a labourer; he no longer vegetates, but lives; and if he lives long enough, he may become a patriarch, sitting under the shade of his own fig-tree, and counting, by thousands and tens



of thousands his flocks and herds—a new Job in a land of plenty. Fertile soil, delicious climate, elbow room, and freedom from taxation—these are the blessings of the Australian. The Englishman enjoys the first two in an imperfect manner; the last are aliens—he knows them not, and will never know them while England holds her place among the nations.

Nor are these the only dangers which menace us. Although our empire stretches to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south—though we have our hands in Asia, our feet in Africa, our arms in America and the South Pacific Ocean, our own peculiar territory is but a small spot in a remote corner of Europe. We have only held that corner by the enormous sacrifices we have made. It was our ambition to become a ruling power—giving the law to the world—and we became so; but it was at a cost of a debt of £800,000,000, that pauperises our population, and lies like a perpetual and killing weight upon the energy of all classes. In addition to this stupendous evil, we share the effectlessness of all Europe. There is but one empire within European boundaries that is not worn out and pauperised by debt and extravagance: that empire is Russia; and she is the enemy of all the rest, and desires to rise upon their ruins. Destiny seems to have traced her path as it has traced ours. The Slavonian races will inevitably be the new lords of Europe. The Anglo-Saxon race must be contented to be the lords of the larger and more splendid inheritance of America and Australia. In this case, what becomes of the empire of Great Britain? It falls to the ground, and exists only—like other Powers and Potentates of the world—in the bones and sinews of its sons and successors, transferred to a new soil, and enjoying privileges, blessings, and opportunities from which their forefathers were excluded.

Let those who dream of a perpetual Britain, think upon these things. The signs of decay are around us on every side. In our fall we shall have few friends. In prosperity we have not comforted ourselves so humbly, as to be justified in the expectation of sympathy or aid from any quarter. Our very excellence has made us foes; and our violence and cupidity have estranged the nations. We may have peopled the earth; we may have spread far and wide our arts and our arms—our commerce and our civilization, but we have not had standing room for our own pretensions. Events are more powerful than we are. We must, sooner or later, yield our place to the more prudent, the less embarrassed, and the more vigorous offshoots of our race, and consent to occupy the easy chair of our senility. Nor is there anything to regret in this. What is there in our corner of the globe that it should for ever expect to give the law to all others? The civilization that is removed is not destroyed; and the genius of our people can exert itself as well on the banks of the Ohio, or the Mississippi, as on the banks of the Thames; and rule the world from the White House at Washington, with as much propriety as from the Palace of St. James's.

We live, indeed, in a remarkable period of the world's history—a period in which new empires take the place of old ones with wonderful rapidity; and in which old empires are paying the penalty of transgressions against the laws of morality and social well-being committed by them during many generations. Europe has enjoyed power and has abused it, and the sceptre of the world's dominion is passing from her grasp. Civilisation, as of old, is following the course of the sun, and the destinies of humanity will work themselves out in a new field and on a larger scale. The world is, as it were, starting afresh, and from a more favourable starting-point. The lover of humanity can but hope that the new civilisation which may arise will take warning from the errors of the old; and that, in the decay and fall of empires, humanity itself will emerge from each change in brighter lustre, wiser and juster, more peaceable and more religious, and doing as much as man can do to aid the coming of the prophesied time when "the people shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, nor learn war any more."

CHRISTMAS FRUIT.

THE dry fruit trade of the port of London is in full activity about a month before Christmas. There are few who need be told that it comprises figs, raisins, currants, prunes, and the fine variety of plums from France, packed in boxes tastefully decorated, and embellished with paintings of artistic character. This fruit is principally brought by English vessels; and the principal places of importation are Cox's Wharf, Fresh Wharf, and Hammond's Quay, Upper Thames street. We have engrained Cox's Wharf, immediately adjoining the Adelaide Hotel, where a multitude of packages of fruit—as drums of figs, barrels of currants, boxes of raisins, and chests of oranges—are shown in such multitudes as, in the days of boyhood, would impress us with other ideas than the commerce of Great Britain. The scene was sketched, in all its Christmas bustle, a few days since.

We gather some interesting details from the "Price Current of Fruit." The clearance of currants in London for home consumption, from October 21 to November 20, 1848, were 1900 tons, the largest ever on record; but they have been exceeded by those of the like period of this year, which have reached 2100 tons. It is computed that the increase in the consumption of 1849 will not be far short of 4000 tons, which is equal to thirty cargoes, or nearly one-third of the total import of last year. The consumption, from reduced duty, has doubled within seven years.

The crop of Valencia Raisins has, as yet, proved somewhat short. The total import this season, to November 22, has been, by thirty-one ships, 72,820 boxes and 34,516 half boxes, or 2250 tons; against 120,640 boxes and 65,132 half boxes, or 3800 tons, to the like period of last year. Our import, therefore, has been 1550 tons less than that of last season to this date. With a positively short supply of raisins, the consumption must run more largely than ever upon currants.

Of figs the supply has also been somewhat short; and great quantities were out of condition, from the length of voyage.

Oranges belong to the green fruit-trade. The number annually imported into this country is stated at 250,000,000; and in one day nearly 6,000,000 have been landed. The supply this season is remarkably fine and abundant.

The fruit-vessels (schooners) are splendid craft, sail well, dashing through all, carry a heavy press of canvas, and no fires are allowed on board, except occasionally, for the purpose of cooking, lest the heat should affect the cargo.

When eight or ten of these vessels are discharging at one time at London-bridge, the scene is very animated.

A clever Engraving of one of the Schooners will be found in No. 113 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE EAST AND WEST INDIES.—The following notice has been issued by the authorities of the Post Office:—"The practice of sealing letters, passing to and from the East and West Indies, and other hot climates, with wax not properly prepared for such climates, being attended with much inconvenience, and frequently with serious injury to the correspondence, in consequence of the melting of the wax and adhesion of the letters to each other; the public are recommended in all possible cases to use either prepared wax or waxes in sealing their letters sent to India, or other hot climates; and also, to advise their correspondents in those countries to pursue the same course."

SMUGGLING.—Her Majesty's revenue cutter *Vigilant*, Captain Richard Gowlan, captured, a few nights ago, in Sea Reach in the Thames, a spritsail barge, about sixty tons burden, having on board a crew of five persons, and a contraband cargo, consisting of 280 bales of tobacco, about 50lb. each, concealed under straw stacked on her deck. The barge was proceeding up the river in the usual manner as a coaster with straw for the London market; and had the smugglers been successful in escaping the protective force, between six and seven tons of tobacco would have been run, and the Exchequer thereby lost the amount of duty. We believe this to be the largest seizure of tobacco that has been made in the Thames for the past thirty years.

IMPORTATION OF POULTRY.—Very large importations of poultry are taking place from the Belgian ports at the present time, the produce of that country. The steamer *Sir Edward Banks*, from Ostend, has brought 94 packages, and the steamer *Triton*, arrived from the same port, has brought 136 cases of poultry, of various kinds, the produce of Belgium. Another arrival of 103 cases has taken place from the same port, and one of 110 cases, also of Belgian produce. These supplies from Belgium comprise large quantities of rabbits, with which that country greatly abounds; and we understand, on good authority, that the importations of them from Belgium, particularly towards the close of the week, are eagerly looked for, and regularly purchased, by the humbler portion of the community in various parts of the metropolis.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—With a view to raise the standard of professional education, the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons have decided that in future candidates for the fellowship of the institution shall undergo additional examinations in mathematics, and the Greek, Latin, and French languages.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

From Paris we have nothing but anticipations of the festivities of the season. In the political world the only feature calling for notice is the victory of Ministers in the Chamber on the Potable Liquors Bill. On Tuesday, after six days' debate, the general discussion on the bill was closed. Its object is to re-establish the impost on potable liquors, which the Provisional Government had taken off. On a division, the House affirmed the resolution, by a majority of 445 to 220, that it should proceed to the discussion of the articles of the bill. This proceeding in the French Assembly is equivalent to what in the British Parliament would be the passing of the second reading of the bill and the going into committee. The measure has thus been adopted in principle, and all that has to be now settled is, the details by which that principle is to be carried out. Several amendments proposed by the opponents of the measure have been rejected.

It has been observed during the week, as "a sign of the times," that the words "République Française, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," which figured on the palace of the Elysée (the residence of the President of the Republic), and on all the other public buildings in Paris, have disappeared from the Elysée. It was certainly time to get rid of them, since the cry of "Vive la République!" and "Vive la Constitution!" are considered seditious.

ITALIAN STATES.

ROME.—Accounts from the Papal States to the 15th inst. mention that outbreaks of the peasantry had occurred in several of the villages and small towns, on account of the re-establishment of the odious tax on the grinding of corn, by which the price of bread is increased. In some of the places where French troops are stationed, they remained passive for three days, while the peasantry were mustering, armed with pitchforks and clubs, threatening to take vengeance on the authors of the measure; but at length they received orders to enforce tranquillity, and at the same time to announce that the Commander-in-Chief took upon himself to suspend the tax until he could represent to the Roman Government the excitement that it occasioned, and induce the Pope to give orders for its abolition.

The period of the return of the Pope to the capital was still involved in doubt and uncertainty. It is said that General Baraguay d'Hilliers has signified his ultimatum to the Pope, and prescribed a period for his return to Rome, after which the French authorities would, in case of his non-compliance, proclaim a Provisional Government.

PIEDMONT.—The new Legislative Assembly is likely to co-operate better with the Ministry than that lately dissolved. The result of 178 elections was known at Turin on the 15th inst. 116 colleges had returned Ministerialists, 45 members of the Left, and 17 members of the Left Centre. The Opposition had lost 47 members, and the Conservative party only 2. It was expected that the 24 deputies to be returned by Sardinia would be mostly Conservatives.

SPAIN.

We learn from Spain of the 13th inst. that M. Sanchez Silva's bill for consolidating all the debt into Two per Cent. Stock has been rejected by the Chamber of Deputies.

The diplomatic relations between England and Spain being suspended, the latter Government has not received any official communication of the decease of the Queen Dowager Adelaide. The Court, however, it is said, will go into mourning for some days, and the balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments will be suspended until the early part of next month.

GERMAN STATES.

The accounts from central Europe are all blank, as far as politics are concerned.

Some of the German papers speculate upon the probability of a rupture between Austria and Prussia, on the score of the latter power pressing to completion its scheme of a German Diet at Erfurt, but the chances of dissension between these powers on such a subject are very small indeed.

TURKEY.

The differences between the Porte and the allied Imperial Courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna are said to be still in an unsettled state; and, in consequence of that, the recall of the French fleet has caused surprise as well as dissatisfaction at the Ottoman Court, as its presence, along with the English fleet, was regarded in the light of a demonstration in support of Turkey.

The British fleet, under the command of Sir William Parker, was still at anchor at Basika Bay on the 6th inst. It had been joined by the *Firebrand* and the *Spitfire* steamers from England. The *Oberon* steamer arrived at Basika Bay on the 30th ult., with despatches from Malta. A Turkish steam-ship had arrived at Basika Bay, having on board the officer second in command of the Turkish fleet, who was sent by the Sultan to compliment the Admiral. The *Ganges* (84) was expected to reinforce the fleet.

UNITED STATES.

Accounts from New York to the 4th, Boston to the 5th, and Halifax to the 7th inst. have been received by the *Caledonia*.

The principal intelligence is that of the meeting of Congress on the 3rd inst., at Washington. The Senate was organised, after which an adjournment took place.

The House of Representatives met on the same day, when a ballot took place for the speakership. For this post there appeared Mr. Winthrop on the Whig, and Mr. Cobbe on the Locco-oco, Interest. After three unsuccessful ballottings, the numbers stood:—For Winthrop, 96; Cobbe, 102; various, 23. In consequence of no decision on this point, the House could not be organised, and the President did not, therefore, deliver his message.

The annual report of the Postmaster-General recommends the introduction of an uniform rate of postage of 5 cents on each letter. The high condition of the department renders such reduction possible.

The New York papers have published the remarks made by Mr. Rivers, on presenting his credentials as Minister from the United States to the Government of France, together with the reply made thereto by the President of the French Republic; both of which had caused very considerable satisfaction, as they were deemed to prove the re-establishment of friendly relations between the two governments.

In Boston the utmost excitement prevailed, in consequence of the murder of Dr. Parkman. Dr. John Webster, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical School of the Howard College, and a gentleman connected by marriage with some of the most distinguished American families, had been arrested and imprisoned on the charge of being the murderer.

CANADA.

The news from Canada by the present arrival is altogether without novelty. All is apathy, even upon the annexation question.

INDIA.

Accounts anticipatory of the Overland Mail—from Bombay, of the 17th, and Calcutta, of the 7th ult.—have been received by extraordinary express. The intelligence thus conveyed is of little interest. The health of the Marquis of Dalhousie is said to be still further failing him, and it is not thought improbable he may, at the end of next month, bid adieu to India. He was on his way from Simla towards the provinces, whence he would visit Lahore, and probably Peshawar, Kurachee, Mooltan, &c., and Bombay.

Sir C. Napier arrived at Delhi on the 30th Oct., on his tour of inspection. A guard of honour was in attendance to receive him, but the gallant Commander-in-Chief dispensed with this ceremonial. The Indian papers complain of his neglect of form and state, and insist that a more imposing progress would give him greater hold upon the native mind. Sir Charles had departed for Agra.

The accounts from the Punjab have grown as rapid and uninteresting as those from Scinde. The country is perfectly tranquil, and there seems every reason to suppose it will continue so.

Some further reference is made in the local papers to the seizure of the Sikh chieftains, who, at the conclusion of the last campaign, had been permitted to retire to their respective villages under pledges of good behaviour, but, would probably be transferred ultimately to safe keeping on this side the Sutlej. With their imprisonment all disaffection has disappeared.

CHINA.

The accounts from China mention the death of Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Collier, naval Commander-in-Chief in the East, on the 28th October, from an apoplectic fit with which he was seized on the 23rd of that month. He was previously, however, much enfeebled from a protracted illness. His body was buried on the 29th, with all suitable honours, amidst the respect and grief of all who followed him to his tomb.

A formidable fleet of pirate junks had been boldly and successfully attacked in the beginning of October, by her Majesty's brig *Columbine* and her Majesty's steamer *Fury*. They were totally destroyed by fire, and of 1800 men who manned them about 400 were killed, and the remainder made their escape. The loss to the British vessels was exceedingly trifling.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Accounts from the Cape to the 28th of October have come to hand. The state of the public mind on the all-exacting topic of convict colonisation had undergone no change. It is observed by the *South African* that they will have no spot of their country's blood on their own hands, by aiding the Government, directly or indirectly, in branding the character of the colony as a general settlement by the detention of the *Neptune* with her convict cargo within its limits, that they refuse all compromise, and that they reject with just indignation the hypocritical suggestion of a "middle course" from quarters where promises and pledges have been violated, ambiguous words used with the effect of deception, and from which false and malicious slanders have been poured upon their reputation. Our colonial contemporary tells us that the only reply which his Excellency the Governor, Sir H. Smith, will receive, from one end of the colony to the other, to any proposition he may offer on this subject will be, "Send the *Neptune* away." The feeling of the Cape people has in no degree moderated on this feverish business, and the obstinacy of Earl Grey evidently tends to embarrass, in a most painful degree, the measures of that most popular officer, Sir H. Smith.

The following is a copy of a petition to the Governor from the inhabitants of Hottentots' Holland:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR HARRY SMITH, K.C.B., GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, &c.

May it please your Excellency.—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Hottentots' Holland, born with regret, from a proclamation bearing date the 12th day of October, 1849, that your Excellency has been misinformed respecting the state of feeling in the country districts, with regard to the detention of the *Neptune* in Simon's Bay; and we desire to assure your Excellency,

that, while convinced that your Excellency sincerely wishes, and has strenuously endeavoured to obtain, the deliverance of this colony from the calamity which threatens it, the inhabitants are far from being satisfied with the present prospects of the colony in this respect, inasmuch as they have no official assurance that the *Neptune*, with her cargo, will be sent away, and without such official assurance they can have no confidence that the convicts will not be landed, in opposition to your Excellency's wish, and in defiance of the people's remonstrances.

Your memorialists beg to assure your Excellency that it is not without the most painful feelings that we have been led to adopt a line of conduct in self-defence which may tend to inconvenience individuals whom we highly respect, and to embarrass certain public departments whose services we thankfully acknowledge. We desire further to express a hope that your Excellency, the old and tried friend of the people, will hearken to our entreaties, and, on the strength of Earl Grey's private letter, take the responsibility of sending away the *Neptune*, thereby restoring the colony to its former state of confidence, peace, and prosperity.

And your memorialists, &c.

IRELAND.

KILRUSH.—On the subject of the poor-law in this union, the *Freeman's Journal* has a statement to show that it is not true that such enormous rates as is pretended have been levied there, and, consequently, the paupers of the union are starved without the excuse which the guardians plead for themselves. The *Freeman* says:—"The total amount of rates struck for the half-year ending the 25th of March last was £11,179, or less than one-fifth of the net annual property of the union, while the amount of all rates uncollected since the formation of the union is only £5803. In 1848, as we have remarked, there was only a three-shilling rate, while the vice-guardians, by some singular economy, contrived to incur debts to an amount exceeding £13,000. This proves clearly enough that if debts have been contracted, it is not because the property of the union has been subjected to a pressure which it was unable to withstand, because for a period of two years and a half the aggregate rates imposed amounted only to 11s. 8d."

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—On Monday, at Conciliation Hall, there was a very thin attendance. The rent was £10 13s.

THE PROTECTION MOVEMENT.—A requisition is in course of signature in Trinity College for a meeting to petition Parliament in favour of protection for agriculture.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM-SLOOP AT PORTSMOUTH.—On Saturday morning, about half-past eleven, another steamer was added to the fleet by the launch of her Majesty's steamer *Argus*, built, in the last eighteen months, at the yard, by Mr. John Fincham, the master-shipwright thereof, from designs furnished by himself. The H.M. Lady Capel performed the ceremony of christening, and afterwards drank success to the vessel at the attendant *déjeuner*. Admiral the Hon. Sir T. B. Capel, K.C.B., with a brilliant train of naval officers and a goodly muster of spectators, were present at the interesting spectacle, which was a good launch. The following are the chief dimensions of the vessel, which is upon the paddle principle, and to have engines by Penn, of 308 horse power:—Length between the perpendiculars, 190ft.; keel for tonnage, 168ft. 4in.; breadth extreme, 33ft.; breadth moulded, 32ft. 4in.; depth of hold, 20ft. 11in.; burthen, 975 tons.

GOVERNMENT SHIP-BUILDING.—The *Royal Sovereign*, three-decker, will be at once commenced on the stocks from which the *Argus* has been launched, and will be completed to frame by the end of March next. The *Furious*, another steam-sloop, by the same designer as the *Argus* (Mr. J. Fincham), is building on the adjoining slip, and will be ready for launching in about three months, when the *Mariborough*, another three-decker, of 120 guns, will be commenced on that slip. Portsmouth yard will then present the somewhat extraordinary novelty of four three-deckers building within a few feet of each other—the *Royal Frederick*, Prince of Wales, *Royal Sovereign*, and *Mariborough*.

COLLISION BETWEEN HER MAJESTY'S STEAM-YACHT "FAIRY" AND HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP "CONTEST".—On Wednesday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, as her Majesty's steamer *Fairy*, Captain Crispin, was proceeding to her moorings up the harbour of Portsmouth, after landing her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent at the Weevil Victualling-yard, she ran foul of the *Contest*, 12-gun sloop, commanded by the Hon. J. W. Spencer, lying at a buoy in the channel of the harbour, sitting for the Western Coast of Africa station, to which she is appointed to sail on the 1st proximo, with the mail. The shock was great; the sloop being inactive, offering no resistance to the knife-like iron cutwater of the Royal yacht, the consequence was, the former has sustained considerable damage, the hammock berthing on the side struck (starboard) being cut away, the main channels cut through, also the rigging, the first port abaft the mainmast, and the side planking of the sloop down to the copper. The *Contest* was hauled up to the dockyard at four o'clock, for the purpose of being repaired. The accident will delay her departure for the coast of Africa. A court of inquiry will be held to adjudicate the blame in the matter. The *Fairy* has also sustained some injury, but not to anything like the extent of that inflicted upon the sloop.

SYDNEY SMITH'S STEAM-PRESSURE INDICATOR.

This useful appendage to the Steam-Engine, to a great extent, removes the risk of those fearful accidents too common to the boiler. It consists of a dial and hand, like that of a clock; its internal construction being similar to a spring weighing machine. The spring is acted on by a piston, to ensure the free working of which, and to keep it perfectly water-tight, a thin piece of vulcanized India-rubber cloth is so placed as to receive the pressure (through the medium of a column of water), and transmits it to the piston. The instrument is sensitive to the slightest variation of pressure. It is not affected by the motion even of a locomotive engine, and possesses the great advantage of being equally susceptible when fixed at any distance from the boiler, and connected by a small tube. They are adapted to ensure safety to steam-boats—the pressure being at all times indicated uncontrolled by the engine; at the same time producing economy of fuel, as the fireman can, at all times, see the exact state of the steam in the boiler.

We are informed by the patentee's agent, Mr. W. Randell, engineer, of Woolwich, and 167, Fenchurch-street, that the Indicators have been upwards of two years in constant work at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, without any alteration or apparent wear.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The Steeple-Chase calendar at present holds out very feeble attractions, the only fixture between the present time and the last day in January being "Banwell" (of the whereabouts of which we confess our ignorance), for Friday next. Coursing will not be interrupted by the Christmas festivities, as we find Holt fixed for Wednesday, not having come off on the day originally appointed; and Ravenstonedale, Cleveley, and the Amicable, on Thursday: the last-mentioned club will not finish their meeting until Friday.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—A good deal of money was laid out on Bolingbroke, The Nigger, and Voltigeur, at the odds returned below—the supporting parties showing an unmistakable disposition to "go on." Mavors was also in favour, but did not improve on the previous quotation. Latest prices:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.		
2 to 1 agst Bee-Hunter	6 to 1 agst Hardinge	8 to 1 agst Brother to Epitrite
CHESTER CUP.		
50 to 1 agst Lismahago (t)	65 to 1 agst Vesta	100 to 1 agst Sir Richard (t)
50 to 1 — Lady Evelyn	65 to 1 — Idle Boy	100 to 1 — Hotspur (t)
DERBY.		
9 to 1 agst Bolingbroke (t)	25 to 1 agst John-o'-Groat	40 to 1 agst Brother to Epitrite
11 to 1 — Ghillie Callum (t)	30 to 1 — Clircher (t)	40 to 1 — Hardinge
11 to 1 — Knight of Avenel	33 to 1 — Deacon	50 to 1 — Windhound
16 to 1 — The Italian	30 to 1 agst William the Conqueror	100 to 15 — Kt. of Gwynne
20 to 1 — The Nigger (t)	33 to 1 — Mavors (t)	
25 to 1 — Voltigeur (t)	65 to 1 agst Hippolytus	65 to 1 agst Hatherton

THURSDAY.—The betting this afternoon, as is usual at this season, was dull, and important only as showing a further improvement in The Nigger and Voltigeur. We give the last prices:—

CHESTER CUP.		
1000 to 15 agst Douglas	1000 to 10 agst Baby	2000 to 25 agst Idle Boy
1000 to 15 — Chanticleer	1000 to 10 — Hotspur	1000 to 8 — Emma
1000 to 15 — Sir Richard	1000 to 10 — Fugleman	All the above bets were taken
1000 to 10 — Vexce	1000 to 10 — Kennington	
DERBY.		
11 to 1 agst Knight of Avenel	25 to 1 agst Mildew (t)	50 to 1 agst Windhound
17 to 1 — The Nigger	30 to 1 — Mavors	1000 to 15 — Yew Tree
20 to 1 — Voltigeur (t)	40 to 1 — Brother to Epitrite	
DERBY, 1851.		
50 to 1 agst Hippolytus		

Thomas H. Graham, Esq., of Edmond Castle, Cumberland, has received an intimation from Sir William Donville, Bart., and Henry Denton, Esq., executors of the late Rev. George Atwick, of Cumberland-street, Portman-square, London, that they have selected the Cumberland Infirmary to receive the benefit of £1500 Three-and-a-Quarter per Cent. stock, under the benevolent provisions of his will, which will be forthwith transferred to the trustees of this institution.

During the four days of the show of cattle last week in Birmingham, not fewer than 25,000 and 26,000 persons were admitted to the exhibition. Nearly £1000 was received from tickets, and this amount, coupled with subscriptions and entrance fees paid by exhibitors, will, it is understood, amply defray the expenses incurred. Under the presidency of Lord Hatherton, the exhibition of next year promises to exceed the one just terminated.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL REFORM.

A public meeting was held on Monday evening at Ebenezer Chapel, Shore-ditch, for the purpose of receiving a deputation from the central society. There was a very crowded attendance. Mr. W. A. H. Hows presided; and the deputation consisted of Mr. George Thompson, M.P.; Mr. W. J. Hall, Mr. T. McEntee and Mr. T. Beggs, who having severally addressed the meeting, the following resolutions were agreed to:—

1. That, whilst this meeting is deeply convinced that a great reduction of the national expenditure and a more equitable adjustment of the burdens of taxation are imperatively necessary, and almost universally demanded, it cannot see any reasonable hope of permanently securing those important objects until such a measure of electoral representation has been obtained as shall give the people a direct control over the taxes which they are required to pay.

2. That this meeting most cordially approves of the principles on which the National Reform Association is based, and declares its unqualified confidence in its president and council; and this meeting rejoices in the hope that a hearty union between the middle and working classes has at length been effected, and strenuously enforces on all who complain of any grievances in the national affairs, to concentrate all their energies in the constitution of such a tribunal in Parliament as shall deal out full and impartial justice to all classes of her Majesty's subjects.

METROPOLITAN SEWERS COMMISSION.—On Saturday a general court of commissioners assembled at the offices, Greek-street, Soho. Present: Lord Ebrington, M.P. (presiding), Sir John Burgoyne, Captain Vetch, and Messrs. Hawes, Lawes, and Hardwicke. Unauthorised Publication of an Official Document.—Suspension of the Surveyor.—Lord Ebrington said it would be in the recollection of the court what he had yesterday stated in reference to Mr. Hale. A paper had been addressed by that gentleman, bearing his own signature, and dated from 1, Greek-street, Soho, December 4, to the editor of the *Mechanics Magazine*, and published in that journal. The commissioners had Mr. Hale before them, and he had acknowledged the authorship of this statement, which was headed "Experiments on the discharge of sewage water in pipes, made under the sanction of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers;" and he had given no explanations whatever that could be considered satisfactory to the commissioners. The court were of opinion that it was desirable that this breach of discipline and decided irregularity and impropriety of conduct should be punished. He (the chairman) would, therefore, move the court, that Mr. Hale be suspended till the end of the time for which he was originally engaged. It would be in the remembrance of the court, that, upon the occasion of their first meeting, they had agreed to re-engage the services of the corresponding clerks, secretary, and others, without mentioning any particular term for their re-engagement, but they had reapportioned the whole of the surveyors' department, with the distinct announcement that this was for three months only, as it was the intention of the commissioners to revise that department. Without making any further observations, he would propose, "That, as Mr. Hale caused to be published in the *Mechanics Magazine* a letter, giving an account of experiments performed at the expense of the Commissioners of Sewers, whilst an official in their service, not only without the permission of the Court, but before an account of their experiments had been presented to it, he be suspended till the 17th of January."—Mr. Hardwicke seconded the motion.—Mr. Hale requested to be allowed time to put certain explanations upon paper, and that he might be permitted to hold his appointment in the meanwhile.—Lord Ebrington thought the Court would have no objection to receive any explanations Mr. Hale might deem it right to put forward, but, as to the latter part of his application, he did not think it could be complied with, because, by such a step, the official could prolong his term of service indefinitely.—After some discussion Lord Ebrington put the motion, which was unanimously agreed to, remarking, at the same time, that it would afford him great pleasure to see Mr. Hale completely justified.—The Court then formed itself into a committee (at which the majority of the City representatives were present) "to consider the course to be adopted respecting the plans sent in to the commission for the drainage of the metropolis."

LAW CLERKS' GENERAL PROVIDENT INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of this society was held on Monday night, at the Whittington Club House, Strand, for the purpose of making such alterations in the rules of the association as might be deemed necessary, appointing fresh trustees, and receiving the report of the directors: Mr. N. Aldridge in the chair. The secretary read the report, which stated that the success which had attended the operations of this society in the first, second, and third year, had continued unabated to the present time. The total amount of income and assets, in the capital account, in November, 1849, was £2991 19s. 5d. The sum disbursed, including lapsed arrears, was £2386 7s. 8d., with part of which the directors had been enabled, during the past year, to advance 80 shares. Under the profit account the treasurer had received the sum of £274 14s. 1d., which, together with arrears due, made £777 5s. 11d. The disbursements, including all expenses, had been £101 12s., leaving as balance to the credit of this important fund the sum of £675 13s. 11d. The report and statement of accounts were adopted unanimously. A long discussion ensued relative to the alterations to be made in some of the by-laws and rules, when resolutions were passed for the election of two trustees and for the alteration of, and addition to, several of the standing rules of this society. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the business of the evening.

ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL.—The half-yearly examination of the pupils of this institution took place on Tuesday last, at the school, on Ritchmond-green, in the presence of the lady patronesses and other friends of the institution; amongst whom were Lady W. Fitzroy, Miss Fitzroy, Lady Bryant, Mrs. Roberts, Mr. D. B. Chapman, Mrs. Hales, Lord W. Fitzroy, Major Martyn, the Rev. Messrs. Christopher, Sanders, &c.; Captains the Hon. F. Maude, Pierce, Shea, Dyer, &c. The examination was under the superintendence of the clerical visitor, the Rev. J. D. Hales, assisted by the teachers of the various branches of education. Professor Brasseur, of King's College, conducted the examination of the French classes. The pupils were examined in scripture, scripture history, French, geography, arithmetic, chronology, music, with "thorough bass," repetition of poetry, &c.; and the drawing-classes were examined as to a knowledge of colours and the effect of their combination. Altogether, the examination was of a very testing character, and such as to give satisfactory evidence of industry and ability. The Rev. Mr. Hales gave a brief address at the conclusion, and, in the name of the friends of the school, affectionately bade farewell to the young ladies about to leave the institution, and expressed a hope that, as they had now ceased to be pupils, they would, by their influence and example, become teachers to others, and thus show forth the character and benefits of the education they had been privileged to receive.

BATTERSEA TRAINING COLLEGE.—On Monday the annual dinner and commemoration of the foundation of this excellent institution for training a body of pious and efficient Church of England schoolmasters took place, the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby in the chair, supported by about eighty gentlemen, who had kindly consented to act as stewards. Amongst them were W. Cotton, Esq., E. Carleton Tufnel, Esq., H. Sykes Thornton, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., the Rev. R. Burgess, Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Rev. J. Hunter, Captains Holland, Strange, and Moorsom, F. J. Francis, Esq., and several other distinguished friends of education. The examination for certificates by her Majesty's inspectors of schools having been gone through the previous week, there was a large number of masters present from various parts of the country, besides the resident students, amounting in all to upwards of 150.

MUNICIPAL REFORMS.—On Monday evening an adjourned public meeting was held at the New Court, Old Bailey, to take into consideration the question of municipal reform; Sir James Duke in the chair. On the platform were Alderman Sir J. Key, Alderman Sir George Carroll, Alderman Sidney, M.P., the Common Sergeant, Mr. Commissioner Bullock, Mr. J. Toulmin Smith, and a large number of members of the Common Council. Mr. Pulling entered at some length into an exposition of the laws regulating the affairs of the City. Referring to those which he contended pressed severely upon the citizens, he moved the following resolution:—"That various acts of Parliament having interfered with the discharge of several of the rights and duties of the members of the corporation of London, it is necessary to take prompt steps to procure the entire repeal of all such acts of Parliament, and especially of a certain act of Parliament passed in the 11th year of the reign of George I., and of all acts founded upon or having reference to that act." Mr. Ackland, in seconding the resolution, contended that the act alluded to needlessly and mischievously interfered with local legislation. The act of 1725—the first act of interference—was obtained on the application of a small portion of the aldermanic body in defiance of the wishes of the great majority of the citizens. The preamble of that act alleged as the necessity for its introduction the numerous disputes which took place at elections, but the allegation was false. The fact was, that the free citizens of London claimed the right to vote at elections—a right which had been conferred upon them from the earliest times; and the aldermen, at least fifteen of them, conceiving that they ought not to be allowed to exercise that right, endeavoured to prevent them from doing so; and when they could not do it by the means placed at their disposal, they went to the Legislature and got the act of Parliament in question. The act passed last session, so far as its electoral character was concerned, took the place of the act of 1725. That act was asked for by the corporation of London on the face of the reports of numerous committees, which, instead of advising the corporation to apply for any such act, recommended that they should at once demand the repeal of the act of 1725, which was, to say the least of it, trifling with the rights of the citizens of London. After some remarks from Mr. Deputy Bedford, the resolution was put and carried *nem. con.* Mr. Toulmin Smith remarked that the next resolution to be proposed referred to measures which seemed best calculated to maintain the integrity of the corporation of London and the general interests of the nation. It was one of great importance, and would involve much discussion. He would, therefore, propose the adjournment of the meeting until Wednesday. This was agreed to, and, after the usual compliment to the chairman, the meeting separated.

TYPOGRAPHICAL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION AND WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND.—The first public meeting of this institution was held on Saturday night last, at the School-room, Nevill's court, Fetter-lane. The chair was taken by Mr. Hartwell, of the *Daily News*. The objects of the society are to relieve the widows or orphans of deceased members, by means of dramatic performances, and thus entirely abolishing relief-seeking by means of petitions to the trade. The sum of 3d. per week, contributed by each member, will, it is believed by the committee, remedy this evil, and realise to the relatives £20. The meeting fully approved of the rules and regulations suggested by the committee, who had laboured in the most praiseworthy manner for the formation of the society. There were present on the occasion several of the printers of the daily journals, who took most active parts in the proceedings.

NEW COAL EXCHANGE.—The members of the Coal and Corn Committee, under whose direction the new Coal Exchange was erected, entertained a large party on Tuesday evening, at the Albion Tavern, in celebration of the completion of the building. Mr. John Wood, the chairman of the committee, presided, and was supported, among others, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir J. Duke, M.P., Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Lawrence, Alderman Sir John Key, Mr. Masterman, M.P., Mr. D. W. Harvey, Mr. Bunning (the architect to the corporation of London), &c. After the banquet, various complimentary toasts were proposed and duly responded to; the company separating at a late hour.

BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held at the banking-house, in Austin-friars, on Thursday, Mr. O. Farrer in the chair, who stated that the affairs of the company were progressing very satisfactorily, the directors believing that few, if any, bad debts had been made during the half-year. The realisation of the properties held by the bank continued to occupy the attention of the directors, though, from the depressed state of the colonies, no favourable opportunity had yet presented itself. The liquidation of the debt due to this bank by the Bank of Australia had not progressed so satisfactorily as had been expected, though the directors saw no reason to doubt that it would be recovered. Up to the present time, the amount received from shareholders of that bank was £125,472, out of £220,000 claimed from them. After some discussion, in the course of which it was stated that probably the same dividend would be paid as last year, the report was adopted, and thanks voted to the chairman.

MEXICAN BONDHOLDERS.—A meeting of Mexican bondholders was held at the London Tavern on Thursday, to receive a report from Mr. Robertson, of the result of his recent mission to Mexico, to obtain a settlement of the bondholders' claims on that country. Mr. Capel having taken the chair, Mr. Robertson made a lengthy statement, from which it appeared that, after considerable negotiation with the Mexican Government, he had entered into a convention with the Ministers, to the effect that, out of the 15,000,000 dollars indemnity, 4,500,000 should be set aside to compromise the arrears of interest due to the bondholders, which amounted to 7,000,000 dollars; secondly, that the interest on the debt should for ten years be reduced from 5 to 3½ for a period of ten years; and, thirdly, that the duties on the export of silver (to be reduced from 10 to 5½ per cent., in consequence of the higher amount favouring smuggling) should be set aside towards paying the interest regularly. This convention had to be confirmed by Congress, and though there was very considerable opposition to the measure at first, he believed it would be confirmed, especially as Lord Palmerston had sent out orders to Mr. Doyle, her Britannic Majesty's representative at Mexico, to render every possible assistance to the bondholders in obtaining a settlement of their claims. The bondholders were not bound by the proceedings he had taken, it remaining for them to decide whether or not they would accept the proposed terms, by which they were likely to be regularly paid 3½ per cent., or continue by their old bargain, which had only produced them an average 1 per cent. for 25 years. Thanks were voted to Mr. Robertson for his services, and the consideration of the convention postponed, to see whether it received the assent of Congress—a decision either for or against it being expected by the next packet.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.—A special meeting of the governors of this excellent institution was held at the offices in Ludgate-hill, on Tuesday, Mr. Charles Fielders in the chair; when the 19th rule, "that all clergymen granting their pulpits, or preaching in favour of the charity, shall be governors, and shall have a life vote on each occasion" of an election, was amended by the addition of the words "provided the amount collected be equal to the value of the life vote, and that for every additional £5 5s. of the congregational collection the incumbents of the church shall have a further life vote." A special report of the committee of the asylum was also presented to the governors, which says:—"The cases of orphanage throughout the United Kingdom, at all times exceedingly numerous, have (it is well known) of late been distressingly augmented by that fearful scourge, which has carried death and desolation to so many once happy homes! Truly, indeed, has it been remarked by an eloquent writer, that 'the prattle of infancy and the soft accents of affection have been suddenly hushed in a thousand dwellings, and that a havoc has been wrought in innumerable families, which a long life will fail to repair!' Of the children now pressing for admission into this asylum, some were deprived of both parents within the space of a few hours; others have been abruptly left dependent on the broken-hearted widow; her energies paralysed by the suddenness of her bereavement; and all this, it will be remembered, exclusive of those daily casualties, which are constantly producing new applicants for the protection of our orphan homes. Under these painful circumstances, it has become the duty of the committee to consider how far they can meet a special emergency by special means; in other words, whether at such a moment the Infant Orphan Asylum, which has had the privilege for some years past to receive more bereaved children than any other national charity, might not be rendered increasingly instrumental in mitigating the sorrows of the widow and the fatherless, there being ample room for a much larger number of children than the building now contains. In determining this point, the committee have not failed to remember that several branches of expenditure would not be materially increased were the building wholly filled; and that every past advance in the number of children admitted has been followed by a corresponding measure of public support. Influenced, therefore, by these and other considerations, and animated by the retrospect of those many years, in which, notwithstanding the 'toils and trials of the way,' the divine blessing has been abundantly vouchsafed to this institution, it has been determined to arrange for a special election, to be held on Monday, February 11, at which forty additional children will be admitted. The same number of children (forty) will also be received at each of the ordinary half-yearly elections; so that in the year 1850, besides the 328 orphans now on the foundation, no less than 120 be reaved infants will find refuge within the walls of this asylum—a larger number than was ever received by any of our national charities within the space of a single year." The report concludes by an especial appeal to the friends of the institution for support in carrying out the benevolent recommendations of the committee.

GREAT CENTRAL GAS CONSUMERS COMPANY.—A meeting of this company was held at the London Tavern, on Thursday—Mr. Dillon in the chair—when the bill to be brought before Parliament for incorporating the Company was submitted to the shareholders and approved. Subsequently, a public meeting of the inhabitants of the ward of Bishopsgate was held, and resolutions passed in favour of the company.

MANSON-HOUSE.—The Lord Mayor entertained at dinner, on Monday evening, Mr. Alderman Humphrey, M.P., Governor of the Irish Society; the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Lawrence, Mr. Sheriff Nicoll, Mr. Under-Sheriff Millard, and Mr. Under-Sheriff Wire; the chairman of the several corporation committees (previously to the expiration of their office), the masters, wardens, and assistants of the Worshipful Company of Tallowchandlers (his Lordship's company), and several private friends. From the auspicious commencement of the present mayoralty—no less than three grand banquets having already taken place—it may reasonably be inferred that there will be no diminution of the splendid hospitalities which have lately distinguished the career of the chief magistrate.

NEW REGULATION RESPECTING ALDERMEN AND COMMON COUNCILMEN.—In the new Act of Parliament for the government of the City of London, which came into operation yesterday (Friday), in the election of Common Councilmen, there is a provision in reference to the disqualification of Aldermen and Common Councilmen. According to the ninth section of the Act (12 and 13 Vict., cap 94, local), if any person holding the office of Alderman or Common Councilman for the City of London shall declare himself, or shall be declared bankrupt or insolvent, or shall apply to take, or shall take the benefit of any act for the relief of insolvent debtors, or shall make any composition with his creditors, or shall altogether absent himself from his duty for more than six calendar months consecutively, unless prevented by illness or other reasonable cause, or shall be convicted of fraud or of any crime, then, and in every or any such case, such person shall thereupon immediately become disqualified, and shall cease to hold the office of Alderman or Common Councilman, as the case may be, and hold the office of Alderman or Common Councilman of the City of London shall thereupon forthwith vacate the said office to be vacant; but any person becoming disqualified with adjunder the said office to be vacant; but any person becoming disqualified and ceasing to hold such office, by reason of having made any composition with his creditors, shall, on payment of his debts in full, be capable (if otherwise qualified) of being re-elected to such office. All acts done before an Alderman or Common Councilman shall be disqualified, shall be as valid as if the party had not been disqualified.

FREEMEN OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—By the new act for the government of the City of London, freemen, on taking up their freedom, are required to make the following declaration, in lieu of oaths or affirmations formerly prescribed:—"I, A. B., do solemnly declare that I will be good and true to our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria; that I will be obedient to the Mayor of this city; that I will maintain the franchises and customs thereof, and will keep this city harmless in that which in me is; that I will also keep the Queen's peace in my own person; that I will know no gatherings nor conspiracies made against the Queen's peace, but I will warn the Mayor thereof, or hinder it to my power; and that all these points and articles I will well and truly keep, according to the laws and customs of this city, to my power."

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Births registered in the week ending Saturday, Dec. 15:—Males, 662; females, 647; total, 1309. Deaths during the same period:—Males, 487; females, 515; total, 1002. The weekly average of deaths for the season (corrected for increase of population) being 1162, the present decrease on the estimated mortality amounts to 160 deaths. The numbers returned in the last four weeks have been consecutively 892, 931, 1053, and 1002; the increase of mortality was preceded and accompanied by a decrease of temperature (the mean having fallen about 16 degrees in three weeks), and a rise of temperature is now followed by a slight decrease in the total number of deaths. The deaths from phthisis in the last four weeks were 104, 134, 133, and 108. But under other diseases of the respiratory organs the increase is generally maintained; the deaths from bronchitis were 60, 60, 86, and 89; those from pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs chiefly in young persons) were 82, 94, 88, 90; and from asthma, 12, 21, 16, 26. In the zymotic or epidemic class, scarlatina and typhus have declined respectively from 32 to 51 fatal cases in the previous week to 19 and 33 in the last, and are both below the average, whilst measles, which numbered 29 in the former week, was fatal in 46 cases in the last. Last week the deaths from diarrhoea were only 14; only one death from cholera occurred in the same period. The deceased in this case was a child of four years, who had lived in Horace-street, Marylebone. Mr. Burrows, the registrar of Goswell-street sub-district, reports that, within two weeks, he has registered the deaths of three persons at 9, Charles-street, Northampton-square, where the

family had recently lodged: first, a young woman of 19, who died of erysipelas (4 days' duration), and oedema of the glottis (12 hours); next week her parents, who were 47 and 48 years of age respectively, and died within 48 hours of each other, the father also of oedema of the glottis (48 hours), congestion of the lungs (24 hours), and the mother, of congestion of the brain, after 48 hours' illness. The cause of death is certified in each case by the medical attendant. Amongst other deaths registered last week was that of a child of three years, who died of inflammation of the larynx, from inhaling the steam of boiling water. Vaccination was attended in two cases by fatal results. An old man died from exposure to cold in a field. Three deaths are ascribed to intemperance. In the 1002 deaths, the cause of death was certified by the written statements of medical attendants in 888 cases; in 12 cases there was no medical attendant; in 15 cases the patients may have had medical aid, but the diseases of which they died are not certified; of the remaining 87 cases, 84 were the subjects of inquest, and returned by coroners.

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY OF LONDON AND OTHER PLACES.—A table is appended to the return of the Registrar-General this week, which shows the annual mortality of London at various ages, as compared with that of the south-eastern division of England, and also of part of Northumberland. Taking boys under five years, it appears that while 29 out of 1000 die in three Northumbrian districts, 53 die in the south-east division of England, and 93 in London; and that this rate of 930 which prevails in London in ordinary times, was raised by a few weeks' prevalence of influenza in 1847-8, to 106, and by cholera in 1849 to 107. Influenza was almost as fatal to children as the more terrible epidemic by which it was followed; and to aged men and women who had turned 75 years, the mortality of cholera was even less. The annual mortality of men between 45 and 55 years, which is in parts of Northumberland 12 out of every 1000 living, and in the south-eastern division 15, is in London 27 in average years; and here it was raised from 27 to 28 by influenza, and to 35 by cholera.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—The daily mean height of the barometer at Greenwich Observatory was above 30 in. on Monday; the mean height of the week was 29.852. The daily mean temperature, which was 37° on Sunday, fell steadily to 33° on Thursday, and rose on the next two days to 49° and 51°. The mean temperature of the week was 40°, about the average of the same week of seven years; on Thursday the daily mean was 8° below the average, and on the following days successively 9° and 13° above it.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

GORHAM v. THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council re-assembled on Monday morning, and the arguments in this case were continued. The noble Lords and right rev. Prelates present were—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Campbell, Lord Langdale, Mr. Baron Parke, the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Lushington, the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, and the Right Hon. Pemberton Leigh.

At the close of Dr. Addams's address on behalf of the Bishop of Exeter, Mr. Baddeley followed on the same side, contending that the early church had without deviation held the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and, having shown that, he proceeded to advert to those concerned in the preparation of the articles and formularies of the Church, and deduced that the doctrines held by the appellant were not consistent with the views of the early Church. He submitted that the doctrines of the appellant were inconsistent with the declarations of the early Church, and that the early fathers had, without exception or deviation, held that baptismal regeneration was necessary, without distinction, in the case both of infants and adults.

The Court rose before the conclusion of his argument. On Tuesday the Council re-assembled. The learned Lords and right rev. Prelates present were—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, Lord Campbell, Lord Langdale, Mr. Baron Parke, the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Lushington, the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, and the Right Hon. T. Pemberton Leigh.

Mr. Baddeley resumed his address, elaborately developing the argument he had entered upon the preceding day. He concluded by observing that he had laboured under some disadvantage, he believed, because he saw before him two right rev. prelates, one of whom it was supposed at least, if not both, had, during the pending of this suit, committed themselves more or less to the opposite side of the question.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (with some apparent emotion): So far as I am concerned, upon what authority is that founded?

Mr. Baddeley: Simply, if your Grace asks me, it is supposed that your Grace has preferred a gentleman in the Church who has taken a very violent part in this matter—a very strong part in the nature of a partisan, and who has spoken very disrespectfully of the right rev. prelate whom I have the honour to represent.

The Archbishop of Canterbury: I gave the preference to that gentleman simply for this reason. Some five or six years ago he published a book, entitled "The Rule of Faith and Practice," which I considered to be a most important work in connexion with the Church, and at that time I had no thought of infant baptism. I believe the book had not then been published; indeed, I am sure it had not.

Mr. Baddeley: I thank your Grace most sincerely for that explanation. It will be received most thankfully by a large body of the Church; and I most sincerely apologise for the remark which has elicited this statement from your Grace. The explanation which I have been the means of drawing from your Grace will be received most thankfully by a considerable number of persons in the Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury: You see it only shows how mistaken it is to make observations of this kind founded upon imperfect, and, at the same time, erroneous information.

Mr. Baddeley: I most sincerely apologise to your Grace. Lord Campbell (with marked emphasis): I must say the observation was extremely indecorous, especially when connected with Mr. Baddeley's previous argument. A more learned, able, and temperate argument I have never heard.

Mr. Baddeley having expressed great sorrow that he should have uttered the sentiments which the Council had construed to be disrespectful, proceeded to say that, if the Committee reversed the judgment of the Court below, the results would be most tremendous. It would be regarded as a sentence declaratory by the highest authority in the land that the Church had forfeited her trust, and that she had ceased to hold that primitive doctrine which was at once her privilege and her boast, and that she had lost that which was her only hold upon the affections and obedience of her children. He did hope, however, that the Council would save the Church of England, and with that remark he would leave that momentous question in the hands of the Committee, and could only pray God Almighty to guide them to a right conclusion.

Lord Langdale then intimated that the Council would adjourn for an hour.

On the re-assembling of the Council, at a quarter past four o'clock.

Mr. Turner proceeded to address the Council in reply, in support of the appellant's case. The Council had been told that the doctrines of the Churches of England and Rome in connexion with infant baptism were the same. He was not prepared to say that the doctrines were very dissimilar, yet the Church of Rome did not entirely give spiritual regeneration to infants. According to Bishop Lawrence, "infants were not eternally condemned for original sin, but were placed in a sort of medium state, and the effect of baptism was to redeem them from that state," and that doctrine remained unaltered until the assembling of the Council of Trent. That doctrine was totally at variance with the hypothesis laid down, according to the arguments of his learned friends, by the Church of England. He then proceeded to notice the doctrine of *opus operatum*, and said that, although he had not had time to consider the question fully, yet he had come to the conclusion that that doctrine was applicable both to infants and adults.

Lord Campbell: That regeneration will necessarily take place by the act of baptism?

Mr. Turner replied in the affirmative. Lord Langdale: If repentance came subsequently—supposing he were sincere at the time the rite was administered or the sponsorial promises made—would he be regenerated?

Mr. Turner replied in the affirmative. That was the doctrine of the Church of Rome; he was regenerated at once. The appellant contended that the grace was not tied to the sacrament, and that that act of grace might be conveyed before, in, or after baptism. The learned gentleman then proceeded to contend that baptism, according to Bishop Davenant, as laid down by the early fathers, was not conveyed absolutely, and he read several passages in support of those tenets.

Lord Campbell: All those passages may refer to adult baptism. Mr. Turner: Possibly, my Lord. The passage, "preventive grace" was introduced in Bishop Taylor's works, vol. ii., page 252. Having stated that Bulenger's Decades supported the doctrine he had contended for, he concluded by asking the Council to reverse the judgment of the Court below. If the doctrine was not in direct contradiction to the views of the Church of England, he implored the Council to reverse the judgment.

The learned counsel having concluded his argument, Lord Langdale said the Council would take time to consider the judgment. The Council adjourned at seven o'clock.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

THE RECENT ATTEMPT AT PARRICIDE.

On Wednesday, before Mr. Justice Coleridge and Mr. Baron Rolfe, *Henry Bathurst Monkhouse*, aged 29, was arraigned upon an indictment, the first count of which charged him with the capital offence of discharging a loaded pistol at John Farmer Monkhouse, his father, at Chiswick, on the 4th of October last, with intent to murder him; and, in two other counts, with the minor offence of committing the same act with intent to do the prosecutor grievous bodily harm, or to maim and disable him.

The facts of the case have been so frequently before the public, that it is unnecessary to repeat them.

The defence set up was, "the state of his mind," which, it was contended, was so affected by the consequences of intoxication, that the "intent" attributed to him in the indictment could not have existed. The violence was admitted. The prisoner was found "Guilty" upon the count charging his intent to be to do grievous bodily harm to the prosecutor. The jury at the same time strongly recommended him to mercy, on the ground that the act had been committed by him while under the excitement of liquor.

The prisoner was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.



MISS KENNEDY DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING AT KILRUSH.

CONDITION OF IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NEW POOR-LAW.

(Continued from page 394.)

HAVING last week introduced this important subject to our readers, and given them some of the statistics of Kilrush, we shall henceforward allow our Correspondent to speak for himself:—

I assure you (he says) that the objects of which I send you Sketches are not sought after—I do not go out of my way to find them; and other travellers who have gone in the same direction, such as Lord Adair, the Earl of Surrey, and Mr. Horsman, will vouch, I am sure, for the accuracy of my delineations. The Sketch of Moveen, to which I now call your attention, is that of another ruined village in the Union of Kilrush. It is a specimen of the dilapidation I behold all around. There is nothing but devastation, while the soil is of the finest description, capable of yielding as much as any land in the empire. Here, at Tullig, and other places, the ruthless destroyer, as if he delighted in seeing the monuments of his skill, has left the walls of the houses standing, while he has unroofed them and taken away all shelter from the people. They look like the tombs of a departed race, rather than the recent abodes of a yet living people, and I felt actually relieved at seeing one or two half-clad spectres gliding about, as an evidence that I was not in the land of the dead. You may inquire, perhaps, and I

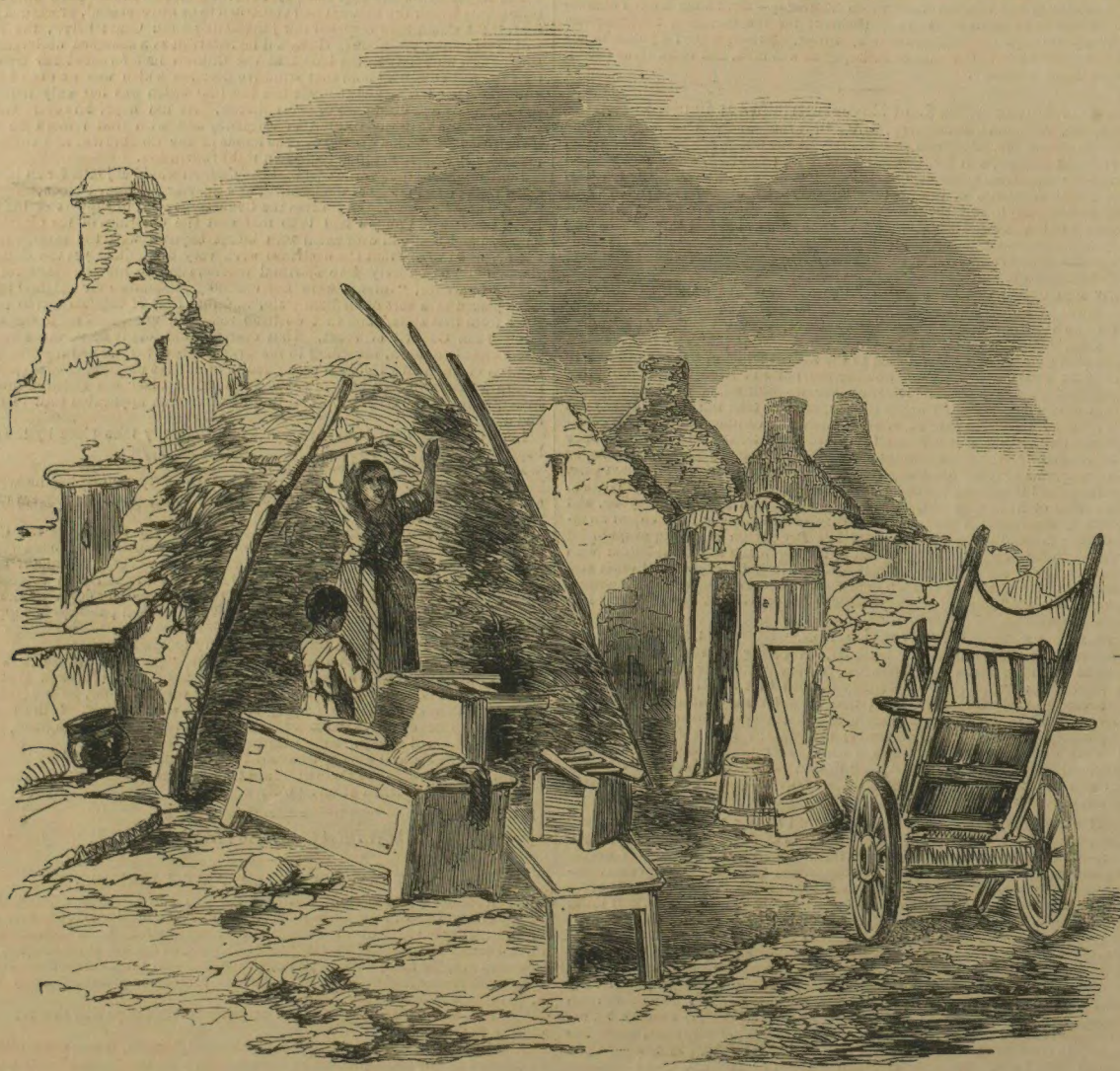
am sure your readers will wish to know, why it is that the people have of late been turned out of their houses in such great numbers, and their houses just at this time pulled down, and I will give you my explanation of this fact.

The public records, my own eyes, a piercing wall of woe throughout the land—all testify to the vast extent of the evictions at the present time. Sixteen thousand and odd persons unhoused in the Union of Kilrush before the month of June in the present year; seventy-one thousand one hundred and thirty holdings done away in Ireland, and nearly as many houses destroyed, in 1848; two hundred and fifty-four thousand holdings of more than one acre and less than five acres, put an end to between 1841 and 1848: six-tenths, in fact, of the lowest class of tenantry driven from their now roofless or annihilated cabins and houses, makes up the general description of that desolation of which Tullig and Moveen are examples. The ruin is great and complete. The blow that effected it was irresistible. It came in the guise of charity and benevolence; it assumed the character of the last and best friend of the peasantry, and it has struck them to the heart. They are prostrate and helpless. The once frolicsome people—even the saucy beggars—have disappeared, and given place to wan and haggard objects, who are so resigned to their doom, that they no longer expect relief. One beholds only shrunken frames scarcely covered with flesh—crawling skeletons, who appear to have risen from their graves, and are ready to return frightened to that abode. They have little other covering than that nature has bestowed on the human body—a poor protection against inclement weather; and, now that the only hand from which they expected help is turned against them, even hope is departed, and they are filled with despair. Than the present Earl of Carlisle there is not a more humane nor a kinder-hearted nobleman in the kingdom; he is of high honour and unsullied reputation; yet the Poor-law he was mainly the means of establishing for Ireland, with the best intentions, has been one of the

chief causes of the people being at this time turned out of their homes, and forced to burrow in holes, and share, till they are discovered, the ditches and the bogs with otters and snipes.



BRIDGET O'DONNEL AND CHILDREN.



SCALPEN OF TIM DOWNS, AT DUNMORE.

The instant the Poor-law was passed, and property was made responsible for poverty, the whole of the landowners, who had before been careless about the people, and often allowed them to plant themselves on untenanted spots, or divide their tenancies—delighted to get the promise of a little additional rent—immediately became deeply interested in preventing that, and in keeping down the number of the people. Before they had rates to pay, they cared nothing for them; but the law and their self-interest made them care, and made them extirpators. Nothing less than some general desire like that of cupidity falling in with an enactment, and justified by a theory—nothing less than a passion which works silently in all, and safely under under the sanction of a law—could have effected such wide-spread destruction. Even humanity was enlisted by the Poor-law on the side of extirpation. As long as there was no legal provision for the poor, a landlord had some repugnance to drive them from every shelter; but the instant the law took them under its protection, and forced the landowner to pay a rate to provide for them, repugnance ceased: they had a legal home, however inefficient, to go to; and eviction began. Even the growth of toleration seems to have worked to the same end. Till the Catholics were emancipated, they were all—rich and poor, priests and peasants—united by a common bond; and Protestant landlords beginning evictions on a great scale, would have roused against them the whole Catholic nation. It would have been taken up as a religious question, as well as a question of the poor, prior to 1829. Subsequent to that time—with a Whig Administration, with all offices open to Catholics—no religious feelings could mingle with the matter: eviction became a pure question of interest; and while the priests look now perhaps, as much to the Government as to their flocks for support, Catholic landlords are not behind Protestant landlords in clearing their estates. English notions and English habits, without any reference to the causes of English



VILLAGE OF MOVEEN.

greatness—which are not to be found in a Poor-law and farms of a particular size—impressed law-makers and the landlords of Ireland with a strong desire to enlarge and consolidate farms, and clear them of the squatters and subtenants, who had formerly been permitted, if not encouraged. With a Poor-law, that desire could be safely acted on, and so it supplies a temptation and the means to carry eviction extensively into effect.

by the chilliness and dreariness of a November evening, and by the wet and mire in which the naked feet of the crowd were immersed. On Captain Kennedy being appointed to the Union, his daughter was much affected by the misery of the poor children she saw; and so completely did it occupy her thoughts, that, with the consent of her parents, she gave up her time and her own little means to relieve them. She gave away her own clothes—she was allowed to bestow part of her mother's—and she then purchased coarse materials, and made up clothing for children of her own age; she was encouraged by her father and some philanthropic strangers, from whom she received sums of money, and whose example will no doubt be followed by those who possess property in the neighbourhood; and she devoted herself with all the energy and perseverance of a mature and staid matron to the holy office she has undertaken. The Sketch will, I hope, immortalize the beneficent child, who is filling the place of a saint, and performing the duties of a patriot.

On all sides I hear praises of the amiable child and her excellent father, and this is not without a moral for the landlords. The public officers who are appointed to administer and control the relief of the poor, have it in their power to do much for the people. Mere kindness of manner, though they render no substantial assistance, endears them to the suffering crowd. Captain Kennedy is at once kind, charitable, and judicious. He is at the head of the Union. He fills for the people the most important office in the district. He is the great man of the place. It must be so in other districts. The funds are contributed by the landowners, but they are distributed by public officers. Thus the Poor-law, which disposes of the landowners' property, also deprives them of the pleasure and the burden of distributing it themselves. A public officer is made, in fact, to administer their estates, and he stands between them and their compulsory bounties, securing the respect and confidence which they might and ought to have. The more the subject is examined, the more, I have no doubt,



SEARCHING FOR POTATOES IN A STUBBLE FIELD.

The evictions were numerous before the potato rot. It was not that great calamity, therefore, that superinduced them, or was the chief cause of the present desolation. The potato harvest and harvests of every kind have been lost many times before 1846, without reducing the people to their present misery. But that calamity threw the people at the mercy of the Government, and the Government used its power directly and indirectly, in accordance with the theory, to clear the land. Out-door relief was established in that season of distress, and relief altogether was coupled with the resignation of the land. The poor were required to give up their heritage, small though it were, for less than a mess of pottage. A law was passed, the 11 and 12 Vic. c. 47, entitled, "An Act for the Protection and Relief of the Destitute Poor Evicted from their Dwellings," which provided a means of evicting them, subjecting the landlords to the necessity of giving notice to Poor-law guardians, and to the share of a common burden. Under such stimuli and such auspices, the clearing process has gone on in an accelerated ratio, and Ireland is now dotted with ruined villages, and filled with a starving population, besieging the doors of crowded workhouses, and creeping into the halls and chambers of the deserted mansions of the nobility and gentry. A gentleman's mansion turned into a poor-house, is a fit emblem of the decay that a mistaken policy has brought on all classes. The system intended to relieve the poor, by making the landlords responsible for their welfare, has at once made it the interest, and therefore the duty, of the landlords to get rid of them. Extermination is accordingly going forward at a rapid rate; and the evidences of that are now placed before the eyes and the understanding of the readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

I will give you, by-and-bye, some notices of driving for rent, of landowners impoverished by rates, and of bankrupt unions; but at present I must draw attention to some of the other Sketches I send. The *Scalp of Brian Connor* (here represented) has been already described; it is another illustration of the worse than pig-sty habitations of those who did live in the now roofless cottages. Another Sketch follows (of Miss Kennedy), which shows that, amidst this world of wretchedness, all is not misery and guilt. Indeed, it is a part of our nature that the sufferings of some should be the occasion for the exercise of virtue in others. Miss Kennedy (about seven years old) is the daughter of Captain Kennedy, the Poor-law Inspector of the Kilrush Union. She is represented as engaged in her daily occupation of distributing clothing to the wretched children brought around her by their more wretched parents. In the front of the group I noticed one woman crouching like a monkey, and drawing around her the only rag she had left to conceal her nudity. A big tear was rolling down her cheek, with gratitude for the gifts the innocent child was distributing. The effect was heightened



SCALP OF BRIAN CONNOR, NEAR KILRUSH UNION HOUSE.

AGRICULTURAL PROTECTION IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

The agriculturists of Lincolnshire have begun to bestir themselves in common with their brethren of other counties, in the expectation of recovering by "agitation" that protection of which "agitation" (by the Free-traders) has deprived them. We subjoin a somewhat fuller report than is usual in our columns of their meeting at Lincoln, on Monday last, as the "set-to" (in a double sense) between the advocates and opponents of Protection on that occasion foreshadows the character of the contest which will be entered upon in the next session of Parliament.

The meeting consisted of landowners, tenant farmers, and tradesmen, and was held under the presidency of the Mayor of the ancient city of Lincoln, in a large oblong apartment of the new Corn Exchange, capable of holding from 1500 to 2000 persons. Across the end, over the entrance, is a narrow gallery, and on the south side, equidistant from the ends, is a permanent platform, in front of which was a long deal table, mounted upon sturdy tressels, for the use of the reporters. These details are necessary, in order to form an idea of what took place. The hall at the commencement of the meeting was filled with tenant farmers, and on the platform were Colonel Sibthorp, M.P.; Mr. R. A. Christopher, M.P.; Sir M. J. Cholmeley, M.P.; the Hon. Sir H. Dymoke, Sir J. Nelthorpe, Sir Charles Anderson, Mr. C. Chaplin, Mr. B. Stenhouse, Major Ellison, Mr. Snow, Mayor of Lincoln; Mr. J. G. S. Smith, Mr. R. Whitton, Mr. R. Swan, the Hon. A. L. Melville, Mr. J. G. Stevenson, the Rev. F. Scott, Mr. John Norton, a wealthy draper of Lincoln, and a strenuous supporter of Free Trade, &c.

On the motion of Mr. Christopher, seconded by Colonel Sibthorp, the mayor was unanimously called to the chair.

Mr. Christopher, M.P., then came forward, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering. He said that a resolution had been put into his hands which he had great pleasure in submitting to the meeting. He congratulated the assembly on the fact that it was presided over by the chief magistrate of the city of Lincoln, because they were engaged in the furtherance of objects which were truly national and perfectly distinct from all the ordinary topics of political contention and party strife. (Cheers.) He was glad they were there assembled under the auspices of the chief magistrate of the city of Lincoln, because he was proud to see around him not only those who had entrusted to him the representation of their political interests in Parliament, but so many of the respectable tradesmen, and other persons deeply interested in the prosperity of that city, joining hand in hand with the agriculturists, and thus showing that they were convinced that the measures, falsely called measures of Free-Trade, operated prejudicially not only upon the agriculturists, but upon all the productive classes of the United Kingdom. (Cheers.) He also saw there many gentlemen who were considered, by the best judges of farming, to be the leading practical agriculturists of the United Kingdom—men thoroughly acquainted with their own business. They had no reason to ransack the cloisters of Westminster Abbey—a laugh—or to send to Dorsetshire for an agricultural clergyman—(cheers)—or rake the purlieus of Leadenhall-market for an agricultural razor-maker—(roars of laughter)—to instruct them in their business. (Loud cheers.) It was admitted that they thoroughly understood, in Lincolnshire, the business of farming; and he saw before him individuals who had reclaimed the fens and the heaths of the county, and, under a system of Protection, turned inhospitable tracts into fertile and well-cultivated fields. (Cheers.) He asserted, therefore, that they were fully competent to pronounce a candid and fair opinion on the present state of things—an opinion as candid and as fair at least as that of gentlemen whose business was something else, and who, for the sake of recreation, propounded theories of cultivation, and called themselves "the farmers' friends." (Loud cheers.) Let it not be said that that neighbourhood or that county was indifferent to the present state of things, although they might, comparatively speaking, be in a rather better position than those districts which were less advanced in agricultural science. (Cheers.) There was no man there present who was not perfectly aware that, if the present state of things went on, a crisis of imminent danger was impending over all classes of the people of England. (Cheers.) Let them call to mind the manner in which the principles of Free Trade had been achieved. (Hear.) Was it not by acts of the most unparalleled treachery and fraud that ever disgraced the annals of British statesmanship? (Long-continued cheering.) They had now found out that in a return to the principle of Protection there was alone the slightest prospect of hope for the future, and they were willing to join hand in hand with the farmers to obtain it. He heartily forgave all the past, and was happy to accept their fellowship, for by means of that union, which doubtless would have existed from the first had they not been taken by surprise, he trusted they would soon arrive at that result which all their interests now so earnestly desired. (Loud cheers.) The retail dealers and shopkeepers were persuaded that they would be benefitted by Free-Trade, inasmuch as their butchers' and bakers' bills would be reduced at least 30 per cent. They grasped eagerly at the bait—they thought they should reduce their expenditure 30 per cent. and keep all their profits as before; but what now was the condition of the shopkeepers of England? (Hear.) If they looked to the metropolis, he could tell them that there was not one of the tradesmen in Bond-street, Regent-street, and James's-street, but who now deeply regretted that he had been apathetic or hostile to the agricultural interest. (Loud cheers; and a Voice, "Yes, and in Lincoln as well.") He, however, saw hopeful symptoms: that was the largest meeting he had ever known in the city of Lincoln. He trusted the example would be followed throughout the kingdom—(loud cheers)—and a wholesome pressure from without compel those in authority to redress their grievances. (Cheers.) After recounting the arguments and views customary with the advocates of Protection, the hon. member concluded by moving the following resolution:—

That this meeting is of opinion that the introduction of Free-trade without reciprocity is the cause of the deep-rooted distress pervading all the productive classes of the community, and that a return to Protection is the only mode of encountering hostile tariffs and satisfying the public creditor. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Norton rose to propose an amendment, and was received with loud shouts of disapprobation, which were replied to by a body of Mr. Norton's supporters belonging to the City. The farmers, who, at first, seemed determined not to hear Mr. Norton, at last gave way to the entreaties of the Mayor and Mr. Chaplin. Silence being at length obtained, Mr. Norton said he was perfectly prepared to meet this burst of indignation, and yet he had hoped that the Lincolnshire tenant farmers were actuated by the same generous spirit which their countrymen mostly display, and that they would have given a fair and impartial hearing to one they had often confessed for holding opinions which they believed opposed to their interest. (Well, go on.) There was not a man on the platform who had a deeper interest in the real well-being of the tenant farmers and labourers of Lincolnshire than himself. (We don't believe it.) If he thought that his views were opposed to their welfare he would not be on the hustings as their advocate, for he had a large business and a large family depending upon the prosperity of the tenant farmers. (Cheers.) But he was there to demonstrate that what was called legislative protection had hitherto been a delusion and a fraud as far as tenant farmers were concerned, and that it had been deeply injurious to the manufacturing community, with whose prosperity they were closely identified. If they were to believe the gentlemen who had come before them that day in the shape of Protectionists—"Oh, oh!" "What shaps should they wear?" Laughter, they would make it appear that this fertile Lincolnshire was becoming, through the magic wand of Free-Trade, a huge wilderness of panperism (a voice: "So it soon will"); that her respectable tradesmen were sinking into the depths of bankruptcy (They will be in the list soon), and that the poorhouses are filled with paupers. (So they will be.) "Let me," said Mr. Norton, "answer them with a few facts. What is the actual state of things now? There were within the walls of the union workhouse, in December, 1848, 258 paupers, of which only 8 were able-bodied; in 1849, there were only 257, of which 10 were able-bodied. (Shouts of derision.) I wrote to the relieving officer of the north district, to inquire the number out of employ; his answer was, 'I am happy to say that there are not so many as in the quarter ending December, 1848, and that the labourers, in many parishes, are receiving the same wages as last year—12s. per week.' (Cries of 'It's false,' and prolonged interruption.) The answer to my inquiries in the south district was, 'That no more applications for relief had been made by able-bodied labourers than was usual at this season.' I have therefore proved, that, under the system of Free-Trade, the labourers of Lincolnshire are not yet thrown out of employ. (You've proved nothing of the sort: it's not true.) A good deal has been said of the condition of the tradesmen. I am ready to admit, a few branches of business in this city are feeling a depression from the low prices of agricultural produce (Cries of 'All, all'), but the greatest amount of injury to business has been caused by railway speculation. (Which compelled them to use the utmost economy in their expenditure. There are gentlemen from the county on the platform who can bear testimony to this fact. 'Name'—'Who do you mean?'—'Don't be personal,' and great confusion.)

Mr. Fisher, a citizen, in the body of the hall: You might as well talk of the "bankrupts' stocks" you are continually offering to the public on such cheap terms, at an "enormous sacrifice." (Roars of laughter.) That would be more to the point than railway speculation on. (Cheers.)

Mr. Norton: What do you want to get back Protection for? (Uproar.) Is it that you may obtain for the articles in which you deal a higher price than you otherwise would. (Oh, oh.) On what grounds do you justify this attempt? If you have to pay a larger amount of taxation than other classes, it is the duty of the Legislature to remove the inequality—(Cheers)—and levy the taxes fairly on all. (That's right.) I will go further, and say, that, as soon as Parliament meets, I hope that every fraction of duty now levied upon foreign manufactured articles will be taken off. ("No, no; two blacks don't make a white"—laughter—"Where is the revenue to be got from?") Mr. Christopher says that manufacturers are protected. I am sorry that a legislator should be so ignorant on the subject. (Great uproar.) I pledge my reputation—(Roars of laughter)—I pledge my reputation—(Renewed merriment)—that there is not a single penny duty on cotton manufactures. ("Oh, oh," and great uproar.) But I will tell you what there is. If foreign cotton is made into a gown, or if woollen cloth is made into a coat, then there is a duty of ten per cent., which was left on to protect the miserable needlewomen, for whom there is now-a-days so much pretended sympathy. ("Oh, oh," and great confusion.)

At this juncture, "the Free-Traders" in the body of the hall, designated, by a gentleman on the platform, "Seely's lambs," and the farmers in their immediate vicinity, became mixed together in a general *mélée*, and a scene of the most direful confusion followed. Sticks were raised, blows were struck, and a rush was made upon the platform by the farmers, apparently with the intention of ejecting Mr. Norton, and by "the lambs" to protect him. The unfortunate reporters were thus placed between the contending parties; their barrier, the table, in an instant was smashed to pieces; books, paper, pens, pencils, ink, and hats flew in all directions, and were trodden under foot in a moment. Several of the representatives of the local newspapers were much hurt by the

fragments of the table, and those who were more fortunate escaped by scrambling in the most undignified manner possible on to the platform. More than one indignant farmer followed them, and seizing Mr. Norton by the collar, would have quickly pitched him over the rail into the midst of his dusty custodians, but several of the Protectionist gentlemen interposed, and rescued him. Meanwhile, the row in the body of the hall continued, until at length, yielding to the entreaties of the gentlemen on the platform, the farmers permitted "the lambs" to fill the space immediately beneath the front of the hustings, and the glazed walls of a number of police having become visible in the centre of the hall, a sort of armed truce was effected, and Mr. Norton proceeded with his harangue. Addressing himself to the landlords on the platform, he said, "Gentlemen, you have your acres—long may you enjoy them! They are a rich heritage to you and to your children. But I am here as a working man to protest against your increasing their value by acts of Parliament. Why should you be made richer at the expense of others? Every branch of industry is seeking to make its products cheap and accessible to all. Why should you have that from which you derive your incomes bolstered up by selfish legislation? Act in future more generously, and let your incomes be derived from that only which rightfully belongs to you. It is a melancholy, a miserable spectacle, to see men of wealth untiring to make themselves richer at the expense of others. (Cheers.) You have evidence here to-day, by the presence of your tenantry, to demonstrate that the system which has enriched you has not benefited them. They are here complaining of their condition, after only a short period of cheapness; thus proving that the past system had not filled their pockets. They say that ruin is before them—are you prepared to help them? For the last ten years, at your public meetings, you have been telling them that landlord, tenant, and labourer must row in the same boat—you beguiled them with this cry; the time is come that will put your sincerity to the test. ("Must they do the 'tremendous sacrifice' dodge?"—Laughter.) There is now no retreat for you but to act justly to your tenantry. The time for deliberation has gone by—there are absolute acts of justice for you to perform—to deliberate is to commit a wrong. Take them twenty or thirty per cent. off their rents—(That has been done already)—you will then be in command of a larger amount of the luxuries and necessities of life than you were fifteen or twenty years ago; and give greater scope for their skill and capital, and free them from the political bondage in which you hold them. ("What an impudent dog!"—Loud laughter.) Now a few words for the labourer, for whom we have so much sympathy—how is their condition? Are they housed, fed, clothed, and educated as the sons of toil ought to be? ("Yes," and cheers.) Why, sirs, we have swarms of families driven into our city from the land. Men have to walk miles before they commence their daily labour. Is this just either to them or their employers? The landlords were told some years ago by that good man, Mr. Drummond, that property had its duties as well as its rights; let those duties be fulfilled, and seek no longer to increase your splendid incomes by making food scarcer and dearer to your industrious countrymen. Now, tenant farmers, let me, in conclusion, exhort you to throw to the wind this "Will-o'-the-wisp" Protection. (Great confusion.) Let your watchwords be, "Lower rents; greater freedom and security for your skill and capital;" and never forget that self-reliance is your best and surest protection. (We shall get nothing from the Free-traders.) Amidst tumultuous uproar and cheering, Mr. Norton concluded by proposing the following amendment:—

That the levying of a tax on the importation of corn for the purpose of giving a higher price to the producer at home is unjust to the consumer. That experience has shown that the tenant farmer and labourer has not been benefitted by the late monopoly of the home market. That the best and only just protection is to be obtained by the reduction of rents, by the farmers having at command a sufficient amount of capital for the proper cultivation of their farm—(Loud laughter)—by obtaining a more secure interest in their outlay on improvements, by getting rid of the host of restrictions which now injure them, and by obtaining a great reduction of the local and general taxation of the country.

The amendment was then put by the chair, but the original motion was carried by a large majority.

Sir Montague J. Cholmeley then moved the following resolution:—

That real property ought not to bear more than its fair proportion of the taxes of the country, whereas the owners and occupiers of real property are exclusively subject to the payment of taxes, amounting to twelve millions, for objects of a general and national character, which ought to be charged on the entire income of the country. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Seely (from the gallery) announced his intention of moving an amendment to a resolution which proposed to charge six millions of the poor-rates upon the Consolidated Fund. He was surprised to find the member for North Lincolnshire giving his sanction to such a proposition. Why, in 1847, that gentleman had called the parochial system "the pride of the country," and in 1849 he wished to transfer the six millions cost of the pride of the country to the Consolidated Fund. He moved the following amendment:—

That it is not expedient to remove £6,000,000 of taxation from the landed interest and place it upon the Consolidated Fund.

The amendment having been seconded, a show of hands was taken, and the original motion carried by a large majority.

The following resolution was also carried:—

That import duties, varying from five to thirty per cent., are at present levied on the manufactured articles of foreign nations, while their agricultural produce is admitted duty free into the markets of the United Kingdom; therefore, in order to place the British agriculturist in a fair position, import duties should also be levied on foreign agricultural produce.

On the motion of Colonel Sibthorp, it was resolved:—

That a requisition be forwarded to the High Sheriff to convene a meeting of the nobility, gentry, farmers, merchants, and other inhabitants of the county of Lincoln, to take into consideration the present depressed state of the agricultural interests, and of other branches of native industry.

The proceedings then terminated, amidst cheers for Protection.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

DIRECT LONDON AND EXETER.—Notice of appeal against the decision of the Master in Chancery (Brougham), rendering all parties who had signed the deed, or paid the deposit, contributes to the expenses of winding up the company, has been lodged with the view, on the ground of fraud, of rendering the directors alone liable, and compelling them to return the deposit.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.—A committee of shareholders in this company has been appointed for the purpose of, if possible, reducing the number of directors, to cultivate a friendly feeling with the London and North-Western Railway, to economise the working expenses, and to postpone *sine die* the construction of all branch lines for which powers are now possessed.

ABERDEEN.—This line was opened for goods traffic on Thursday week to Portlithen, and will be opened for passengers in a few days.

LONDON AND BLACKWALL.—At a special general meeting of this company, held on Monday, at the London Tavern, for the purpose of taking into consideration the report of the committee of proprietors on the affairs of the company, Mr. J. N. Daniell in the chair—it was, after some discussion, agreed that the report of the committee should be referred to the board of directors, who are to report to the next meeting thereon, and adopt such of them as may be expedient. Resolutions were also passed reducing the allowance of the directors from £1000 to £700 per annum, and agreeing that all reports and accounts be sent to the proprietors at least one week before the general meetings.

AUDIT OF RAILWAY ACCOUNTS.—On Monday official communications were forwarded to the representatives of the various railway companies who attended the meeting on the 8th ult., to the effect that, in order to give further time for collecting the opinions of railway shareholders on the outline of the proposed Audit Bill to be submitted to Parliament next session, the adjourned meeting appointed for Wednesday last is further adjourned to the 16th of January next.

THE COKE AND BANDON RAILWAY COMPANY.—The PACKET STATION.—The Exchequer Loan Commissioners have agreed to advance £35,000, the sum originally demanded, to the above company. The conditions of the loan are, that the contractors, Henderson and Co., perform work to the amount of £23,000 before the first advance of £10,000 be made from the Treasury, that the tunnel at Goggins Hill be made in double way, and also that the additional £5000 requisite for that purpose be raised by the sale of forfeited shares.

THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.—The operation of raising, by the hydraulic machine, the second monster tube, of 1800 tons, to its intended elevation (100 feet above sea mark), was commenced by the engineers on Tuesday fourteen days only having elapsed since the day on which it was successfully floated. The action of the hydraulic presses, from their great height in the towers, was found to be most perfect and precise, as in their first play on the stupendous mass communicating with the chains it was worked steadily six feet upwards. Immediately after the bricklayers and masons entered the recesses of the towers, and built up firmly beneath. The instant the masons left it, another six feet lift was taken, and in this manner the operation is being carried on without intermission, day and night—during the latter period, with the assistance of large lights and fires that illuminate this particular region of the Straits. With about fifteen more of these mighty lifts, should no unforeseen contingency occur, the tube will have attained its permanent level, and be joined on to the great twin tube in the Britannia tower. Every precaution has been taken, in the way of duplicate sets of machinery, by Messrs. Clark, the engineers of the works, who are in superintendence day and night. The greatest energy is being displayed in every department, and the majority of the workmen on the relay system have been engaged for some months past from night to night. The first express train is expected to pass through before the middle of March.

DETENTION OF MAIL CONTRACT PACKETS ABROAD.—In consequence of the numerous detentions of the mail contract packets abroad, the Lords of the Admiralty have just issued instructions to the naval officers having charge of her Majesty's mails on board such packets, that they are on no account to suffer the packets to be detained in future beyond the time stipulated in the contracts without a written order from the Commander-in-Chief or senior officer of a naval station, the governor of a colony or dependency, or a representative of her Majesty. A verbal order to detain a mail contract packet from any of the above authorities must not in future be attended to.

MONSTER IRON WAREHOUSE.—A most commodious iron warehouse is now in the course of construction by Messrs. Cato, Miller, and Co. of Liverpool. It is intended for exportation to California. The whole building, which is sixty feet in length by forty feet in width, is constructed on a framework of wood and iron, and entirely sheeted, sides as well as roof, with patent corrugated galvanised iron. The extreme height of the warehouse, by internal measurement, is 36 feet at the gables, and about 25 feet 4 inches at the eaves, and is divided into three stories, the first of which is even feet in height, the second nine feet, and the third eight feet. Though every attention has been paid to strength, it is somewhat remarkable that the weight of the whole will little exceed thirty tons.

MR. COBDEN ON "PROTECTION."

On Tuesday, Mr. Cobden, M.P., paid his long-anticipated visit to his constituents at Leeds; and as a suitable celebration of the event, a public meeting was held in the evening, at the Music Hall, in order to give expression to the sentiments of the inhabitants and electors on the questions of the public expenditure, extension of the suffrage, forty-shilling freeholds, and peace. The meeting was numerous and enthusiastic.

Alderman Carbutt presided; and there were also present, James Garth Marshall, Esq., M.P.; Hamer Stansfeld, Esq.; Edward Baines Esq.; Aldermen Maclean, Luccock, Bower, &c., and a great number of gentlemen of influence connected with various localities of the West Riding.

Mr. Cobden, in the course of a lengthened address, thus adverted to the present agitation for Protection amongst the agriculturists:—Amongst other pleas why we should have this question again re-agitated is, that the agriculturists were betrayed, and Protection was suddenly abandoned, after eleven years of discussion only! (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, so far as I am concerned, I have allowed certain people to go about talking, and talking in the House of Commons, without ever having condescended to answer them. Nay, I candidly confess that I felt the most supreme contempt for all they said. (Loud applause.) I viewed it as nothing but the writhings and contortions of a body that had lost its head. (Laughter.) I saw men so utterly insignificant—so utterly insignificant by every attainment that can constitute a statesman—that I never thought them worthy to be answered. (Cheers.) We saw every man of intellect, the whole brains of their party, had abandoned them; and I say I regarded them just as another instance similar to what we read of unfortunate criminals whose limbs withered and move by a sort of muscular action after they have been decapitated. I thought their party, having lost its brains, had still some muscular action left in it; but I never believed it was ever to be treated again as a sentient intelligent body worth the holding a discussion with in this country. (Loud cheers.) But, gentlemen, I have been told, and told by gentlemen in whose judgment I have confidence, that we have allowed this thing to be talked of too long, and that there is amongst a very large portion of the farming class in this country an idea that from our silence Protection is gaining ground again in this country. Why let them understand that our silence has been the result of supreme contempt. (Loud applause.) In those meetings which we read of in the agricultural districts we hear the reiterated assertion that the whole country is preparing to go back again to Protection, and it is from the same view taken by our respected chairman that we ought, if possible, to prevent the delusion which is being practised upon the farmers, which prevents the farmers having an adjustment and arrangement with their landlords—that we ought, if possible, to put an end to that delusion here, in order that agriculture may resume its old course, and the landlord and farmer may come to some arrangement as to terms between each other. Where is the proof of reaction? I admit that in some of our rural villages, where men—or rather we ought to call them old women (laughter)—still put horse-shoes over their stable-doors to keep the witches from their horses (laughter)—there may, in some of those parishes, be found men who will gape and cheer when we are told that we are going back to Protection. (Applause.) But I think there is somebody else to be consulted before they put on another broad-tax; and amongst those parties to be consulted I calculate the West Riding will have a voice in it. (Cheers.) Now, where is the proof of reaction in the West Riding? We have in this riding—this population which I have the honour to represent—about 1,400,000 souls—about one-twelfth part of the whole population of England, and a far larger proportion of the wealth, intelligence, and productive industry of England. Well, I reckon that community is going to have a voice in this question of the broad-tax. Well, now, in answer to these village heroes (applause and laughter)—these men who, when they have put their parish in a turmoil that vastly resembles a storm in a teapot, fancy the whole of England gathered together, when it is nothing but an agitation of the squire, his agent, and probably a parson and a doctor. (Laughter and applause.) Well, now, these Protectionists noodle—(laughter)—and their organs of the press, are continually telling the farmers, what they have been telling them now for eleven years, that they are going to have Protection and keep it. (A voice, "Gammon.") Now, I tell them they never shall have one farthing's worth of Protection. (Cheers.) And now, as these are only a couple of predictions, all I want is this. Sometime or other, I presume, the farmers will wish to have friends who tell them the truth. Whenever the time comes when the farmers understand who it is who has been telling them the truth—those who say they are going to have Protection, or those who say from this platform they never shall have one farthing more of Corn-law—when that time comes, then I think the age of delusion will be over in the agricultural districts. (Hear, hear.) I want to know how long they will require before they make up their minds whether I am right or those noodle squires are right. The time will come some time. I give them seven years, if they like; only let it be understood, some day, that they remember the promise made on the one side by their own leaders, and here by the men of the West Riding; and when the time does come, then I calculate the farmers will throw off their foolish blind guides, and co-operate with men who have proved themselves to have some sense and foresight in the matter. What is it these landlords want to do with you? There is no dispute about the matter now. When we used to be agitating the Corn-law question before, they said their object was plenty, the same as ours; but what is the cry now? They they complain that you get the quarter loaf too cheap, and they want to raise the price of it to you; and that is the only business they have in hand. You get a couple of stones of decent flour now for 3s.; two or three years ago you paid 4s. for a single stone. Well, those landlords were satisfied when you were paying 4s. a stone for flour, and now they are dissatisfied when you get two stones for 3s., and they want to go back again to the 4s. for the one stone. Will you let them? (Shouts of "No, no.") No; you are not Yorkshiremen if you will. (Cheers.) We are told that all parts of the country are in distress and dissatisfaction. That is the old story again. Because the landlords feel a little uneasy—they who have been so long accustomed to consider themselves the whole community (I believe many of them think so), they get up and say the whole community is suffering from extreme distress. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) Now, I say, the West Riding of Yorkshire has been growing more prosperous and suffering less and less distress in proportion as the price of corn, of which those landlords complain, has become more moderate—(hear, hear)—and if they can ever return, if they can ever succeed in returning again to the price I have mentioned, 4s. for the stone of flour, you will have your town swarming with paupers, your mills stopping work, and every class and party in this community suffering distress, as they were in 1842 and 1843. And that is what they want to bring you back to."

The following resolutions were agreed to:—

That this meeting considers it to be one of the first duties of Parliament to watch over the public expenditure with strict economy, so as to reduce the oppressive burden of taxation as far as possible; that the expenditure of the year 1849 exceeded that of the year 1836 by £5,397,497—an excess for which no justification is to be found in the circumstances of the country; that a large reduction in the public establishments, especially in those maintained for warlike purposes, and for the service of the colonies, is therefore imperatively required; and that those members most faithfully discharge their duty to the people who resolutely demand such reduction.

That, in the judgment of this meeting, a large extension of the elective franchise may justly be demanded, and might, with true wisdom, be granted by the Legislature; that, by widening the basis on which the national institutions rest, it would contribute to their solidity and permanence; that, until that desideratum shall be obtained, every effort for the practical extension of the suffrage under the existing law is deserving of encouragement; and that well-constructed and prudently-managed societies, for facilitating the purchase, by the industrial classes, of 40s. freehold in land or buildings, are likely to be attended with great advantages both social and political.

That there is one of the most tremendous scourges of the human family, one of the greatest outrages on the spirit of Christianity, and the main cause of the heavy burden of taxation borne by this and other countries; that this meeting would, therefore, express its strongest approbation of all measures tending to the cultivation of the spirit of peace, to the reduction of warlike establishments, and to the settlement of international differences by friendly arbitration.

That this meeting would express its lively gratitude to Richard Cobden, Esq., the distinguished labourer for the West Riding, for his invaluable services to the cause of commerce, of peace, and of financial and parliamentary reform; and that if he hopes he will, through whatever obstacles, persevere in his patriotic and philanthropic exertions for the attainment of the above objects, in which he will have the sympathy and support of the bulk of the nation, and by which he will earn the grateful admiration of posterity.

RUGELEY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, in Rugeley, near Wolverhampton. The show of stock which took place in the yard of the Malt Shovel Inn, was more numerous than upon many previous similar occasions, and was considered to be of a very superior description. The stock exhibited by Lord Bagot was very generally admired, and it would seem not undeservedly so, as his Lordship carried off the prizes for the best bull, and the best cow in milk, and for the best stirk. His Lordship exhibited several stirks of a very promising appearance. Among the other successful competitors were the Hon. Robert Curzon, Hagley; W. H. Holland, of Colton; Mr. Thomas Dicken, St. Stephen's-hill; Mr. Thomas Brown, Mill-green; Mr. Edward Nicholls, Hamley House; Mr. Joseph Wyley, London; and Mr. T. Dennis, of Newton. Lord Bagot and Mr. R. Sherratt, of Blithford, sent some fine bullocks, as extra stock, all of which were very highly commended. Several agricultural implements were exhibited; but none of them were of a description requiring notice. The fair was numerously supplied with stock, but there was an absence of good beasts. Prices were on the decline, and the business transacted was not very extensive. In the afternoon a company of gentlemen, numbering about forty, sat down to dinner at the Talbot Arms, Viscount Anson, M.P., presiding. The vice-chair was filled by J. Gardner, Esq. Among other gentlemen present were T. Dicken, Esq.; J. Dicken, Esq.; H. Wyatt, Esq.; W. Lander, Esq.; R. Lander, Esq., &c. The usual loyal and customary toasts to the prosperity of Agriculture, "Protection," &c., were given, and the party separated after a very agreeable evening.

A SHIP ON FIRE IN THE LONDON DOCKS.—On Tuesday evening, between six and seven o'clock, it was ascertained that one of the large ships lying in the eastern basin of the London Docks had taken fire. The vessel was named the *Macbride*, and no one was on board when the disaster occurred. By means of buckets of water, the firemen got the flames subdued, but not until the cabin was burned, and one of the ship's yards consumed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

KIL-ULLEN.—Mrs. Cramer Roberts, of Thornton, daughter of Robert Barrowes, Esq., of Giltown, has at this moment, and has had for a long period, upwards of one hundred young females in constant employment at fancy crochet work. This work the good lady herself distributes, superintends, and takes in when finished. With a vast amount of trouble she disposes of it, principally in England. Each girl earns on an average 5s. per week.



THE PROCESSION THROUGH UXBRIDGE.

FUNERAL OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

The funeral of the lamented Queen Adelaide took place on Thursday week, the 13th inst., and, although the ceremony was shorn of the pageantry of state, such as has hitherto characterised the Royal interments in England, the spectacle we are about to describe rendered it the more touching and interesting by its simplicity, and by the absence of what has been expressively termed "the pomp of death."

The scene at Stanmore is thus described in the *Times*' report:—

"The morning broke drearily. A thick dark mist hung close to the earth; the roads and fields were crisp and slippery with a black frost, which slowly yielded before the advancing day, and then left the streets and highways in a puddle of mud. But long before dawn, the little village of Stanmore showed unusual signs of activity. Lights glanced from window to window. The tramping of chargers resounded along the pavement, and the church bell tolled solemnly through the darkness. Groups of the inhabitants of the district—to whose memory her Majesty had endeared herself by acts of kindness, charity, and consideration while living among them, were early on foot, groping their way towards the Priory, while it was yet dark as pitch. Some of the country people were assembled round the inn, staring at the preparations of the undertakers, who looked more than usually gloomy in their scarfs and weepers by candlelight, or watching the train of black horses as they were harnessed to the hearse and various carriages. By a quarter past seven o'clock, all the persons who had to take part in the proceedings had left Stanmore on their way to Bentley Priory, which is scarcely half a mile from the village. The same air of gloom was visible here. The thick plantations of fir which line the avenues and surround the house were dripping with fog-damp. On the lawn before the principal entrance a guard of honour, composed of a troop of Life Guards, was drawn up. The standard was veiled with crape; the same emblem of mourning covered the helmets of the officers, and was bound round their left arms. A dark stream of undertakers was pouring into the house, and opposite the door the hearse was in attendance. The domestics of her late Majesty, in deep mourning, were also busy in fulfilling their parts in the melancholy duties of the day. About an hour was consumed in

preliminary arrangements, during which some few persons were admitted to see the coffin, which, covered by a pall, lay in the library. All the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen in attendance on the late Queen Dowager were present, and appeared deeply to feel her loss."

At a few minutes after eight o'clock, the coffin, covered with a plain velvet pall, with white satin edging, emblazoned with her late Majesty's arms, was borne from the mansion to the hearse. The instant the horses began to move, the trumpeters of the Guards blew a Royal flourish, customary on such solemn occasions; and mournfully it echoed far and near through the woods. The soldiers of the guard fell into their places, and the procession wound its way slowly through the avenue to the Harrowweald-gate. A considerable number of persons, in deep mourning, as well as the servants, were assembled at the Priory, to see the departure of the procession; and the long avenue was studded with groups of tradespeople and labourers, who watched it pass with mournful gravity.

The following was the order in which the Procession was formed:—

A Mourning Coach, drawn by four horses,
Conveying Mr. John Shoemack, senior page; Miss Heath, Miss Arnold, dressers; and Miss Randall, wardrobe-maid to her late Majesty.

A Mourning Coach drawn by four horses,
Conveying Lord Edward Fitzalan Howard, Vice-Chamberlain to her Majesty's Household, and General Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B., Clerk-Marshal to her late Majesty.

A Mourning Coach drawn by four horses,
Conveying the Earl of Denbigh, G.C.H., Master of the Horse; Earl Howe, G.C.H., Lord-Chamberlain; the Hon. W. Ashley, Vice-Chamberlain; and Colonel Cornwall, Equerry-in-Waiting to her late Majesty.

A Mourning Coach drawn by four horses,
Conveying the Crown of her late Majesty on a velvet cushion, in her late Majesty's State carriage, drawn by six horses.

The Hearse, adorned with ten escutcheons, and drawn by eight horses.

The Guard of Honour, two and two.

At the Harrowweald-lodge-gate, a large concourse of gentlemen, ladies, and country people collected, and there were also some private vehicles and equestrians in waiting. For some distance, the roads were lined by respectable spectators. Passing down to the Pinner-road, at one time in a walk and now rapidly, as the state of the way varied, the procession turned to the right, and proceeded towards Ruisslip. At the cross-roads, a number of the Harrow boys, in cap and gown, accompanied by several of the masters, were stationed, in company with a

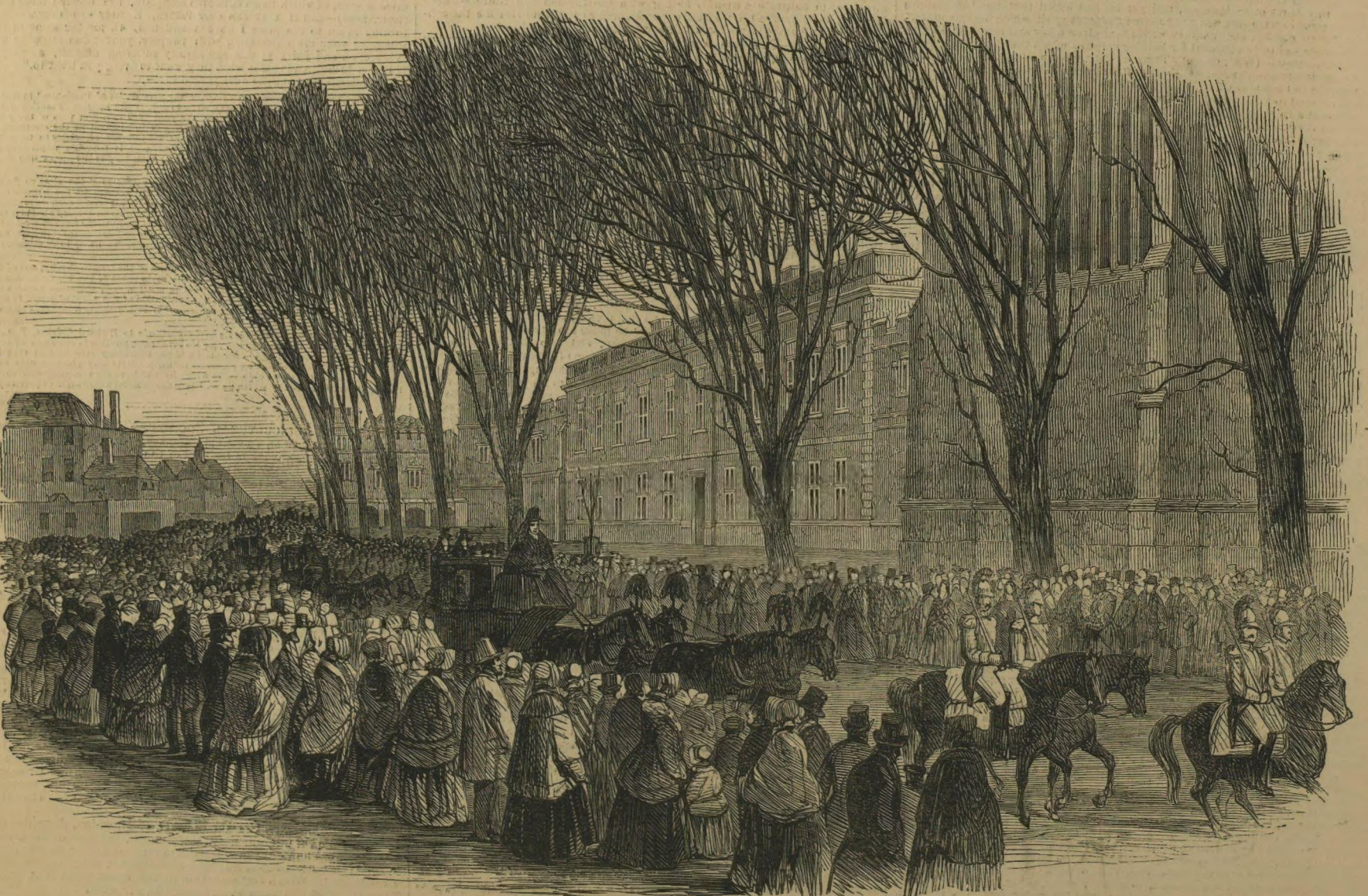
large assemblage of men and women, nearly all of whom wore some mark of mourning. The church bells tolled continuously along the route, and some of the towers displayed the Royal standard hoisted half-way up the flag-staff, and drooping stiffly in the mist. There was nothing to vary the monotony of the scene—bounded as it was by hedgerows or by the thick vapour, except the shifting of the procession itself, as it wound up some short hill, or glanced through the bough-bare trees in an angle of the roads—the white plumes, red coats, and burnished helmets, sabres, and cuirasses of the Guards contrasting strangely with the sable feathers which nodded on the dismal hearse, and with the crapes and hatbands of the mutes attending it. Now and then, a short halt was called by sound of trumpet. At Ruisslip, a body of police, mounted and on foot, was drawn up to receive the procession, and to keep the way clear through the people. The streets were crowded—every shop was closed. Here the cavalcade made a short stay to refresh the horses; and, proceeding somewhat more rapidly through the intermediate hamlets, where a repetition of the same marks of respect and regret took place on a smaller scale, arrived at Uxbridge about half-past ten o'clock.

At Uxbridge the shops were closed, and the whole population, rich and poor, were in the street, except such persons as were stationed at the windows; while the church bells filled the air with their lugubrious clang. A large green banner was displayed in front of the almshouses, on which was inscribed in letters of gold:—"Peace and goodwill on earth to men. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Sacred to the memory of the good Queen Adelaide."

At the market-place the body guard defiled right and left, and drew up to let the carriage pass, and their place was taken by a more numerous detachment of the same regiment. As the hearse went by, the Royal flourish was repeated by the trumpeters. Our first illustration shows the procession turning by the market-place into Windsor-street.

Leaving Uxbridge at a tolerable pace, the funeral passed with increased speed through Upton to Stoke and Slough, having been joined by several vehicles in the rear of the escort on its way.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the cortege halted at Slough to receive the Royal carriages from Windsor. At about half-past twelve o'clock the procession left Slough, having been joined by the Queen's carriages as follows:—



THE PROCESSION THROUGH ETON.



FUNERAL OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—THE PROCESSION TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

First Royal Carriage—Lord Marcus Hill, acting for the Lord-Steward of her Majesty's Household; Marquis of Breadalbane, K.T., Lord-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household; Duke of Norfolk, K.G., Master of the Horse.

Second Royal Carriage—Earl of Morley, Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty; Marchioness of Douro, Lady-in-Waiting; Mr. Ormsby Gore, Groom-in-Waiting.

Third Royal Carriage—Lord Charles Fitzroy, Esq.; Hon. Miss Macdonald, Hon. Miss Murray, Maids-of-Honour; Viscountess Forbes, Bedchamberwoman to her Majesty.

A Mourning Coach—Viscountess Brownlow, Hon. Miss Hudson, Mrs. Cornwall.

A Guard of Honour.

The carriage of the Duke of Wellington followed the procession. From this period up to the arrival at Windsor it may be said that the carriages drove through a stream of people. All the better classes were in deep mourning—the blinds and shutters of many houses closed, unless where the windows were filled.

At the turn to Salt-hill were stationed a number of private carriages, the occupants of which were all dressed in black. Up to the bridge at Barnes-pool, the spectators were equally numerous and respectable, but it was in Eton that the greatest numbers were assembled. Business was entirely suspended, and every sign of trade removed. The second illustration shows the procession through Eton.

At Windsor-bridge, all the carriages which did not belong to the procession were forced by the police to stop. Traversing the bridge at a moderate pace, the procession entered Thames-street, Windsor, and slowly ascended the steep ascent which leads to the Castle.

The scene, as the rise in the road gave prominence to the procession, was very impressive; and it was impossible not to be struck with the picturesque effect of the combination of colours and scenery—the grey walls of the Castle closing the view, and frowning over a sea of heads—a lugubrious-looking mass of black dresses and craped hats—the glaring gold uniforms of the state trumpeters—the scarlet liveries of her Majesty—the glittering of steel—the nodding of crests and feathers—and, conspicuous amidst them all, the solemn ponderous hearse.

About five minutes before one o'clock, the carriages, having entered the Castle by Henry VIII.'s Gate, drew up at St. George's Chapel. The whole page illustration shows the procession at this point.

At Windsor the shops were closed, and the bells of the churches were tolling. Up to ten o'clock, persons were admitted within the Castle, and permitted to pass through to the terrace. Within the Castle all was silent and deserted; scarcely a human being could be seen except the strangers who visited from curiosity, and the workmen who were engaged in front of St. George's Chapel in completing the necessary preparations for the interment. Gravel was laid down along the line of the procession, from Eton-bridge to the entrance of St. George's Chapel, in front of which a wooden porch, painted black, was constructed. At the foot of Castle-street, barricades were erected to prevent carriages and other vehicles from intruding on the line of procession, and similar precautions were taken at the head of all the streets and lanes leading out of Thames-street. Within the walls of the Castle, the ordinary number of sentinels was increased immediately in front of and near to St. George's Chapel. The drums were muffled. The streets of Windsor were crowded to excess, and, as the procession passed on, the crowd fell in after.

We shall now describe the preparations for the ceremony within

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The floor, the cushions and seats, the pulpit, and the communion table, were covered with black cloth; the massive communion plate and the candlesticks were ranged upon the table, but with the candles not lighted. The pulpit bore an escutcheon of her late Majesty's arms. About twelve o'clock the choristers began to assemble in the choir, each wearing a black scarf over his surplice; four of the minor canons of Windsor were soon afterwards in attendance, and six of the canons. The nave and choir were connected by a platform, which by a gentle ascent brought both divisions of the floor upon the same level—an arrangement rendered necessary in order to facilitate the removal of the bier on which the Royal coffin was to rest, after its removal from the hearse. The whole of this platform, as well as the corridors of the Chapel, was covered with black cloth; and the light dimmed by the painted glass added to the solemnity of the scene.

Soon after twelve o'clock the ten sailors arrived who were to take part in the procession: they took up their station in the south aisle, close to the porch. They were dressed in their dark blue jackets and trousers, white shirts with light blue collars, and black neckerchiefs.

About half-past twelve, the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Lansdowne made their appearance in the choir; each of them went to the stall belonging to him as Knight of the Garter, and took his seat under his banner. A little later, the Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl-Marshall, and the Marquis of Abercorn, Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, also took their seats in their stalls. Lord John Russell, who had previously come into the choir, having no special seat, entered into conversation with the Marquis of Lansdowne; and both of them retired for a while to Cardinal Wolsey's chapel, which had been fitted up as a reception-room. The Duke of Wellington sat still in his place, apparently in deep meditation.

Just before one o'clock, as the hearse approached the south door, where a temporary building extended the porch so as to include the road, and allow carriages to be driven under the portico, those who were to meet the Royal corpse there and attend it into the choir went down to the door. The Archbishop of Canterbury came to the entrance of the choir, and Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge were conducted to their stalls under the organ gallery. The Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Anne of Saxe-Weimar, the Princess Amelie of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar were ushered into the Queen's closet, which is on the north side of the choir, near the communion-table. Lord J. Russell went into one of the vacant stalls near that end of the chapel. There were also in the chapel the Countess Howe, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley; Lord M. Hill; the Earl of Morley, Lord in Waiting to the Queen; the Marchioness of Douro, Lady in Waiting to the Queen; Mr. Ormsby Gore, Groom in Waiting to the Queen; Lord C. Fitzroy, Esq.; the Honourable Miss Macdonald, Maids of Honour to the Queen; Viscountess Forbes, Bedchamber Woman to the Queen; the Marquis of Abercorn, Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert; Colonel the Hon. A. Liddell and Lady Caroline Murray, from the Duchess of Gloucester; Colonel Sir G. Couper and Lady Fanny Howard, in attendance on the Duchess of Kent; Lady Augusta Cadogan, in attendance on the Duchess of Cambridge; Major the Hon. James Macdonald, in attendance on Prince George; and Baron Knesbeck, in attendance on the Duke of Cambridge. The gentlemen, whether following the body or not, were in plain mourning dress, distinguished only by their black scarves: no uniforms were worn; but the Knights of the Garter had their star of silver. Every one of the ladies had a large black veil thrown over her head, completely shrouding the features.

At one o'clock the canons of Windsor received the Royal body at the south door of the Chapel. The coffin, which was preceded by Captain Taylor, Esq., to the late Queen Dowager, bearing upon a cushion the crown of his departed Royal mistress, was covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with escutcheons of her late Majesty's arms, and was borne by the undertaker's men to a small black platform which had been placed in the nave. The crown, with its cushion, was deposited upon the coffin. The procession then formed itself in the following order:—

The Canons of Windsor.
Garter Sir Charles George Young.
The Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household,
The Marquis of Breadalbane, attended by Sir W. Martins.
Supporter of the Pall, Lord Byron.
Supporter of the Pall, Lord Frederick Fitz Clarence.
Supporter of the Pall, Earl of Sheffield.
The Chief Mourner, The Duchess of Norfolk, attended by Lady Couper.
His Royal Highness the Prince George.
His Serene Highness the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.
His Serene Highness the Prince Gustav of Saxe-Weimar.
Master of the Horse to her late Majesty, The Earl of Denbigh.
Lord-Chamberlain to her late Majesty, The Earl Howe.
Vice-Chamberlain to her late Majesty, The Hon. William Ashley.
Ladies of the Bedchamber to her late Majesty—Countess Brownlow, Marchioness of Ely, Marchioness Wellesley, Marchioness of Ormonde, Viscountess Barrington, Countess of Sheffield, Lady Clinton.
Five ladies to her late Majesty—Hon. Miss Eden, Hon. Miss Boyle, Hon. Miss Hudson, Hon. Miss Mitchell, Hon. Miss Seymour, Hon. Miss Wheatley.
Women of the Bedchamber to her late Majesty—Lady Isabella Wemyss, Lady Charles Somerset, Mrs. Cornwall, Hon. Mrs. Berkeley, Miss Wilson.
Clerk-Marshal to her late Majesty—General Sir Andrew Bannard.
Esquires to her late Majesty—Capt. Somerset, Col. Cornwall, Capt. Taylor.
Chaplains to her late Majesty—Rev. G. T. Hudson, Rev. J. R. Wood.
Physicians to her late Majesty—Dr. Bright, Sir David Davies, K.C.H.
Surgeon to her late Majesty—Robert Keate, Esq.
Gentlemen Ushers to her late Majesty—Captain Sir William Hoare, Hon. J. G. C. Fox Strangways, Captain Vincent, R.N., Colonel Sir J. M. Wilson, R.C. Mellish, Esq., Capt. Bedford.
Dressers and Wardrobe Males to her late Majesty—Miss Arnold and Miss Heath; and Mrs. Randall.
Senior Page to her late Majesty—John Shoemack, Esq.

The procession being arranged, and while it remained in the nave, the introductory sentences of the burial service were chanted by the choir, standing between the foot of the coffin and the eastern end of the nave, the lay clerks and the choristers arranged on either side, the Archbishop and canons in the centre. The organ was played by Dr. Elvey, organist of the chapel, and who is private organist to her Majesty. The service was Dr. Croft's.

The procession then moved slowly forward, the platform with the coffin upon it being gently propelled by the sailors. The Archbishop went within the rails of the communion-table, accompanied by the canons, the Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust, the Rev. D. F. Markham, the Rev. W. Canning, the Hon. and Rev. E. G. Moore, the Rev. Lord Wrothlesley Russell, and the Rev. F. Anson. The coffin was taken to a spot a few feet in front of the steps leading to the communion-table, where a portion of the floor had been removed, discovering a subterranean passage, which, passing under the table, leads to the iron gates by which the Royal vault is entered. Over this aperture was placed the bier; the coffin and the platform supporting it being prevented from sinking into the opening until the appointed moment by machinery below. The Lord Chamberlain took his place at the feet of the corpse; the chief mourner took her seat in a chair covered with black cloth, and placed near the head of the corpse; the rest of the mourners stood behind her in the order in which they had entered. Garter and the pall-bearers stood round the body.

The quiet and solemn character of the chapel at this period was strikingly impressive; more especially when it was felt that the dust of a Queen was being deposited in the tomb, and Royal and noble personages, and high functionaries, were grouped around.

The request of the Queen Dowager was most strictly obeyed; no interest could procure admission for any person but those who were to take part in the procedure, or who were entitled by relationship or other circumstance to attend.

During the service there were but two individuals in the nave—the officer in command of the guard of honour at the door, and the officer who commanded the seamen.

In the large illustration is represented the Archbishop on the steps of the altar, reading the service.

The Psalms (30 and 90) having been chanted (to Purcell's single chant in G minor), the Archbishop read the lesson—the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, from the 20th verse to the end. The pall was then withdrawn, and the coffin left uncovered. It is of Spanish mahogany, covered with rich

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OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

SIR ROBERT K. CUNYNGHAM DICK, BART.



SIR ROBERT K. CUNYNGHAM DICK, Bart., of Prestonfield, in the county of Edinburgh, and of Lambrogh, in the county of Ayr, was born on the 14th April, 1773: he inherited the baronetcy of Prestonfield, as seventh Baronet, at the decease of his brother, the 14th Dec., 1812; and he succeeded to the baronetcy of Caprington, as sixth Baronet, on the demise of his cousin-german, Sir William Cunningham, as fifth Baronet, in Jan., 1829. Sir Robert married, the 15th May, 1807, Harriet, third daughter of Thomas Hamner, Esq., of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester, by whom (who survives him) he leaves, with four other sons and two daughters, an eldest son and successor, William Hamner (the present Baronet), late an officer in the Dragoon Guards, who is married to Susan, third daughter of the late James Alston Stuart, Esq., of Urrard, Perthshire, and has issue. Sir Robert was the descendant and representative of two very ancient and honourable Scottish families, the Dycks, or Van Dykes, originally from Bruges, and the Cunninghams, of Caprington, the latter connected, by marriage, with the Royal line of Robert Bruce. Sir Robert, who, previous to the last two years, resided for a long period abroad, died at his seat in Scotland, on the 15th inst., in his 77th year.

THE HON. AND REV. SIR HENRY LESLIE, BART.

THE death of Sir Henry Leslie occurred on the 9th inst., at his residence, Juniper-hill, Mickleham, Surrey. The rev. gentleman had completed, on the 21st of last September, his 66th year. He was youngest son of Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., M.D., physician to King George III., by Jane Elizabeth Leslie, his wife, Countess of Rothes, and was consequently cousin-german of the present Lord Cotnam, and of Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester.

Sir Henry married, the 15th February, 1816, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the Rev. James Oakes, of Tostock, co. Suffolk, but became a widow on the 12th of the following December. At the period of his decease he was Rector of Shepphall, Herts, and Wetherden, Suffolk, Prebendary of Exeter, and one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary. His only sister, Lady Harriet Leslie, was the first wife of the Earl of Devon. Sir Henry has left no issue; the Baronetcy devolves, under the limitation of the patent, on the Lord Chancellor, who is heir male of the Pepys family.

FREDERICK WILLIAM CAMPBELL, ESQ., OF BARBRECK

This respected gentleman died at Birkfield, near Ipswich. He was son and heir of the late Donald Campbell, Esq., of Barbreck, by Mary Campbell, his wife, a daughter of Lord Frederick Campbell; and represented the Barbreck branch of the house of Argyll—a distinguished offshoot of the parent stem.

Early in life, Mr. Campbell entered the army, and held the commission of Lieutenant and Captain in the 1st Regiment of Guards. He succeeded his father in 1804; and, fixing his residence in Suffolk, became a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of that county. He was born 4th January, 1782, and married twice: first, Emma Ashwell, daughter of Wade Toby Caulfield, Esq., of Raheen-duff; and, secondly, Sophia, daughter of the late Sir Edward Wynn, Bart., M.P., by whom he had a daughter, Sophia Jane, who married Peter R. Bert Charles Burrell, Esq., nephew of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and died in 1843, leaving a son, Willoughby Merrik Campbell.

ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS COLLIER, K.B.

SIR FRANCIS AUGUSTUS COLLIER, K.B., commander-in-chief of her Majesty's naval force in the East, was the third son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Collier, C.B. Sir Francis entered the navy in 1798, under Nelson, on board the *Vanguard*, and was present at the battle of the Nile. From that time forward he served gallantly throughout the war, distinguishing himself by the capture of various French vessels of importance.

From 1827 to 1830, Collier was commander-in-chief on the coast of Africa, and during that period 36,000 slaves were restored to freedom. In 1830, he received the honour of knighthood, and he was since made a K.B. Sir Francis, while holding his last appointment (that of commander-in-chief of our naval force in the East), did great benefit to the mercantile community by his ready protection afforded at all times to British commerce. A public address was handed to him only a few days before his death, thanking him for the energy he displayed in the extirpation of piracy.

Sir Francis Collier died of apoplexy, on the 28th of October last, at the residence of Judge Hulme, at Hong-Kong, where he had been staying since his return from China.

SIR EDMUND KEYNTON WILLIAMS, K.C.B., MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE ARMY.

This distinguished officer, Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the 80th Foot, gained great distinction in the Peninsular War, and received a Cross and one clasp for his services, in command of the 4th Cadadores at Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, and Nive. He was also made a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Edmund commanded, lately, a division of the Indian army. He was born in 1779, the son of the Rev. Henry Williams, Vicar of Udry, in Monmouthshire, and married Miss Hawker, daughter of John Hawker, Esq., of Plymouth.

THOMAS LEVETT PRINSEP, ESQ., OF CROXALL HALL, COUNTY DERBY.

This gentleman, who died a few days since at Bishopstegnton, in Devon, was third son of the late Theophilus Levett, Esq., of Wickham Park, county Stafford, High Sheriff of that shire, 50 George III., and Recorder of the city of Lichfield; by Frances his wife, daughter of Thomas Prinsep, Esq., of Croxall Hall, county Derby. He was twice married, first to Margaret, daughter of David Monro, Esq., by whom he has left one surviving daughter; and, secondly, to Caroline, daughter of the Rev. John Temple.

THE LATE SIR I. BRUNEL.—A correspondent has called our attention to a passage in our last Saturday's Obituary, stating that Sir Isambard Brunel introduced his machinery for making blocks under the patronage of Lord Spencer. It was not, however, till the year 1802 that Mr. Brunel presented himself, without introduction, to the late Sir Samuel Bentham (then Inspector-General of Naval Works), who, appreciating Mr. Brunel's invention (then confined to the shaping of block shells), recommended its adoption to the Earl of St. Vincent. Mr. Brunel's machinery for that purpose was, accordingly, added to saws, long and circular, which the Inspector-General had already introduced, and had at work in Portsmouth Dockyard. Subsequently, machinery for performing other operations in block-making was contrived, mostly by Mr. Brunel; but in conjunction with the mechanist in the Inspector-General's office, and subject to the approval of Sir Samuel Bentham.

GOVERNMENT INSPECTION OF FACTORIES.—The vacancy in the office of Factory Inspector, caused by the death of Mr. James Stewart, has enabled the Government to effect a saving of £700 a year in that department. The Factory Act requires the appointment of four inspectors. Mr. Stewart was inspector for Scotland, and the manufacturing portion of Ireland at Dublin and Belfast. Captain Nairne, who is inspector of prisons for Scotland, is appointed inspector, he is to receive £200 a year. The Irish division will be taken by Mr. Howell, one of the other three inspectors, who will receive £100 a year, in addition to his present salary, which is considered as an equivalent only for the additional expenses of travelling, &c., to which he will be put by the arrangement. In this way the saving of £700 a year will be effected, by substituting £300 for £1000 a year.

THE COAL TRADE OF LONDON.—It appears by the official return just published by the Corporation of London, that there were imported into the City from the 1st of January to the 30th of November, 1849, 2,980,396 tons of coal in 10,855 ships; whilst in the corresponding period of 1848 the importations were 3,193,202 tons in 11,507 ships; showing a decrease upon the present year of 217,806 tons, and 652 ships. Of these quantities, in 1849, 116,358 tons in 353 ships were sent from Newcastle-upon-Tyne; 78,593 tons in 277 ships from Sunderland; 61,259 tons in 234 ships from Stockton; and 11,974 tons in 53 ships from Blyth.

PURCHASE OF THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.—The agreement for this purchase was executed in London on Wednesday by the Hon. the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, on behalf of the Government, and by Mr. Slight, the Clerk to the Commissioners, on behalf of the inhabitants of Brighton.

COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE COURT AT OSBORNE.

The Court hospitalities of the past week have been confined to the reception of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who arrived at Osborne on Saturday last; and Lord John Russell, who went over to the Isle of Wight on Friday to have an interview with the Queen, and returned to town on the following day.

On Sunday morning, the Queen and Prince, her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household, attended divine service at Whippingham Church. The service was performed and the sermon preached by the Rev. J. T. Protheroe.

The Duchess of Kent returned to Frogmore on Wednesday.

Their Serene Highnesses the Duchess Ida of Saxe-Weimar and the Princesses Anne and Amelie were expected to arrive at Osborne on Wednesday but the visit was deferred, owing, we believe, to the slight indisposition of the Duchess.

The Marchioness of Douro has succeeded Viscountess Canning as Lady in Waiting on her Majesty.

The Court is expected to leave Osborne for Windsor Castle this day (Saturday).

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Prince Frederick of Hesse, visited the Duchess of Gloucester on Thursday, at Gloucester House.

Louis Philippe, the ex-King of France, visited Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton Manor, on Tuesday. He arrived at the Tamworth Station about two o'clock, and was there met by the right hon. Baronet, Lady Peel, and the younger members of the family. The ex-King returned from Drayton to Tamworth shortly after five o'clock, and proceeded by train to London. He was loudly cheered at the Tamworth Station.

Their Serene Highnesses the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and the Princesses Anne and Amelie of Saxe-Weimar arrived at Marlborough-house, Pall-mall, on Tuesday afternoon, from the Priory, Stannore.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and the Ladies Gordon Lennox left Portland-place on Tuesday, for Goodwood, where the Earl and Countess of Besborough, and a large family circle will meet during the Christmas holidays.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, and Lord Edward Fitzalan Howard, have left Norfolk House for Arundel Castle, for the approaching festive season.

The Marchioness of Westmeath was prevented by indisposition from attending the interment of her late lamented Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Earl of Carlisle has left Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper, for Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, where great festivities have taken place during the week, in celebration of the Marquis of Stafford attaining his majority.

The Earl of Durham has sailed for the West Indies.

Lord and Lady John Russell left Pembroke-lodge, Richmond-park, on Wednesday, for Bowood-park, Wilts, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.

The Lady Dorothy Nevill was safely delivered on Tuesday morning of a daughter, in Upper Gloucester-street.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The preliminaries of a marriage are arranged between the Hon. Philip Sydney, only son of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, and Miss Foulis, only child of Lady Foulis and the late Sir William Foulis, Bart., of Ingleby Manor, Yorkshire, and grand-niece to the Duke of Leinster.

PANSHANGER.—The private theatricals at this beautiful seat went off admirably on Tuesday night. The English play, as well as the French, was admirably performed. It would be invidious to praise any particular actor, all the parts were so well kept up and executed. Among the company invited were the Marquis and Marchioness of Aylesbury, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Baron and Baroness Dimsdale; Hon. Mr. Cowper, M.P.; the Earl and Countess de Grey, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson; Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.; Lord and Lady Cochrane, Mr. A. Smith, &c.

COURT MOURNING.

(From the *Gazette* of Tuesday night.)

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Dec. 18, 1849.

Orders for the Court's change of mourning on Sunday, the 6th of January, 1850, for her late Majesty the Queen Dowager, viz.:—
The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen or muslin, white gloves, black or white shoes, fans, and tippets, white necklaces and earrings; no diamonds.

The gentlemen to wear black, full-trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the mourning further on Sunday, the 13th of January, 1850; viz.:—

The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribbons, fans, and tippets. The gentlemen to continue in black, and to wear coloured swords and buckles. And on Sunday, the 20th of January, 1850, the Court to go out of mourning.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Dec. 18, 1849.

It is the intention of the Queen, and that of the Royal Family, to continue their mourning for her late Majesty the Queen Dowager until the 13th of March, 1850, changing to half-mourning upon the 13th of February, 1850.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

RUGBY SCHOOL.—BIRMINGHAM, Monday.—The Rev. E. M. Goulburn, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford, and examining chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, was elected Head Master of Rugby School, in the place of the Rev. Dr. Tait, now Dean of Carlisle, on Monday.

ST. NICOLAS' COLLEGE, SHOREHAM.—Three exhibitors will be elected on the foundation of this society on the 6th of February, 1850, at New Shoreham. Candidates must be members of the University of Oxford or Cambridge, and must either have taken a degree or be in the last year of residence. The value of each exhibition is £50 per annum, and they supply a title to holy orders. Full particulars may be had on application to the Rev. N. Woodard, St. Nicholas' College, Shoreham, to whom must be sent the name, age, and date of matriculation of each candidate, together with a certificate of good conduct from the head of his college or hall, on or before January 27th. The electors are the Archdeacon of Chichester, the Archdeacon of Lewes, the Provost of St. Nicholas' College, and the head master of the New Shoreham Grammar School.

PREFERRMENTS.—Rev. S. Allen, to the senior incumbency, of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, Aberdeen. Rev. C. B. Cooper, to Turnworth R., Dorset; value, £135; patron, Bishop of Salisbury. Rev. P. Henderson, to St. Matthew P.C., Bank Foot, Bradford, Yorkshire. Rev. G. C. Rashleigh, to Hound V., with Burlesdon C., Hants, diocese of Winchester; value £160; patrons, Winchester College. Rev. E. Walker, to St. Jude's P.C., Manchester; patrons, trustees. Rev. G. F. Townsend, to be domestic chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. The Lord Bishop of London has presented the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Principal of the Training College, Battersea, to a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Rev. W. Thorpe, to the rectory of Weeley, Essex. The Rev. T. B. Stuart, to the vicarage of Wookey, Somerset. The Rev. T. W. Mercer, to the vicarage of Northallerton, with the curacy of Delgong, Yorkshire.

VACANCIES.—Aberfraw R., Anglesey, diocese of Bangor; value, £388, with residence; patron, the Crown. Llantrisant R., with Celdio C., Gwredog C., Llanillibio C., and Llanfrynach C.; value, £915, with residence. Anglesey, diocese of Bangor, and chaplaincy to the Marquis of Anglesey; patron, Bishop of Bangor—Rev. H. W. Jones, deceased. Twywell R., Northamptonshire, diocese of Peterborough; value, £280, with residence; patrons, representatives of the late rector, Rev. W. Alington, deceased. Canonry in Exeter Cathedral; patron, the Bishop of Exeter, deceased. The chancellorship of the diocese of Bangor, by the death of the Worshipful Hugh Wynne Jones. The appointment, which is of considerable value, is in the gift of the Bishop of Bangor.

It is rumoured in the Court circles that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will be appointed to the rangiership of Busby Park, vacant by the demise of her late Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Count Edmund Zichy, brother of Count Eugene Zichy, who was shot, by sentence of court-martial, for giving up Venice, has lost his reason, in consequence of an attack of apoplexy. He was at Florence when this calamity occurred.

THE PLEA OF NOT GUILTY.—A memorial (signed by several chairmen of quarter sessions, high sheriffs, justices of the peace, and a considerable number of chaplains of gaols, mayors, clerks of the peace, lawyers, and others), praying that the present mode of arraigning prisoners, by asking them, "How say you: guilty or not guilty," may be discontinued, so that the serious evils attendant on this form in our judicial proceedings may be avoided, was, on the 11th inst., forwarded by Lord Ashley to the Secretary of State, the signatures having been collected by the Rev. W. C. Osborn, Chaplain of the Bath Gaol, author of a pamphlet on the subject.

SOLOAN AN OILMAN.—About the year B.C. 700, there came a sober, thinking man from Greece to Egypt, to exchange a cargo of olive oil, from Athens, for Egyptian corn and luxuries from the East. After this thoughtful man had done his commercial business, he remained to see what he could of the country and people. He conversed much with a company of priests at Sais, who taught him, as Plato tells us, much history and some geography, and, evidently, not a little of law. His countrymen profited, on his return, by his studies at Sais, for this oil merchant was Solon, the law-maker.

SILK MANUFACTURES IN FRANCE.—Accounts from the silk markets of France report a strike among the workpeople, and the general prostration of the trade. The few orders received remained unexecuted. The workpeople, it appears, demand higher wages and fewer hours of labour. Some of the mills, it was feared, would be compelled to close, and the merchants to seek goods in foreign markets. The supply of silk in some markets was short.

It is reported that Lord Campbell will take his seat as Chief Justice in the Queen's Bench, in place of Lord Denman, about to retire on the first day of next term, and that Lord John Russell now holds his resignation as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

COUNTRY NEWS.

LIGHTS AND FIRES ON BOARD SHIPS IN THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS.

A grievance which is general among sailors frequenting the port of Liverpool, namely, the non-allowance of fires and lights on board their ships while in the docks of Liverpool, has at length aroused the sympathies of the merchants and shipowners there.

With a view of obtaining the abrogation of such law, or an extensive improvement therein, a meeting was held in the Cotton Sale room, on Monday afternoon. The attendance was very respectable, and included some of the leading merchants and shipowners of Liverpool, and several captains in the American and other foreign trades.

The chair was taken by William Rathbone, Esq., who briefly explained the nature and objects of the meeting.

After an introductory prayer from the Rev. Mr. Maynard, Mr. Rathbone admitted that they had a few difficulties to overcome. The subject had his warmest sympathies, and he trusted that they would be successful in their exertions.

Captain Knight, of the packet-ship *New World*, proposed the first resolution, which was to the following effect:—"That Christianity and humanity alike demand the use of fires and lights on board vessels while in the docks at Liverpool, and that a prompt compliance with such demands would be safe and politic." Captain Knight referred to the safety and policy of the course recommended. He said that, no matter what was the policy adopted at other ports, Liverpool, from its extensive maritime interests, ought to take the lead in such questions; and that, notwithstanding the rules in other ports, Liverpool ought to do right; but it was not so—for in St. Katharine's Docks, in London, and in New York, fire and lights were allowed, within certain limits.

The Rev. Mr. Maynard, minister of the Mariners' Church, seconded the motion, and urged the great moral benefits arising from an alteration in the present system. He also depicted in very forcible terms the enormous amount of misery and wickedness which took place owing to the poor sailor being obliged to turn out of his ship at sunset, in consequence of there being no light or fire to cheer him in the dark and cold of winter.

Mr. Mayer, of the firm of Laurie and Co., of Boston, addressed the meeting in support of the resolution, which was passed unanimously.

Captain Bursley proposed the adoption of the memorial to the Dock Committee, calling upon that body to rescind the present regulation; and, in seeking that favour, stated that he was prepared to show that the want alluded to made Liverpool the most expensive port in the kingdom, and demoralised the seamen to an extent scarcely to be credited.

The Rev. Mr. Buck, in a lengthened and eloquent speech, seconded the memorial.

Mr. H. G. Chapman moved that Mr. Rathbone be requested to sign the memorial on behalf of the meeting, and that the movers and seconders of the resolutions should accompany him to present the same.

The meeting then separated.

ADDRESS TO JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P., FROM THE IRISHMEN OF MANCHESTER.—It is the intention of the Irishmen of Manchester and Salford shortly to present to Mr. Bright an address, thanking him for the able manner in which he laid the true, but wretched condition of Ireland before the English people, at the late meeting held in the Free-Trade Hall. The meeting for the presentation of the address will be held in the Corn Exchange, on Wednesday, January 2nd. The list of the gentlemen composing the committee of management comprises the names of many highly respectable Irish residents in Manchester.

PROTECTIONIST MEETING IN KENT.—On Wednesday afternoon a large and influential meeting, for the purpose of securing to the British agriculturist protection from the influence of foreign competition, was held at Cranbrook, at which the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope presided. The noble Earl, in the course of his speech, recommended a petition to the Queen for the dissolution of Parliament, as, under present circumstances, it was quite hopeless to apply to the House of Commons.

FREEHOLD LAND MOVEMENT.—On Monday evening a public meeting was held in the Town-hall, Hemel Hempstead, in connexion with the Herts and Beds Freehold Land Society. The hall was well filled; and Mr. James Taylor, of the Birmingham society, having fully explained the nature of the movement, several parties were enrolled, and early on Tuesday morning many applications were made for rules, &c.

THE FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.—The allotments on the fourth estate purchased by the Birmingham Freehold Land Society were ballotted for last week. The estate contains about thirty acres, and has cost the society £9000. It is situated in an improving locality, in the immediate suburbs of the town, being within one mile and a half from its centre. The total number of allotments divided amongst the members in this estate is 398, each of which will be large enough to erect a respectable house, and allow for a moderate-sized garden. This is the second estate purchased in this division of the county, and will virtually place the future elections for North Warwick in the hands of the industrious artisans of Birmingham.

THE CUMBERLAND PACQUET states that a gentleman in that county fatted twenty-five large hogs last season on barley merely broken in a malt-kiln, and given dry in a trough by itself, there being another trough with water. He expresses himself satisfied as to its economy and success. He fancies four bushels of barley eaten in this way will go as far as five when ground into meal; besides which, in the case referred to, he saved £5 in grinding.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.—The principal houses in Bristol have acceded to the request to close their establishments the day before Christmas-Day. To the memorial presented to the right worshipful the Mayor, he wrote the following reply:—"I approve of the foregoing, and hope and trust my fellow-citizens collectively will accede to the request."—JOHN KELL HANFIELD, Mayor of Bristol.

Mr. Francis Bayley, the revising barrister, son of the late Mr. Justice Bayley, has been appointed, by the Lord Chancellor, Judge of the Westminster County Court, in the room of the late Mr. Moylan.

THE HUNGARIAN REFUGEES IN SCOTLAND.—The *Mount Stuart Elphinstone*, with a number of the Hungarian refugees on board, left Glasgow harbour on Monday afternoon, at one o'clock. There was a large concourse of spectators present, who warmly expressed their sympathy with the exiles as the vessel got under way.

LIBERATION OF CHARTIST CONVICTS FROM HORSEMER-LANE GAOL.—On Wednesday afternoon, three of the Chartist prisoners convicted at the Old Bailey in 1848, were liberated, by order of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, from Horsemer-lane Gaol, where they have been incarcerated fourteen months. Their names are Thomas Irons, William Poole, and Thomas Herbert. Within these last six months they have expressed such contrition as to their offence, that the Secretary of State commuted their sentence to fourteen months' imprisonment, which expired on that day, and the required sureties being approved of by the Home Department, they were ordered to be liberated.

GREAT SLAUGHTER AT LOUTH.—On Friday week, Mr. Valentine Fell, poultryer, of Louth, near Boston, assisted by forty-five persons, commenced his annual slaughtering of poultry for the London Christmas market. No fewer than 4000 geese, which had been for seven weeks in the stubbles on a farm at Witcomb, and which were afterwards penned and fattened at a farmstead at Monk's dyke, as well as 1500 ducks, turkeys, and fowls, comprised the number to be slaughtered. They were all consigned to Leadenhall-market, and were calculated to weigh upwards of thirty tons. Many of the geese were of a remarkably large kind, and weighed from 16lb. to 20lb each. The weekly consumption of corn by this immense flock, belonging to a single poultryer, has been no less than 110 quarters.

THE ROCHEDALE SAVINGS-BANK.—Further investigations into the accounts of the Rochdale Savings-Bank are stated to reveal deficiencies to the extent of £100,000; and although various gentlemen have subscribed each several sums of £1000, yet the ultimate losses will prove enormous. The widow of the late manager has offered to surrender everything to the trustees of the bank, however, providing that she is indemnified for the consequences. According to a Leeds contemporary, hundreds of people do not believe that the delinquent is dead, regarding the whole as a deception to blind depositors, whilst he escapes with their money. On Monday evening a special meeting of the members of the unenrolled friendly societies interested in the bank was held in Rochdale, Mr. Livesey in the chair. The meeting was very numerous, its object being to adopt measures for bringing the various claims of the societies before the trustees and managers of the bank. Resolutions were passed appointing a committee of five members of the unenrolled societies, together with a treasurer, president, and secretary, to confer with the trustees; and also arranging that a subscription of one halfpenny in the pound, according to the sum invested, be contributed by the societies towards defraying the necessary expenses. The subscriptions above referred to are those of gentlemen who have been trustees of the bank at different times during the years over which the defalcations have extended; viz.—Dr. Molesworth, £1000; Henry Kelsall, Esq., £1000; George Ashworth, Esq., £1000; J. A. Crook, Esq., £1000; Samuel Lomax, Esq., £1000; James Schofield, Esq., £1000; Clement Roys, Esq., £1000; William Chadwick, Esq., £1000; James Fenton, Esq., £1000; John Fenton, Esq., £1000; Entwistle, Esq., High Sheriff of the County, £1000; A. H. Roys, Esq., £1000; W. E. Roys, Esq., £1000; making a total of £13,000.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A terrific fire broke out on Sunday night on the premises of Messrs. Ward, hosiers, at Belper in Derbyshire. The fire was discovered at nine o'clock, and immediate information was given to the police. A messenger was instantly despatched to Derby, and the fire-engines arrived from that town at the place of conflagration in an incredibly short space of time. At twelve o'clock the fire was at its height, and the firemen directed the whole of their efforts to protect the adjacent premises. At three o'clock on Monday morning the force of the flames had abated, and all fears for the safety of the surrounding buildings were dissipated. The premises, however, of Messrs Ward are a complete wreck. The amount of damage is immense. Messrs Ward have usually employed upwards of 2000 hands, the whole of whom, from this serious disaster, will be thrown out of employment. It is doubtless one of the worst calamities that could have happened to the town of Belper, a place of about 10,000 inhabitants; and the suffering which will be entailed upon the lower orders residing there is immense. It has not yet been ascertained how the fire originated.

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER-MILL AT HOUNSLOW.—On Tuesday evening, between six and seven o'clock, an explosion took place at Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's powder-mills, Hounslow-heath, which was heard as far distant as Richmond. The explosion was confined to a drying-house, in which a quantity of gunpowder in an unfinished state, called a "green charge," had by some unknown cause ignited, and blown the roof of the building off. The amount of damage has not been stated.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMICRON is evidently incredulous of the care with which every Problem submitted to this paper is examined. We have compared the second version of his "trifling" with the former; if he will do the same, he will find the impracticability of the first arose from his placing a Kt at K 7th instead of K 5th. His second edition is correct.

ISLETT RIES, of Stuttgart, will perceive that we have made some additions to his two last problems. These, he will find, on examination, were indispensable to prevent other and much easier solutions than his own.

REV. H. S.—We are glad to learn that the practice of playing little matches for acts of chess-men, or for classical works on the game, is gaining ground in our clubs. It will tend, in a great measure, to obviate the necessity of a money stake, except in contests of particular importance.

SCHOLASTICS.—Checkmate, as we call the final term in the game, is, with the French, *Echec mat*; with the Italians, *Scacco matto*; in Portuguese and Spanish, *Axague* (the X being guttural, we have here the Arabic *Sheikh*); in Castilian, *Jaque mate*; in German, *Schach matt*; in ancient Norwegian, *Shaka to give check, Mata to give mate*; in Turkish, *Schah mat* *celad* (he has given checkmate, and *Schah mat* *celid* he has been checkmated); in Persian, *Schah mat khadam* To give checkmate, and *Schah mat schidun* To be checkmated. The origin of these terms will probably be found in the Persian language, where *Schah* signifies King, and *mat* conquered, exhausted, reduced to extremity.

TYRO, A. O. L. MR. PIPS.—See our notice to W. E. H. in the last Number. CARLISLE C. C. is thanked for the information he has pitifully favoured us with. L. O. K.—We know nothing of four-handed Chess. You will probably obtain the rules from Leuchars, the Chess and Draught-board manufacturer, in Piccadilly.

W. S. D.—You have failed in Enigma 305. The other solution is correct. R. D. PEDONE.—The 10th volume of the *Chess-Player's Chronicle* can now be got complete of any bookseller, and contains an apparently inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction for amateurs of the game. For *La Reçence* you must apply to a foreign bookseller.

CARLO FOLIERO.—No 1 seems correct. No 2, however, requires only two instead of four moves; viz. 1. Kt to K 3d (ch). 2. R to K 2d or Q 2d—Mate.

JORDEN.—There is a Chess Club at Carlisle, which meets on Tuesday and Friday evenings, at Woodrow's Hotel, English-street. Apply to the secretary, Mr. W. Fairlie.

M. P. Travelers' Club-house.—The number of members to the St. George's Chess Club is limited to 300; no time should therefore be lost. Address the secretary, Mr. Longbottom, 5, Cavendish-square.

F. H. G.—Very neat and pretty. J. C. W.—We said "Ineligible," not "illegible." The position was written out plainly enough, but there is no point, interest, or difficulty about it.

PLATE.—Your attempted solution of Problem No. 306 is altogether a mistake.

ΦΙΛΟΠΕΣΣΟΣ.—They shall be examined.

ΠΑΛΙΝΔΡΟΣ, ΕΠΙΘΙΣΙΝΟΣ.—We have before had occasion to remark that one of the most striking advantages of the new Chessmen is the facility they afford to young practitioners in solving problems and going through games from print. No learner who has tried them will ever after endure to go pottering on in the vexatious attempt to play over a long game with the old pieces, making a blunder at every half-dozen moves, and in nine cases out of ten, giving up the task before he has half got through it, when he has the means of procuring Chessmen so marked and distinct that mistake is out of the question, and he may go through the longest and most intricate series of moves without an error.

T. L. Trinity College, Dublin.—For the price and other particulars of Mr. Leuchars' very beautiful chess-board, we must refer you to his advertisement in another part of our paper. Solutions by F. G. R., M. P., Rev. S. L., D. D., Oxford; Rugby-boy, Collegian, S. U. M., Trinity College, Dublin; Wrangler, Brutus, Mr. Pips, T. N. L., Dollary, J. C. G. P., G. W. T., F. W. V., S. S., are correct. Those by Tyro, Valleyfield, Milo, Subscriber, F. R. S., Eleonore, are wrong.

* * * Any Amateur, of not more than two years' Chess-standing, desirous of a Game by Correspondence, may hear of a competitor by addressing "Scholasticus, 27, King William-street, Charing-cross." The stake to be an Ivory Set of the STANTON CHESS-MEN. A member of a University, or of some public School, will be preferred.

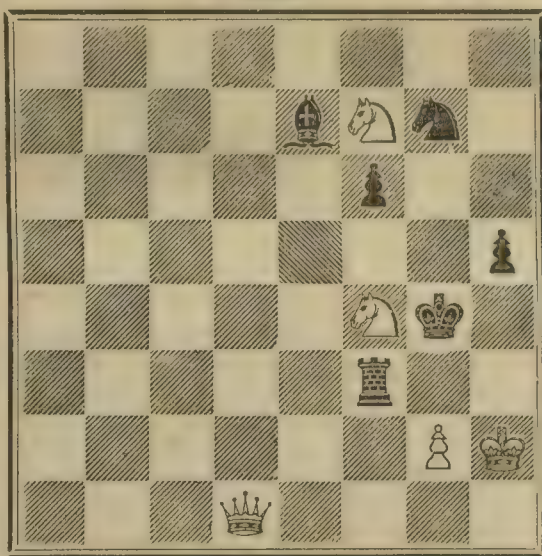
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 308.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--|------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K 5th (discovering ch) | K to his 4th | 4. K to Q sq | P checks, or (a) |
| 2. Kt takes B (ch) | K to Q 5th | 5. K to his 3rd (discovering checkmate). | |
| 3. K to Q 2d | P takes P | | |
| | | (a) 4. K takes B | |
| | | 5. K to his 3d (discovering checkmate). | |

PROBLEM NO. 309.

By HERR KLING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE METROPOLIS.

Mr. STANTON gives Mr. G. MEDLEY the odds of the Pawn and two moves. (Remove Black's K B Pawn from the board.)

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3d | 19. P to Q 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to Q 4th | Q to K 2d (a) | 20. P to R 5th | K R to K 3d |
| 3. K B to Q 3d | P to Q 3d | 21. P to Q Kt 6th | B P takes P |
| 4. K Kt to B 3d | Q Kt to B 3d | 22. P takes P | P takes P |
| 5. P to K 5th | P to K Kt 3d | 23. P to Q 3d | Q to her B 4th |
| 6. K Kt to his 5th (b) | P to K Kt 3d | 24. B to K 4th | K to Q B 2d (d) |
| 7. K Kt to B 3d | K B to K R 3d | 25. K R to K Q Kt sq | Q R to his sq |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3d | Q B to Q 2d | 26. Q to her Kt 2d | B to Q B 3d |
| 9. Q Kt to K 4th | P takes K 2d | 27. K R to K sq | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 10. P takes P | Castles on Q's side | 28. P to K R 3d | Q R to his 5th |
| 11. B takes B | K Kt takes B | 29. P to Q B 4th | Q R takes P |
| 12. Q to K 2d | K Kt to his 5th | 30. B to Q 3d | P to Q B 6th (e) |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 2d | Q to her B 4th | 31. K R to Q B sq | P to Q Kt 5th |
| 14. P to Q Kt 4th (c) | Q to her B 6th | 32. R takes R | P takes R |
| 15. Castles on K's side | K Kt takes K P | 33. Q to her B 2d | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 16. P to Q Kt 5th | K Kt takes Kt (ch) | 34. R to Q B sq | P to Q Kt 5th |
| 17. Kt takes Kt | Kt to Q 5th | 35. Q to her Kt 3d | Q to her 4th |
| 18. Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt | 35. Q takes Q | B takes Q |

(a) This novel defence to the Pawn and two moves attack appears to be growing rapidly in favour.

(b) Playing the Kt thus is an effective move, when Black has advanced his Q P to Q 4th; but in the present case it is only lost time.

(c) An ingenious attempt to divert the attack from his centre Pawn.

(d) B to Q Kt 4th would have been useless, as White could answer with Q to K Kt 4th, giving check.

(e) If Q to her 4th, White would have retreated his B to Bishop's sq.

LIVELY EXAMPLE OF THE SCOTCH OPENING, PLAYED BETWEEN TWO EMINENT LONDON PLAYERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 12. Q to Q Kt 3d | R takes K P |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d | Q Kt to B 3d | 13. P to K B 3d (b) | Q B to K 3d (c) |
| 3. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 14. Q to Q B 3d | R to K 4th |
| 4. Kt takes P | K B to Q B 4th | 15. Q B to K B 4th | R takes Kt |
| 5. Kt to K B 5th | Q to K B 3d | 16. P takes R | Q takes P |
| 6. Q Kt to B 3d | K Kt to K 2d | 17. Q to her 2d | Kt to Q 4th |
| 7. Q Kt to Q 5th | Kt takes Q Kt | 18. P to K R 3d | Kt takes B |
| 8. Q takes Kt | P to Q 3d | 19. B to Q 3d | Kt takes B |
| 9. K B to Q Kt 5th | Castles | 20. Q takes Kt | B to Q B 5th |
| 10. P to K Kt 4th | K R to K sq | | |
| 11. K to B sq (a) | Q Kt to Kt 5th | | |

(a) This opening is not well played on White's side. (b) An irreparable mistake.

(c) Black neglects to avail himself of all the advantages presented by his opponent's error; he ought to have taken the Kt with his Bishop—for example.

13. Q to K R 3d

14. P takes B (best)

And White has no resource.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 512.—By W. G., York.

White: K at his B 8th, B at K 8th, Kts at K 7th and Q B 5th.

Black: K at Q sq.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

No. 513.—By The Same.

White: K at Q Kt 7th, R at K sq, B at Q 4th and Q Kt 3d, P at K Kt 5th.

Black: K at Q 3d; P's at K B 4th and 5th, Q Kt 3d and 5th, and Q B 6th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

No. 514.—By J. C. R., of the "Philidorian."

White: K at his B 3d, Q at her 5th, Kts at K B 3d and K 5th, P at K Kt 2d.

Black: K at his R 4th, Q at K Kt 3d, Rs at K R sq and K R 3d.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

At a special meeting of the "Society for the Protection of Agriculture and British Industry," which was attended by a deputation from the "National Association for the Protection of British Industry and Capital," held at the close of last week, it was unanimously resolved that the two societies be united, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The functions of the three abolished law courts—namely, the Marshalsea, Palace, and Peverel Courts—will cease and determine from and after the 31st inst.

The domestic servants of the late Queen Dowager have received notice that their services will be dispensed with on the 1st of next month. On the 7th proximo, a sale of her Majesty's stud will take place. It is rumoured that her late Majesty has left a number of articles of interest and value to different ladies and gentlemen of her household.

The *Constitutionnel* says:—"The following anecdote was related yesterday in the Salle des Pas Perdue of the National Assembly:—Some ex-deputies, who signed the impeachment of M. Guizot, asked what he found changed in France. 'Nothing,' replied M. Guizot, 'nothing—except as regards the dynasty. But I have found hatred stronger, and the obstinacy of men of certain parties greater than ever.'"

General Herbillon has just sent to Paris three Arab standards, which were taken by the French after the assault of Zaatcha. They are to be placed in the Invalides.

The French Minister of Commerce has charged M. T. Mareau, representative of the people, to proceed to Belgium to ascertain the progress made in the cultivation and manufacturing of flax. M. Mareau is a chief of an important manufactory at Montargis (Vendée).

The Cambridge Freehold Land Scheme progresses favourably, and the committee have nearly completed the rules of the society. 200 members have now placed their names on the list in Cambridge.

In Aberdeen, the streets are swept every day, at an annual cost of £1000, and the refuse brings in £2000 a year. In Perth the scavenging costs £1300 per annum, and the manure sells for £1730.

The Southampton Freehold Land Association is about to be brought prominently before the public. Some delay has occurred, from a desire on the part of the promoters to start fairly, with a well-digested code of rules, suitable for the practicable working of the society. A considerable number of shares have been taken, and a public meeting to inaugurate the society will be held at an early day.

The ice in the Elbe is upwards of five inches thick, and sailing vessels cannot be got through.

On Monday last a sailor named W. Lathom, on board the sloop *Turner*, lying on Dandon Sands, near Carlisle, took out a plug in the vessel's bottom, in order to allow the leakage water to escape. He neglected to replace the plug, and went to bed. During the night, as the tide rose, the vessel filled with water, and drowned the poor fellow in his bed.

Mr. Garcia is appointed Solicitor-General at Trinidad.

The Government Commission of Inquiry into the mode of conducting the Irish Stock Exchange recommended that, without serving an apprenticeship, any respectable person should be licensed by the Lord-Lieutenant to act as a stock-broker, on an entrance fee of ten guineas.

Mr. Corballis, Q.C., has resigned the offices of Commissioner of National Education, and Commissioner of the Board of Charitable Bequests in Ireland.

Mr. Henry Grattan, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, proposes that the inmates of Irish workhouses be set to work as speedily as possible in making clothes for the poor, who, as he has observed in a recent tour through many parts of Ireland, are now reduced to a state of almost absolute nudity. Such scenes, he observes, could be witnessed nowhere but in Ireland.

Most of the burial clubs in the vicinity of Chelmsford have been broken up since the proceedings in Tending Hundred showed the crimes they might instigate. The system was to pay 6d. each on the death of a member; and parties in this neighbourhood state they were occasionally called on for 2s. at a time, and had paid considerable sums in this way, all of which is of course lost to them.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth Garrison, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, has made application to the Portsmouth Literary and Philosophical Society for the occasional use of the theatre of that institution, for the delivery of a course of lectures on "Fortification and Military Tactics," to the soldiers under his command.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, Captain Pitcairn Campbell, of the 23d Fusiliers, killed a royal stag and a roebuck, by double shot, in the Applecross Forest, Inverness, and on the same day Captain Rutherford, R. N., brought down a very fine deer, running in the same forest. Captain Rutherford had never fired at a deer before.

From the official returns just published it appears that the number of deaths in Paris from cholera amounted to 10,560, or, inclusive of those which took place in the civil and military hospitals, to 20,000. The most fatal month was June, when 5769 perished. In London the most fatal month was September, when 6644 fell victims.

A letter from Montpellier, of the 12th inst., states that the demagogues, who formed the majority of the population of the neighbouring town of Marsillargues, having attacked the authorities, and barricaded them in the Hôtel de Ville, it became necessary to send 400 troops of the line against them from Montpellier. On the arrival of the troops at Marsillargues, order was restored, and the chiefs of the insurgents were arrested.

A young man, now serving as a private soldier in the 7th dragoon guards, has lately come into possession of landed property in Ireland to the value of £12,000 per annum, in addition to a large amount of cash. He becomes of age in a few months, when he will quit the profession of arms for the quietude of civil life.

The provincial papers mention no less than six incendiary fires which took place last week in different parts of the country; viz. at Wantage (Berks), Dorton (Bucks), Wallingford, Drayton (Dorset) Hungerford and White Farm (near Cardiff), at which considerable damage was done.

The parish church of Newton-upon-Ouse, which has been entirely rebuilt, with the exception of the ancient tower, at the sole expense of the Hon. Miss Dawney, of Beningbrough Hall, was re-opened for divine worship on Sunday last. The service was performed by the Rev. John Gatenby, the incumbent, and a very numerous congregation assembled on the occasion.

The Rev. C. Crewe, vicar of Longdon, Worcestershire, has given £1000 for the augmentation of the living of Chaceley, and also £500 for the purchase of a site for the erection of a parsonage-house. Mr. Crewe has likewise contributed handsomely towards the erection of school-houses, with masters' residences, in the parishes of Longdon and Castlemorton.

A vessel just arrived in the docks from Hong Kong has brought the very large number of 530,000 canes as a portion of her cargo. The same vessel has brought the large number of 320 packages of soy of Chinese produce.

On Saturday night, no less than seven tons of the finest leaf tobacco were seized by Captain Gowlund, R.N., of the revenue cutter *Vigilant*, on board a vessel in the Medway. Two men and a boy were found in charge, who were yesterday taken before the magistrates at Rochester, and severally fined £100, or in default committed to Maidstone Gaol. The seizure was, of course, condemned.

The exhibition of manufactures at Birmingham closed on Saturday. It was opened on the 2nd of September, and has during the time been visited by more than 100,000 persons. In the last week there were 19,000 admissions.



THE FUNERAL CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

FUNERAL OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

(Continued from page 410.)

crimson silk velvet, richly studded with gilt furniture. A double row of burnished gold nails formed the outline: and the compartments were shaped by a triple row of small nails. The sides were relieved by massive gold handles, and the corners were of the same, ornamented by an engraved crown. The lid, in its upper compartment, had a large raised regal crown, and in its lower division a reversed torch. The inscription is:—

Deposuitum
Serenissime Principesse
ADELÆIDÆ
Regine Dotariæ
Obiit 18to die Decembris
Anno Domini MDCCCLXIX.
Ætatis sue LVIII.

This state coffin enclosed the leaden coffin with its mahogany case, and within this the shell, made of polished Spanish mahogany, lined with white satin, and having a satin pillow.

Then was sung the anthem, "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her." While this was being performed, the coffin was very gradually and gently lowered. The sentences beginning, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live," were then sung by the choir.

The Archbishop, then coming down to the mouth of the tomb, accompanied by the two senior canons, Mr. Cust and Mr. Markham, pronounced the committal of the body to the ground, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" the vergers performing the accustomed and significant action of casting earth upon the body.

Then was sung the sentence, "I heard a voice from Heaven," &c. The Lord's Prayer, which followed, was repeated by the congregation after the Archbishop. The first collect was then read by the most rev. prelate.

Another anthem was sung, "Her body is buried in peace, but her name liveth evermore."

Then the Archbishop read the last collect, and pronounced the benediction.

After a few moments' pause for the private devotions of the congregation, Garter King of Arms, standing near the grave, pronounced the style of her late Majesty, as follows:—"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto His divine mercy the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Princess Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, relict of His Majesty King William the Fourth, uncle to Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain Queen, Defender of the Faith, whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, honour, and all worldly happiness."

The Lord-Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain of her late Majesty's household then stepped to the mouth of the tomb, and, amidst a profound silence, broke their staves of office, and, kneeling, deposited them upon the coffin.

The ceremonial was then concluded. The chief mourner was conducted out of the choir by the eastern door, followed by the other mourners, all passing the grave in their way. Prince Albert went to the Duke of Wellington, and shook hands with him, and then joined the Duke of Cambridge, who was also proceeding towards the eastern door, but who paused a moment to look into the open grave. The Rev. Mr. Wood, and some others of her late Majesty's household afterwards went down into the vault to see where the body had been laid.

No particular order was observed in the departure from the chapel of the several personages who took part in the funeral; but it is right to say that the whole ceremonial was extremely well conducted. It terminated at a quarter-past two o'clock.

THE ROYAL VAULT.

Queen Adelaide's coffin has been placed by the side of her Royal husband's; both of them resting on a long stone platform, about eighteen inches high and five or six feet broad, erected on the middle of the floor of the vault. Beyond them, on this platform, the coffin of George IV. is placed; and, beyond this, at

the extremity of the mausoleum, on a massive stone shelf, lie the remains of George III. The crowns set upon the coffins indicate to the eye immediately that they contain the remains of those who once were Monarchs. On the one side of George III. repose the bodies of Queen Charlotte and Prince Alfred; on the other side, those of the Princess Amelia and Prince Octavius. Great stone shelves are erected along the sides of the vault; but very little of the space has yet been occupied. On the left of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, by the wall, is the coffin of their infant child, the Princess Elizabeth; and hard by, rest the Duke of York, the infant child of the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Brunswick, the Princess Charlotte and her infant, the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Augusta.

The Royal tomb-house, or Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, by which name it is so well known, was erected by Henry the Eighth as a burial-place for himself and his successors. Upon his subsequent preference of Westminster Abbey for that purpose, the building remained neglected until Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from Henry the Eighth. With the same profusion of expense which marked all the public acts of his life, he began to prepare it as a receptacle for his own remains; but, at the confiscation of his property, it reverted to the Crown. Charles the First intended to fit up the structure as a Royal mausoleum, but the civil wars interposed, and in 1646 it was plundered by the Republican army. On the accession of James II., that Monarch had it converted into a chapel, and Antonio Verrio was employed to execute a richly ornamental ceiling; but a popular commotion that soon after ensued, caused by the King publicly entertaining the Pope's Nuncio, the windows and internal decorations were destroyed. It thus remained till the reign of George III., when it was determined to construct a Royal cemetery beneath it. For this purpose an excavation was made in the chalk forming the foundation, to the depth of 15 feet, and corresponding in length and width with the dimensions of the building. On each side are the receptacles for the bodies, formed by Gothic octagonal pillars, supporting a range of four shelves. The entrance to the mausoleum is in the choir of St. George's Chapel, a short distance from the steps of the altar, as already described.

Lords Frederick and Adolphus Fitzclarence were very much affected during the service; and many of the mourners appeared to be greatly distressed by the excess of their emotion at the loss of one so deeply valued and beloved by all to whom she was known. After the ceremony, the two Lords Fitzclarence descended into the Royal Vault, to see the coffin of their Royal father, by the side of which that of the good Queen Adelaide now rests.

We have authority to state that the following pious avowal of true faith and hope was appended to the memorandum respecting her interment, and left by the late Queen Adelaide in her will. It will afford consolation to the many who now mourn the irreparable loss they have sustained:—"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

Thus has passed from among us—but to live in the grateful memory of thousands—the good Queen Adelaide; a Princess whose many virtues endeared her to her family and to all ranks—whose Christian humility and patient endurance of long suffering, and whose gentle nature and unobtrusive character, will long be enshrined in the hearts and affections of the people of this country.

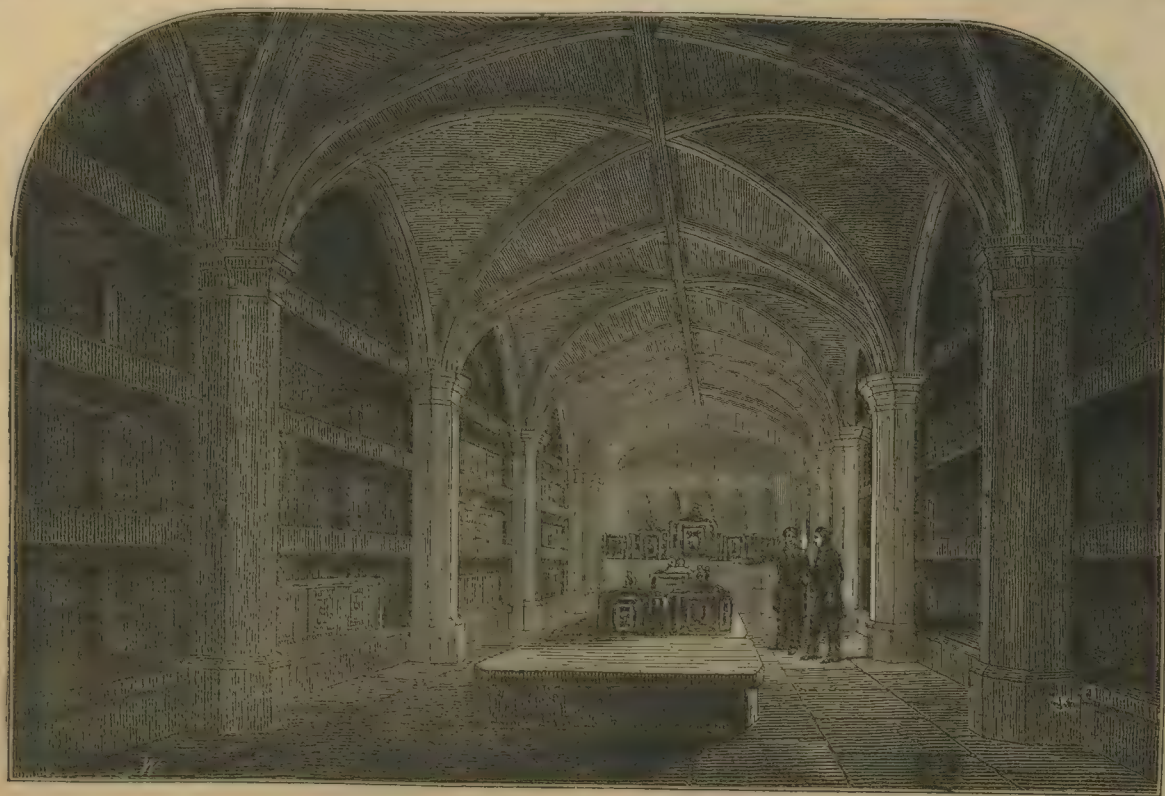
The Royal funeral was conducted by Messrs. Banting, of St. James's-street. The coffins were made by Messrs. Tuppwell and Holland, of Marylebone-street. The escutcheons were painted by Messrs. Bishop, of Bennett's-hill, Doctors'-commons, herald-painters to her Majesty; who also furnished the crown and cushion placed upon the coffin, and the achievements for Marlborough House and Bushy.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

The day was observed throughout London in such a way as to show how much attached the inhabitants were to the late Queen Dowager. The bell of St. Paul's, and those of the different churches, commenced tolling at eight o'clock in the morning. Many shops were closed. In Kensington all business was suspended for the day. The blinds were drawn at the club-houses and residences of the nobility and gentry. Minute guns were fired at the Tower, where the Royal standard was hoisted half-mast high. The attendance of the band in mounting guard at St. James's and the Horse Guards was dispensed with, and the regimental colours were covered with crape, which was worn by the officers on their caps, swords, and left arms. The National Gallery, the British Museum, and other scientific institutions were closed, and all the theatres were shut. The shipping in the river and docks hoisted their colours half-mast high.

The following are the names and ratings of the ten seamen and petty officers selected to bear the coffin of Queen Adelaide to the tomb:—Samuel Long, quartermaster, who was coxswain to the deceased Queen's barge when cruising in her Majesty's ship *Hastings*, 74; John Hayles, able seaman; James Berry, boatswain's mate; Henry Hinkins, quartermaster; Jeremiah Glanville, boatswain's mate; Hickford Hill, boatswain's mate; Phillip Perry, captain's coxswain; John Brindle, able seaman; James Grady, yeoman of the signals; and John Glass, able seaman. They all wore their service medals and good-conduct badges.

REGISTRATION OF THE DEATH.—Bentley Priory being in the parish of Harrow-on-the-Hill, the Registrar of the district, Mr. William Winkley, on the 6th instant, registered the lamented death of her late Majesty the Queen Dowager. Mr. Winkley was accompanied by Major Graham, the Registrar-General, and the duty was performed in the presence of Earl Howe (her late Majesty's Lord Chamberlain), Sir David Davies, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Captain Bedford.



THE ROYAL VAULT.



SNIPES SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.

SNIPES SHOOTING.

SNIPES SHOOTING, though it may find little favour in eyes accustomed to the dazzle of the *batue*, or with such as can compass the princely pastime of "stalking"—

Where the hunter of deer, and the warrior, trode
To his hills that encircle the sea—

belongs, nevertheless, to the legitimate class of British Field Sports. The snipe, albeit ranking far below the pheasant, the grouse, and the partridge, has one claim to social sympathy which the higher branches of the game family do not possess. It is wholly exempt from the moral mischief which is charged—fairly or unfairly—against the system of preserving: no premium for poaching is offered by the solitary of the moor and marsh. This feathered wanderer—for the snipe is a migratory bird—is found in every portion of the British Islands. It breeds in this country, but in small numbers, and partially—the regular supply arriving with the other winged winter visitants, late in the autumn. Its geographical range is still a question undisposed of by naturalists. Jardine says it breeds in Lapland. Mr. Yarrell gives it birth among the alpine districts of Norway and Sweden. Pennant ascribes it to Russia and Siberia; and many authorities state it to be a native of the East. It is, so to speak, the earliest herald of rural progress, retreating before the first step in agricultural improvement—draining. Moreover, the snipe is, beyond all others of the *bipes plumis*, capricious of place, changing its abode with almost every vicissitude of wind and weather. Occasionally, there is not an individual of the species to be met with in its most accustomed haunts. Anon the sportsman finds himself beset with a crowd where one had never before been heard of "by the oldest inhabitant." Said we this was caprice? Nature! ten thousand pardons. No, no; when you miss him in his familiar rounds, be sure it is because there is something wrong in the *carte*. Your snipe is born an epicure: that long tapering bill where-with he caters for the creature comforts is "every inch palate." What would Quin have given for such a tube!

Without offence—after what has been promised touching local adaptation—it will be imagined that Ireland is the best district of this kingdom for the sport under discussion. Cambridge and Lincoln shires are not bad; and, advancing northwards, even to the Western Isles of Scotland, the *scolopax* will reward the sportsman's research. He is, however, a various vagabond, and, with the appliances and means at hand, the pursuit, as they say in France, "*c'est les chandelles*." Suppose yourself within reach of some such place as that set forth by the Artist, whose design forms the subject of our Engraving; with your leave, we will suggest how the accident might be turned to account.

Some people call Snipe Shooting a "knack;" all we say is, acquire it, then, as soon as you can; you won't feel the least inconvenience from it, either among the heather of the Highlands or the stubbles of Norfolk. Bear in mind, when beating for them, that snipes, on windy, cloudy, or close days, are as easy of approach as "cheepers" in July. With a bright frost, and a clear, calm atmosphere, away they dart like messages by electric telegraph. An ancient pointer, familiar with their scent, is the only dog to be commissioned for such occasions. By all means let him also be taught to retrieve: it's just as well not to walk up to the arm-pits in a morass when the mercury is at "set freezing." Among sedges by river-sides, spaniels will do best service. When your snipe springs, don't be in a hurry; endeavour to fire just as he is approaching the distance where, from your knowledge of your gun, the shot will have the widest spread consistent with effective execution. Of course, this will depend a good deal upon the charge being of loose shot or cartridge. It is not true that this bird is to be bagged upon the slightest touch. He will often fly beyond sight after more than one pellet has passed "clean through" him, as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* says. If you think he is hit, and cannot mark him down, beat very closely where you saw the last of him. Beat your ground with patience, returning in the afternoon to spots drawn blank in the morning. Snipes have seasons for frequenting feeding-places: a sportsman will never be able to anticipate until he can interpret their reasons. "They lie best," according to Captain Lacy, one of the most practical writers on shooting birds which are not game, "in windy weather, when the shooter should always be down wind, as the birds, when sprung, generally face it, and thus present finer, and often cross shots. But in boisterous weather, though their flight be slower, it is more irregular; and therefore the aim is more difficult to take. Some recommend hunting up wind, and heading the do, at a point, instead of walking up in the usual way. But the birds rarely allow of such a liberty being taken with them, to say nothing of fresh birds being thus disturbed. With a scientific snipe-dog—that is, one which, on your walking down wind, quarters his ground regularly before you, with his nose in the wind, making short turns from right to left, at thirty or forty yards on each side of you—there is no plan like walking with the wind."

There are several varieties of the Snipe—the common, or *Scolopax gallinago*, weighing about four ounces, length twelve inches. In running, it has a peculiar jerk of the tail; its flight is rapid, but full of gyrations. It is in high season just now; and, provided condition and *cuisine* be of the first quality, constitutes a *plat* by no means despicable in a supplemental course. Lord Byron tells us that "pleasure was born a twin." It is pleasant to go forth, on a crisp, clear, morning in Christmas-tide, and, by the margin of some brooklet as yet unshackled by the frost, bag a brace or two of the graceful creatures that gleam and glance through the sunshine like spirits of the air. It is pleasant to sit beside some well-spread board on an evening of Christmas-tide, while the yule-log sparkles on the hearth, and taste the savoury spoil curiously displayed upon nut-brown toast ("always serve upon toast"). Try the experiment: haply you shall find that the philosophy of the poet points, not in vain, the moral of SNIPES SHOOTING.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

"The Loving Woman" is the attractive title of a new and original drama, in three acts, by Mr. Mark Lemon. Like all his dramas, it shews great stage skill; it is also written with evident care, contains some fine poetry, and much musical blank verse. But it is founded on a crotchet—the author's prejudice, to wit, against the use of marriage settlements. The *locale* of the drama is Prague, and the heroine a maiden named *Outilla* (Mrs. C. Kean), under the guardianship of a miser, *Wielert* (Mr. Howe), who insists upon the settlement of her property being made in her favour, previous to her marriage with one *Rosen* (Mr. C. Kean). This condition, it turns out, is imposed upon the parties

from interested motives—*Wielert* himself being in love with his ward. Rejected the old curmudgeon vows revenge; for which purpose, he purchases up certain bonds with which *Rosen's* deceased mother had charged her small estate, the house and goods which *Rosen* has inherited, and puts them in execution on the bridal morn, taking with him a beggar in his rags, one *Hermann* (Mr. Wallack), to add insult to injury. The miser is, however, defeated in his immediate purpose, as *Rosen* is not forsaken by his friends, and his bride avails herself of the opportunity to make demonstration of her love. But, in the course of time, this very love becomes burdensome to the husband, who feels himself dependant on his wife's fortune for their mutual means of subsistence, a state of feeling fomented by the artifices of *Wielert*, who causes ballads to be made on *Rosen's* circumstances, which he induces him to believe are sung in taverns, on his downfall. Suspicions of his wife's fidelity, also



THE NEW DRAMA OF "THE LOVING WOMAN," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—ACT II, SCENE LAST.

are insinuated; and, at length, matters come to such a pass, that the lady resorts to her legal adviser, and afterwards to *Wielert* himself, to relieve her from her difficulty. The laws of Prague permitting divorce, a remedy is found. Both parties are willing to separate, and sign the necessary documents; which done, the marriage settlement is given up to be cancelled. *Ottilia* destroys it on the spot; and immediately re-offers her hand to her husband, unconditionally. At this moment the beggar, who is also supposed to be a criminal, claims *Rosen* for his son, and *Ottilia's* love is confirmed anew by her submitting without a murmur to the shame of such a connexion, for his sake. In the end, *Hermann* establishes his innocence, and proves that his ruin was brought about by the plots of *Wielert*, who is arrested for them by the officers of justice in waiting. The principal part in the piece is, beyond doubt, that of *Hermann*, which was played by Mr. Wallack in his best melodramatic manner. He was ably assisted by Mr. Rogers, in the part of *Groschen*, a servant of *Wielert*, who enacted the part of a servile, pig-headed villain, with all that artistic union which characterises this actor when he has a character that suits his idiosyncrasy. Mrs. Kean was exceedingly beautiful in the loving wife, and revelled in the pathos of the situations. Mr. Kean's rôle afforded not much opportunity for display, but was throughout animated with intelligence, and inspired by honourable feeling. The piece was eminently successful, and nearly all the performers in it were recalled before the curtain.

On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Kean appeared in the Hon. Edmund Phelps's version of "King René's Daughter." They have already won celebrity by its performance in Dublin. Mrs. Kean is thereby brought into comparison with Mrs. Stirling, but comes out of the conflict unscathed. If Mrs. Stirling sometimes approaches the sublime in the character, Mrs. Kean perfectly embodies the beautiful, and catches the chief points with a facility and a felicity which especially command admiration. The stage versions of this admirable poem, we should add, have been much abridged by the omission of many lyrical pieces, and certain portions of the dialogue. These, however, have not, perhaps, injured the general effect. Mr. Kean's *Tristan* was fine and genial; Mr. Wallack performed the *King*, and Mr. Howe the *Moorish Physician*; Miss P. Horten was the female attendant.

Our illustration is taken from the concluding scene of the second act, in which the marriage party are so rudely interrupted by the entrance of the beggar and the usurer. At the termination of this scene, the curtain is withdrawn from the picture in the centre of the apartment, and displays the portrait of *Rosen's* mother. This *Hermann* recognises as that of his wife, and thereby identifies his son. When the guests have departed, he kneels before the portrait, and thus intimates a moral and social condition that strangely contrasts with his personal appearance.

ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Mitchell has issued his prospectus for the French Plays and Opéra Comique during the season 1895. Great as the exertions of the lessee have been on other occasions, the present arrangements completely eclipse his former doings. His engagements for the opera are Mlle. Chanton, Mlle. Guichard, Mlle. Dehauser, MM. Chollet, Lac, Nathan, Leroy, Bugnet, Soyot, Chateaufort, &c., with M. Charles Hanssens as musical director and conductor of an orchestra including Tolbecque, Bourotte, Deloffre, Newsham, Barret, Baumann, Pilet, Vaudreland, Remusat, Lazarus, Nicholson, Larkin, C. and T. Harper, Wright, Campanile, &c. The season will begin with Halévy's charming opera, "Le Val d'Andorre," for the first time in this country. The second work will be "Zampa" of Hérold, one of Chollet's greatest parts, who as *Fra Diavolo* will suffice to draw all London. Ambrose Thomas's clever comic opera, "Le Caid," and Auber's "Haydée," are also promised. Here are four attractive novelties, besides the *répertoire* of last season. Mr. Mitchell's opera campaign will end at Easter, when the dramatic season will commence with the *début* of the celebrated M. Samson, from the Théâtre Français, in Paris. Amongst the other artists are Mlle. Delajet, who appears at the end of May; Mlle. Denain, Mlle. Nathalie, M. Regnier, M. Lafont, &c.; and, finally, Mlle. Rachel is engaged for the end of June, and, besides her classic characters, will act in Scriba's new comedy of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," one of her finest delineations; in Dumas' play of "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," and in Berthet's one-act comedy, "Le Moineau de Lesbie." To see Rachel in comedy, in which she has been so triumphant in Paris, will indeed pique curiosity. Mr. Mitchell's programme is unusually attractive, and he is certain to fulfil his pledges: his probity and punctuality as a manager are unimpeachable.

PRINCESS.

Signor Schira's new opera of "Mina" is now given four times in the week, and has drawn money to the treasury. We are glad to record this success, not only on account of the intrinsic merits of the production, but also because it proves that the public will judge for themselves in matters of art, and that no prejudices and intrigues will be permitted to interfere with their amusement. The music of "Mina" is liked, because it is, of its class, unexceptionable. It is not pretended that it is a first-rate work; but it is elegant, melodious, and dramatic, and it promises well for the composer's future essays. Miss Louisa Pyno is heard to the greatest advantage in "Mina," her three airs, particularly the first one, "They twine the bridal wreath," and the rondo finale, "Oh! what rapture," created quite a *furor*. Her finish and brilliancy in the rondo are astonishing. The *scène* and finale of the first act, and the trio in the second act, sung without accompaniment by Mrs. Weiss, Harrison, and Weiss, are the favourite concerted pieces.

The new Pantomime at this theatre (by the author of "Bluff King Hal") is entitled "King Jamie, or, Harlequin and the Magic Fiddle." The first scene represents the Hall of Evil Spirits, in which *Alcohol*, the mighty spirit, is routed from his slumbers, after having been banished from the land by Father Mathew and the "Water Cure." As an instrument of his revenge, he conjures up *Guy Faux* to work out his plans, and destroy the happiness of Old England.

The next scene—the Royal Nursery—introduces us to *King Jamie*; his Queen, *Anne of Denmark*; and the infant *Prince Charles*, whom history tells us afterwards becomes Charles I. The *King* departs for the chase, after having made many ludicrous and awkward mishaps.

SCENE 3 is the Enchanted Waterfall and Haunted Well, in which the power of *Alcohol* is defeated by the refusal of the fair *Arabella Stuart* to partake of his spirit. *Water Lily*, the Naïf Queen, is released from the haunted well, and rewards *Seymour* with the Magic Fiddle, which has the power of rendering him and his friends invisible—of enchanting his hearers—and finally, by playing on its back, of driving them dancing mad; making them believe their music comes from *Old Scratch*, and that he has the real Scotch fiddle. A Royal pig-hunt takes place, and *King Jamie* takes shelter in the Lone House at Lambeth, where the Gunpowder Plot was carried on. Here he meets with the Guy of all Guys, *Guy Faux*; the magic notes of the fiddle preserve him; and the conspirators caper about and he capers off.

SCENE 5—Old London—represents *King Jamie* in a grand procession going to open Parliament, vaulted by everybody from everywhere.

SCENE 6.—The Vaults beneath the Parliament House.—A terrible blow-up is intended, but *Guy* himself having left his charge for a moment or two, affords opportunity for *Steele* and his companions to conceal themselves; the train is about being lighted, when they rush from their hiding-places and threaten to hide *Guy*; his prime pistols not having been primed, miss fire, and prevent a "bare-up," taking place. The scene changes to

SCENE 7.—The Bath of Beauty and Nalad's Home.—A great change is effected, and the "serious plot" is turned into a Pantomime. *Harlequin*, Mr. Bologna; *Columbine*, Miss Fawcett; *Pantalone*, Mr. Paulo; *Spirites*, Messrs. Lebar and Wright; and *Cloven*, Mr. Flexmore. Eight new comic scenes follow, in which there are a variety of mechanical changes, and more than the usual lots of fun—with hits at the follies of the day.

We shall illustrate several other Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques in our next.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—This lyric establishment will commence its fourth season early in March, 1895, under the direction of a committee of the artists. Mr. Costa having the musical arrangements under his sole control. The administrative department will be managed by Mr. F. Gye; Grisi, Madame Castellani, and Madame Viardot will be the prima sopranis; and Mlle. de Meric the contralto. The tenors are Mario, Mel, and Sims Reeves; the basses, Tamburini, Herr Formes, M. Zeiger, Polonini, and Tagliabue. Negotiations are pending with other famous artists. It is proposed to open, if possible, with Auber's "Gustavus, or The Maske Ball." Madame Viardot will appear in June, and Grisi and Mario early in April.

Mr. Anderson has issued the programme of the DRURY-LANE company, among which we find Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter, with Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Laura Addison, and a very large number of entirely new names. We shall be the first to hail any talent from the provinces that may command attention.

Mr. Macready returns to the HAYMARKET in April, when he will re-appear in *Rochelleu*, *Werner*, *William Tell*, and *Virginia*.

On Thursday evening the OLYMPIC was again lit up, to enable the company and friends of the management to judge of the effect. The appointments are certainly of the most costly description, and from the liberality displayed in every part of the establishment, the utmost hope of success is justifiable. Even the parts concealed from the audience are lavish in decoration, such as the green-room, Mrs. Mowatt's dressing-room, and the manager's chamber of audience. In addition to our former description, we have to add that the drop-curtain is very magnificently painted. It is in the arabesque style of art, and represents a Venetian loggia opening on a cuttle, in the Italian manner; the effect being positively grand and splendid. It is the work of Messrs. Dayes and Gordon, on whom it confers great honour. It is evident that every one in this theatre has laboured *con amore*, and with a laudable determination to succeed if possible. We regret to add that the capacity of the boxes is exceedingly limited. We shall engrave the interior next week.

The MARLBORNE THEATRE re-opens on the 26th instant, under the management of Mr. E. Stirling; the lessorship still, however, remaining in Mr. Watts.

Mr. Hemming, the comedian, late of the Adelphi, Drury-Lane, and Covent-Garden companies, died on the 9th instant.

Miss Susan Roberts, a member of the *corps de ballet*, was severely burned at the Marlborough Theatre, at the close of an entertainment and ball given on Wednesday week by Mr. Watts, the lessee, to his company and their friends, as a mark of his appreciation for their services. The stage had been tastefully fitted up for the occasion; and the unfortunate young lady, walking near the footlights, exposed her dress to the flames. Her recovery was despaired of; though Mr. Watts has, with the greatest solicitude, provided her with every surgical aid. A subscription, also, has been set on foot for her benefit.

MUSIC.

FOREIGN MUSICAL NEWS

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

We have had here, in the Rue Lepelletier, at the Grand Opera, what the lively and excitable French amateurs call a "solemnity." Last Friday night, Duprez—to my taste, the greatest tenor who ever trod the boards of the lyric stage—took his farewell benefit. This was the "solemnity"; the affair was only hinted at at the beginning of the week, and it was only *officially*, or "billed," in your theatrical parlance, three days, and yet such a house was scarcely ever before witnessed, and the reserved places fetched large premiums.

The great tenor appeared in the second act of Halévy's "Juive," the last act of "Lucia," and in the third act of "Otello;" in the last selection he sang in Italian, Madame Viardot being the *Desdemona*. There were also dramatic pieces on this occasion, and the *bas masqué* from Auber's "Gustave;" but Duprez and Viardot were the attractions of the evening. It was midnight before they commenced their terrible scene from Rossini's "Otello;" but the audience never moved, and their enthusiasm at the end of this act knew no bounds. Duprez was splendid—it was "Kome in ruins;" but his grandeur and passion were not extinguished by the decay of his physical powers. No language can describe the sensations created by Viardot's acting and singing. After the romance of "Saul," which was vocalised with indescribable pathos, her histrionic genius in *Desdemona's* struggles with *Otello* rose to sublimity. This part is one of Viardot's finest creations; and it is admitted by those amateurs who recollect her sister Malibran in *Desdemona*, that Viardot's assumption is more intensely dramatic and overwhelming. Duprez was less successful in *Edgar's* final scene—the character, by the way, was written expressly for him at Naples, by Donizetti—than in the "Juive;" but in *Eleanor* he forcibly recalled to memory Kean's *Shylock*, of which I have a vivid, albeit a very juvenile, reminiscence. Duprez's malediction was surpassingly fine. Surely it cannot be his farewell appearance; even with his broken voice, he has sublime moments, and there is no one yet who can fill his place. Mme. Castellani sang the music of "Rachel" cleverly; and a pupil of Duprez, Mlle. Felix Milon, in the *Princess*, displayed a finished style. Bouché, the basso, who was for some years at the Grand Opera, returned last Monday week, and appeared as *Bertram*, in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable;" but his voice, through straining, at the end of the third act was lost, and another singer had to finish the opera. Gueymard was the *Robert*, and Mme. Castellani *Alice*. Before Mme. Viardot's departure for Berlin, she is to appear as *Valentine*, in the "Huguenots;" and Roger is to be the *Raoul*. Mme. Laborde, who was so popular in London, when the Belgian company was at Drury-Lane Theatre, is to appear as *Marguerite*, in which her vocalization is quite marvellous. Meyerbeer has composed some new ballet music for the third act. The "Ra ta plan" couplets will be sung by Gueymard.

Auber's new opera, "L'Enfant Prodigue," is in active rehearsal.

Masol is singing at Havre.

Meyerbeer's "Prophète" will be produced on the 15th of January, at Vienna.

Madame Lagrange will be *Fidès*. The *Révue* and *Gazette Musicale* announce that Standigl has quitted the stage, and has purchased an estate, near Brunn, in Moravia, for 80,000 florins (about £3300).

Of the *début* of Luchesi, the new tenor, in Rossini's "Matilda di Shabran," I will report in due course.

MUSICAL EVENTS.—Handel's oratorio, "Joshua," was performed on Monday night, at Exeter Hall, by the London Sacred Harmonic Society; Mr. Surman, conductor.—Mr. Willy's second concert of classical chamber music took place on Monday, at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre. The executants were Sterndale Bennett, Piatti, Willy, Weslake, Zerbini, Reed, &c.; and the Misses A. and M. Williams were the vocalists.—Mme. Sontag, with Miss Whittall, Signori Calzolari and F. Lablache, sang at a concert at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, last Monday.—On Tuesday night, Miss Dolby gave her third and last *soirée musicale*, at her residence in Hinde-street, assisted by the Misses Birch and Thornton, Messrs. Benson, Seguin, H. Phillips, Lindsay Sloper, Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas.—The ninth of the London Wednesday Concerts took place on the 19th, with Ernst and the Distins for solo instrumentalists, and Misses Poole, Eyles, Kell, R. Isaacs, Mrs. A. Newton, Herr Formes, Messrs. Land, Frodsham, and Leffer as vocalists.—At the Marlborough Literary and Scientific Institution, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Thomas, of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, a series of concerts, uniting the "pleasing with the classical," has been commenced. The performers are Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Watson, Weslake, Guest, and Miss Kate Loder.—Mr. A. Sedgwick, the concertina player, gave a concert last Monday night at the Western Literary Institution, assisted by Viotti Collins (violin), G. Collins (violinello), with a phalanx of concertinists in Messrs. Lake, Blockley, Chidley, Birch, and Barton: the vocalists were the Misses Poole, E. Lyon, M. Collins, Wells, J. Wells, Pearce, E. Collins; Messrs. Genge, Spore, F. Smith, Stuart, Godden, Nappi, and W. Ball.—The Locomobiles, Sims Reeves, and Whitworth party in the provinces, after their *éclat* at Belfast, have, according to a published statement of the Hull manager, broken their engagement with him, for which he threatens legal proceedings.—The oratorio of Handel, the "Messiah," was repeated for the fourth time at Exeter Hall last night (Friday), conducted by Costa, with Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey and Phillips, as principal vocalists.—Miss Anne Romer, who made such a successful *début*, some seasons since, at the Princess's Theatre, as *Adalgisa*, has been playing, at Liverpool, *Amina*, in the "Sonnambula;" *Arlene*, in the "Bohemian Girl;" *Maria*, in the "Daughter of the Regiment;" *Clari*, &c., and has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Her acting, as well as vocalisation, are warmly eulogised by the local journals.—At a *soirée*, organised by Mr. Ella, the director of the Musical Union, the celebrated pianist and composer, Stephen Heller, was heard for the first time in this country, before a select circle of accomplished amateurs. His playing and compositions proved that his Parisian fame was amply merited. Heller, with Ernst, in some of their joint productions, quite delighted the assemblage.

THE MONUMENT TO THE PORT FERGUSON.—Mr. Robert Gilliland, of Leth, has called public attention to the state of the simple monument or head stone erected by Burns in the Canongate churchyard to the memory of Robert Ferguson. It is at present in a state of comparative neglect and decay; and, as no funds exist for repairing it, the propriety of raising a small sum for that interesting purpose is suggested. As Mr. Gilliland, in a letter, says—"Large subscriptions are neither wanted nor required, as it would be bad taste to alter or remove the stone, but merely to restore it as Burns placed it sixty years ago over the poet's grave"—*Glasgow Mail*.

The pupils of King's College School, Norwich, have, through the High Sheriff of Norfolk, presented the principal, the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with a magnificent organ (built by Mr. Coppe at the cost of £170), as a testimonial of respect. The choice of the gift originated in the encouragement given to the study of ecclesiastical music in this school, where between 60 and 70 pupils are candidates for the various prizes founded by Colonel Mason, of Necton Hall. The organ has been erected in the great school-room.

MONEY TRANSACTIIONS FOR THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

The English Market was again buoyant on Monday, and a rise of one-half per cent. was registered during the day. Consols closed at 96½ for the January Account, ex div. A further rise of ½ per cent. marked the opening on Tuesday, but was not maintained. This was followed by a reaction of ½ per cent. on Wednesday; and on Thursday the market was very flat. Consols, after having quoted 96½ ex div., declined to 96½. It would, consequently, appear that this most extensive speculation for the rise has for the present reached its height. Should, before the next settlement, any political event, abroad or at home, tend to disturb confidence, it is fearful to contemplate the frightful reaction that must occur, as well as the ruin of the speculators without the market, and their agents within. There is no doubt that the present bull speculation has not been equalled in extent for several years. Exchequer Bills again quote an advance, and Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents have been largely dealt in. India Bonds mark about 87. At the close of the week the market was flat, at the following prices:—Bank Stock, 203½; Reduced, 96½; New Three-and-a-Quarter per Cent. Anns., 97½; Long Anns., to expire Jan., 1895, 84; Ditto, 30 years, Oct. 10, 1899, 84; India Bonds, £1000, 90 p.; Ditto, under £1000, 90 p.; Consols for Account, 96½; Exchequer Bills, £1000, June, 57 p.; £500, June, 57 p.; Small, June, 57 p.

The Foreign Market was unusually animated on Monday, Spanish Five per Cents advancing to 19½, and Mexican to 30½. These prices, although not fully maintained, left a comparatively strong market on Tuesday; but as the day advanced business slackened, and prices declined. Mexican, on Wednesday, fell to 29½ for money (ex Coupons), and Spanish Five per Cents to 19. Notmuch alteration has since occurred, the last prices of the week being:—For Brazilian Bonds, 88½; Ditto, Small, 87; Mexican, Five per Cent., 18½; Account, 29½; Peruvian Bonds, Four per Cent., 54½; Russian Bonds, 110; Spanish, 5 per Cent., 18½; Account, 19; Do., Passive, 4; 3 per Cent., Account, 38½; Venezuela Bonds, Two-and-a-Quarter per Cent., 27½; Belgium, Four-and-a-Half per Cent., 87½; Dutch, Two-and-a-Half per Cent., 56½; Ditto, Four per Cent., 55½.

Shares are again depressed. The dividend on the London and North-Western will, it is understood, not exceed five per cent., which has tended to revive the public alarm, from the superior confidence hitherto felt in the paying power of that line. The accompanying list will best display the state of the market:—Aberdeen, 11½; Do, Preference, 1½; Birmingham and Oxford Junction, calls duly paid, or with a guarantee, 25½; Buckinghamshire, 16½; Caledonian, 11½; Do, New, £10 Pref., 8½; Chester and Holyhead, 9½; Do, Pref., 10; East Anglian, £3 10s. Pref., 11½; Eastern Counties, 6½; Do, New, Guar. 6 per Cent., 11½; Do, Exten., 5 per Cent., No. 1, 1½ p.m.; East Lancashire, 11½; East Lincolnshire, 28; Great Northern, 5 per Cent. Pref., 7½; G. Western (Ireland), 58½; Ditto, Quarter Shares, 11½; Ditto, New, £17, 7½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, Fifth, 3½; Ditto, Third, 5½; Ditto (West Riding Line), 3½; Ditto (Preston and Wyre), 39; Leeds and Bradford, 100; London and Blackwall, 3½; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 78½; London and North-Western, 11½; Ditto, New Quarters, 12½; Ditto, 100 (M. and L.) C., 2½; London and South-Western, 30; Ditto, New, Scip. 1845, Pref. 7 per Cent. C., 6½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, New, £10 Pref., 8½; Midland, 46½; Ditto, ditto, £30 Shares, 8; Ditto, Birmingham and Derby, 21; Ditto, Consol. Bristol and Birmingham, 6 per Cent., 123½; North British, Quarters, 2½; Ditto, Third, 3½; North Staffordshire, 7½; Reading,

Guildford, and Reigate, 16; Royston and Hitchin, 4½; Wear Valley, Six per Cent. Guaranteed, 25½; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, G.N.E. Preference, 3½; York and North Midland, 16½; Boulogne and Amiens, 7½; Namur and Liege, 6½; Northern of France, 1½ dis.; Rouen and Havre, 9½; Brazilian Imperial, St. John Del Rey (Mine), 10½.

THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The arrivals of English wheat up to our market this week, coastwise and by land carriage, have been very moderate. For fine qualities the demand has ruled firm, at full prices; and there has been rather more inquiry for the middling and inferior qualities, at late rates. Foreign wheat—the imports of which are falling off—has moved off slowly, at unaltered figures. Fine mowing barley has been scarce, and quite as dear. Grinding and distilling sorts have commanded very little attention. In malt next to nothing doing. Fine qualities of oats have been held for more money. Beans, peas, Indian corn, and meal have ruled very dull. The best flour has been in improved request.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 37s to 41s; ditto, white, 40s to 43s; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 37s to 40s; ditto, white, 42s to 44s; grinding barley, 21s to 23s; distilling do., 24s to 26s; malted do., 26s to 30s; Northern and Lincoln malt, 33s to 36s; brown ditto, 44s to 46s; Kingston and Ware, 51s to 57s; Chevalier, 57s to 58s; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 1½ to 16s; potato do., 18s to 21s; Youghal and Cork, black, 13s to 15s; ditto, white, 14s to 16s; tick beans, new, 26s to 28s; ditto, old, 30s to 32s; grey peas, 27s to 29s; mangle, 28s to 30s; white, 28s to 29s; boilers, 29s to 32s per quarter. Town-made flour, 33s to 40s; Suffolk, 30s to 33s; Stockton and Yorkshire, 30s to 33s, per 260 lb.—Foreign:—Danish red wheat, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; barley, —s to —s; oats, —s to —s; beans, —s to —s; peas, —s to —s, per quarter. Flour, American, 21s to 24s per barrel; Baltic, —s to —s per barrel.

The Seed Market.—Clover seed is in fair request, at very full prices. All other seeds are very dull.

Linseed, English, sowing, 48s to 50s; Baltic, crushing, 39s to 45s; Mediterranean and Odessa, 35s to 41s; hempseed, 31s to 36s per quarter; coriander, 18s to 20s per cwt.; brown mustard-seed, 9s to 12s; white do., 7s to 9s 10s; tinned, 4s 6d to 6d per bushel; English rapeseed, new, £23 to £23 10s per last of ten quarters; linseed cakes, English, £9 9s to £10 10s; ditto, foreign, £8 6s to £7 10s per 1000; rapeseed cakes, £4 4s to £4 4s per ton; canary, 8s to 8s 6d per quarter. English clover seed, red, —s to —s; extra, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; extra, —s to —s; Foreign red, —s to —s; extra, —s to —s; white, —s to —s; extra, —s to —s.

Bread.—The prices of wheat bread in the metropolis are from 6½d to 7d; of household ditto, 3d to 6d per 4½ lb loaf.

Imperial Weekly Average.—Wheat, 38s 9d; barley, 26s 9d; oats, 16s 0d; rye, 22s 6d; beans, 27s 8d; peas, 28s 11d.

The Six Weeks' Average.—Wheat, 39s 11d; barley, 27s 11d; oats, 16s 7d; rye, 23s 5d; beans, 28s 10d; peas, 30s 2d.

Tea—Public sales of 16,000 packages took place on Thursday. Only about 3200 sold, at previous quotations. Privately, very little business is doing.

Sugar.—Most kinds of West India sugar have sold somewhat freely this week, at an advance of 6d per cwt. Bengal and Mauritius qualities have sold rather higher. Refined goods have been firm—brown lump at 50s, and fair grocery 50s 6d to 51s 6d per cwt. English crushed firm, at 28s 6d to 29s 6d per cwt.

Coffee.—The speculative demand for native Ceylon has fallen off, and prices have declined 6d to 1s per cwt. In all other kinds of coffee only a limited business is doing.

Rice.—Bengal parcels are in fair request, at 10s to 10s 3d per cwt for good bold white. In other kinds very few transactions have taken place.

Provisions.—Although the demand for foreign butter has fallen off, prices are fairly supported. Fine Friesland and Kid is selling at 80s to 84s, and other qualities 44s to 88s per cwt. So little is doing in Irish butter, that last week's quotations are almost nominal; English, firsts, landed, 74s to 77s; Cork, 69s to 71s; Waterford, 60s to 67s; and Limerick, 60s to 66s per cwt. The supply of English butter is falling off. Fine qualities are steady, and quite as dear. All other kinds are lower. Fine weekly Dorset, 9s to 9s 6d; middling and inferior, 60s to 80s; and Devon, 80s to 84s per cwt; fresh, 9s to 13s per dozen lb. Irish bacon is very dull, and selling lower. Prime salt Waterford, landed, 43s to 45s; heavy, 40s to 42s per cwt. All other kinds of provisions are very dull.

Tallow.—The demand for most kinds is steady, at 38s 6d to 39s for F.C. on the spot. For forward delivery, contracts have been made at 38s 6d per cwt. Tallow, 39s 6d per cwt, net cash; rough fat, 2s 3d per 8 lb.

Oil.—Spermin oil has advanced to 88s per ton. Otherwise, the market is steady.

Spirits.—Brandy is in fair request, at a slight improvement in prices. Jamaica rum very firm. No change in Geneva or corn spirits.

Hay and Straw.—Meadow hay, £2 5s to £3 10s; clover ditto, £3 0s to £4 8s; and straw, £1 2s to £1 8s per load.

Coal.—Old Tanfield, 14s 6d; Cardiff, 21s; Healden, 17s; South Durham, 17s 9d per ton. This market is steady, and last week's prices are well supported.

Wool.—The actual average rise in price at the last public sale was 1d per lb.

Potatoes.—Owing to the large supplies on offer, the demand is heavy, and prices have declined fully 5s per ton.

Smithfield.—A very large supply of beasts for Christmas consumption has been on sale this week. A steady business has been doing at full prices.

Beef, from 3s 4d to 4s 6d; mutton, 3s 2d to 4s 4d; veal, 3s 4d to 4s 0d; and pork, 3s 4d to 4s 2d per 8 lb, to sink the offer.

Newgate and Leadenhall.—The general demand has ruled firm at improved quotations.

Beef, from 2s 6d to 3s 10d; mutton, 2s 10d to 3s 10d; veal, 3s 0d to 3s 10d; and pork, 2s 6d to 3s 2d per 8 lb, by the carcass.

ROBERT HERBERT.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DEC. 14.

COLLEGE OF ARMS, DEC. 14.

The Interment of the Remains of her late Most Excellent Majesty the Queen Dowager took place yesterday in the Royal Chapel of Saint George, at Windsor, in a most private manner, in conformity with the expressed wishes of her late Majesty.

FOREIGN OFFICE, DEC. 11.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. Joseph Hillier as Consul, in Dublin, for the French Republic.

The Queen has also been pleased to approve of Mr. Edward Wallerstein as Consul-General, in the United Kingdom, for the Republic of Guatemala.

DEC. 14.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint John Lawless, Esq., to be her Majesty's Consul in the Island of Mauritius.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 12.

The Lord-Chancellor has appointed John Lubbock, Esq., of Ashford, in the county of Kent, gentleman; Edward Norwood, of Charing, in the county of Kent, gentleman; and John Butler Fellowes, of Calne, in the county of Wilt, gentleman, to be Masters-Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

WAR-OFFICE, DEC. 14.

1st Dragoon Guards: Cornet R T Thomson to be Lieutenant, vice Arkwright. 7th: Capt O W Thompson to be Captain, vice P S Thompson.

12th: Capt S F Jackson to be Lieutenant, vice Forster, vice Durant. 14th: Captain P S Thompson to be Captain, vice C W Thompson. 16th: Lieut R Heavyside to be Captain, vice Coster; Cornet the lion A S Annesley to be Lieutenant, vice Heavyside; C J Smith to be Cornet, vice Annesley.

Scots Fusilier Guards: Ensign and Lieut F Fortescue to be Lieutenant and Captain, vice the Hon E K W Coke; W C Koppell to be Ensign and Lieutenant, vice Fortescue.

2d Foot: Lieut S F Jackson to be Lieutenant, vice Faulkner. 4th: Quartermaster T Knott to be Ensign, vice Gordon. 6th: R Lind to be Ensign, vice Price. 14th: W Gave to be Ensign, vice Dodsworth. 17th: R W Gradock to be Ensign, vice Heigham; T H Brinkman to be Ensign, vice Geneste. 27th: Lieut A M Jones to be Lieutenant, vice Mostyn; T Masquell to be Ensign, vice Gordon. 29th: Sergeant-Major E Carter to be Ensign, vice Draper. 35th: Drivet Lieut-Col J Flammack to be Major, vice Tennant; Brevet Major J Fraser to be Major, vice Bramank; Lieut W R Gonte to be Captain, vice Fraser; Ensign R L Warren to be Lieut, vice Gonte. 43d: H Robinson to be Ensign, vice Wrottesley. 48th: A H Waddy to be Ensign, vice Pigott; R Lluellin to be Ensign, vice Meurant. 48th: J Beddingfield to be Ensign, vice Hall. 55th: C J R Bedford to be Ensign, vice Hume. 57th: A L Copland to be Ensign, vice Bland. 58th: Ensign G H Wynyard to be Lieutenant, vice Hay; Ensign A Cooper to be Lieutenant, vice Wynyard. 63d: Lieutenant A J Le Grand to be Captain, vice Wilmot. 64th: P M May to be Ensign, vice Grylls. 65th: C M A Servantes to be Ensign, vice Drought. 67th: F E Gannett, to be Ensign, vice Dillon. 70th: Major T Chute to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Higge; Captain F E Edwards to be Major, vice Chute; Lieut H Henniss to be Captain, vice Edwards; Ensign J A

ADVERTISEMENT.

INTERESTING LIBRARY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
Now ready, 2 vols., with Illustrations, 21s. bound.
LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.
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"A valuable addition to the historical library, and forms a most interesting and useful work, to which, indeed, it is an indispensable addition. The author has executed her task with great skill and fidelity. There is a graceful combination of sound historical erudition, with an air of romance and adventure that is highly pleasing."—*Britannia*.
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ANCIENT COINS AND MEDALS.—Mr. PETER WHELAN, 36, opposite the British Museum, has Novelties on sale at very moderate prices. Fine Greek, and 1st and 2nd Brass, Fine Roman Silver, and is 6d. each. Antique Brasses, Rings, and Etruscan Vases on sale. Assignate of the French Revolution, before the two last, is each 1s. Ancient Egyptian Lino, the "Fine Lino of Scripture," specimens, is each. Coins, Antiquities, &c. purchased to any amount for cash, and a handsome price given when fineness and rarity are combined. Please copy the name. The above are adapted for Christmas Presents.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWINGROOM, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM.—Mr. TENNANT, 149, Strand, near Somerset House, has just received a new and elegant assortment of Groups, Figures, Vases, Candlesticks, Inkstands, a beautiful inlaid Table, P.P. & Co., in Italian A. abaster, Marble, Bronze, &c.

PIANOFORTES.—TOLKIE'S splendid-toned Pianos, with 64 octaves, O. G. Fall, Metallic Plate, only 25 guineas. Parties requiring a first-rate instrument for a little money, will do well to purchase at TOLKIE'S old established house, 27, 28, and 29, King William-street, London-bridge. Drawings of the instruments sent post free. Old instruments taken in exchange.

PIANOFORTES for SALE, HIRE, and EX-PORTATION.—The Cheapest House in London for Pianofortes of unrivalled excellence, with all the recent improvements, is at WALKER'S old established Manufactory, No. 29, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. Merchants, Dealers, and others desirous of a first-rate instrument, are invited to inspect this extensive stock, as every instrument will be warranted, and exchanged if not approved.

THE STATIONER CHESSMEN and BOARDS.—W. LEUCHARS begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that he has now completed a very elegant BOARD for the above novel and much-admired CHESSMEN. It is ornamented in a style corresponding in design and material with the unique box belonging to them, which has already obtained such universal admiration, and is so well adapted for the most ornate and suitable kind ever produced. Price of the board, 35s.—38 Piccadilly, London.

NEWTON'S GLOBES.—Patronised by her Majesty and Prince Albert.—The nobility, gentry, and public in general, are respectfully informed that Messrs. NEWTON have completed on sale a large assortment of Globes, of all sizes and kinds of mounting, varying in price from 2s. to 40 guineas per pair; smaller sizes, suitable for presents, at from 2s. to 30s. each. School Globes, 12 inches in diameter, on an improved principle, 3 guineas per pair. Manufactory, 65, Chancery-lane.

ARE you desirous of making a useful and elegant Christmas Present?—If so, purchase one of F. MORDAN'S PRESENTATION GOLD PENS, which combines both qualities in the highest degree.—Sold by all respectable jewellers and stationers.—Manufactory, 13, Goswell-road, London.

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WATCHES and their MANAGEMENT.—T. COX SAVORY and CO. have published a PAMPHLET, describing the construction of the various Watches in use at the present time, and explaining the advantages of each, with lists of prices. It is intended to give information which should be obtained previous to the purchase of an article, the principal characteristics of which should be accuracy and durability. It also contains remarks on the proper management of a Watch by the wearer. It may be had gratis on application to the publishers.

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The Portland Pattern, tastefully engraved.
The Lou's Quotize Pattern, richly chased.
Strong Silver Tea-set .. £12 10 0
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A large stock is offered for selection in the Show-rooms, including every variety of patterns, from £34 upwards.

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HAWLEY'S GOLD and SILVER WATCHES.
Gentlemen's Gold Watches .. £3 10s
Ditto Silver Watches .. 12 10s
Ladies' Gold Watches .. 12 10s
Ditto Silver Watches .. 12 10s
Youth's Gold Watches .. 3 5s
Ditto Silver Watches .. 3 5s
A large stock of watches is kept for exportation, and is properly jewelled, and is carefully regulated with cases and dials elegantly engraved and chased. Warranted to keep correct time.—HAWLEY and CO., 284, High Holborn; sons of the late Thomas Hawley, of 77, Strand, and the only genuine watchmakers of that name in London.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEDALS.—SARL and SONS, of 18, Cornhill, have just received a series of the A. and S. Medals, which have been awarded to the most successful exhibitors at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and at the International Exhibition of 1855. The medals are of the most beautiful design, and are highly prized by the public. They are now on sale at the Manufactory, 18, Cornhill, at the price of 1s. each.

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WANTED, a first-hand MILLINER, for a highly respectable house at Liverpool (one who thoroughly understands both Caps and Bonnets). For particulars, apply to C. ROBERTS, SON, and Co., 17, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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EVERY REQUISITE for GENERAL MOURNING at BEECH and BERRALL'S, 63 and 64, Edgeware-road, including Black Silks, Satins, Colours, Cloths, Paramattas, French Merinos, Crapes, &c., &c., of the best manufacture, and at one half the prices usually charged. Patterns sent for inspection to any part, Postage free.

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N.B. The Newest Shawls in rich Colours, lined with silk, and quilted throughout, in Black, Watered Blue, Greens, Adelaides, and Ruby, at Two Guineas each.

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N.B. For particulars, see advertisements in last week's, and the back Numbers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. KING and COMPANY, 213, Regent-street.

THE LADY'S NEW WINTER POLKA JACKET, Registered 6 and 7 Victoria, cap. 65.—W. FORD, Riding-Habit Maker to her Majesty, &c., &c., begs to invite the attention of the Ladies to this new and useful Jacket, made of mohair cloth, lined with silk, and trimmed with rich velvet, lined with silk. For riding or driving this article is of dress is unequalled, fitting the figure in the most beautiful manner, without a seam in the waist, and of sufficient warmth to dispense with a habit bodice underneath. A drawing, pattern of material, with directions for self-measurement, sent post free, on application to the patentee, W. FORD, 10, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London; or to his agents, Mr. HUNT, 52, Preston-street, Brighton, and Mr. WHITTY (Agent for Ireland), 6, College-green, Dublin.

LINENDRAPER to the QUEEN. Established in 1778. LADIES' READY-MADE LINEN, and WEDDING and GENERAL OUTFITS for HOME, INDIA, and the COLONIES, are supplied by JOHN CAPPER and SON, 69, Gracechurch-street, London, in a Separate Department, under competent Female superintendence. The prices are economical, the materials and workmanship excellent.

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BONNETS.—PARISIAN MILLINERY.—To Cash Purchasers, wishing to avoid the charges of Private Milliners.—Compare the following prices:—Rich Green Silk Velvet Bonnets, all colours, Cap, &c., complete, One Guinea each. Rich French satin or Glaze Silk, all colours, 12s 9d to 16s 9d. Mourning Satin or Duquesne, richly trimmed, Patent Capes, 10s 6d to 13s 6d. White Satin Bonnets, with double crown veil, 12s 6d to 17s 6d. Fine white Satin Capes, for brides, 12s 6d each. Bustle-like White Straws, the new shape, 2s 11d to 3s 11d. More fashionable or more becoming Bonnets cannot be procured at any price, and the largest Stock in London to select from. Country Milliners supplied with pattern Bonnets monthly for cash only, at CRANBURN-HOUSE, No. 39, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, Proprietors, E. WOOLLEY and CO.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Her Majesty's Commands for a General Mourning will make the demand for Coloured Silks, &c., very limited for a certain period; and, as the whole of the remaining Stock of JOHN GEORGE and CO., SILK MERCERS, 192, Regent-street, must be CLEARED before the 1st of January next, to enable them to give up possession of the Premises to Messrs. WHITE and ELLIS, their Successors, they have made such a FURTHER REDUCTION in their large and varied Assortment of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Irish Poplins, Cachmere Dresses and Shawls, Mantles, &c., &c., as will induce purchases to be made for articles that may be required some months hence; indeed, no other cause than the urgent necessity for clearing the stock by the 1st of January would tempt them to so great a sacrifice—all the Fabrics being of the choicest kind, and marked, in many instances, at one-half their original cost.

THE MOURNING DEPARTMENT will be found REPLET with every article requisite for C. URT, FANCY, or COMPLIMENTARY. JOHN GEORGE and CO., 192, Regent-street.

EVENING DRESSES, of the most recherche designs, SELLING OFF AT HALF PRICE, in consequence of the retirement from business of JOHN GEORGE and COMPANY, SILK-MERCERS, 192, Regent-street. Patterns free to any part of the country.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—At this festive period of the year, when friends and lovers assemble at the social board, or join in the maze of the dance, a more than usual anxiety is created for PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and the following unrivalled discoveries for the Toilet are called into increased requisition, namely:—

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, For creating and sustaining a luxuriant Head of Hair; ROWLAND'S KALYDO, For rendering the skin soft, fair, and blooming; and ROWLAND'S OIL, For softening the skin, and removing all blemishes.

Or Pearl Dentifrice, for imparting a pearl-like whiteness to the Teeth. The patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, and the high appreciation by rank and fashion, with the well-known infallible efficacy of these articles, give them a celebrity unparalleled, and render them the most valuable and seasonable presents.

Beware of cheap imitations.—The only genuine oil bears the name of "Rowland" on the wrapper or label, with their signature at the foot in Red Ink, thus:—A. ROWLAND and CO., 40, Hatton-garden; and by respectable Chemists and Perfumers.

THE LUXURY OF WARMTH.—Ladies and Gentlemen are solicited to inspect one of the largest STOCKS in London of WINTER HOSIERY, UNDER-CLOTHING, and FLAN-NELS, in a variety of the softest and warmest fabrics made. SHIRTS also, in the greatest variety, a thoroughly good article (own manufacture), 30s. for six.—HENRY WITHELS, 9, Poultry.

SHIRTS.—The ZETETIQUE SHIRTS. Registered May 2, 1849, Act 6 of 7 Vic. 65.—They are the best fitting shirt ever invented, and are made of the finest Shirts, Price—Six for 30s.; or Three for 20s.—N.B. The New Zetetic Shirts are six for 32s., 30s., and 25s. Also, all the newest patterns in Coloured shirts.—Instructions for Self-Measurement, with List of Prices, sent post-free.—JAMES WATSON BLACKBURN, 47, Cheapside, London.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, 30s. the Half-Dozen.—The Shirt before us (Mr. Ford's Eureka) appears in every way calculated to fit, and fully to answer the inventor's statement, as 'the most unique and the only perfect fitting shirt in existence.'—Observer, October 7th, 1849.—List of Prices, with Directions for Self-Measurement, sent post free. Patterns of the new Coloured Shirtings forwarded to select from, on receipt of Six Postage Stamps.—RICHARD FORD 153, Strand, London.

THE CORAZZA SHIRT.—CAPPER and WATERS having given great attention to perfecting this shirt, can recommend it for fitting with a precision and ease hitherto unknown. Any gentleman can have the Corazza or any other form of shirt, by sending measures taken tight—1, round the neck; 2, round the chest; 3, round the waist; 4, round the wrist; 5, the height of the arm; 6, the length of the sleeve; 7, the length of the front, collar, and wrist; 8, to 12s each, good Linen Shirts, 10s. to 15s. each, additional charges for Dress shirts, from 2s to 4s each.—26, Regent-street, St. James's, London.

ALPACA UMBRELLAS.—The economy, both in the cost and wear of this umbrella, has been fully borne out by the use and experience of the last eighteen months, and is fully justified by the fact that the umbrella continues to be in the United Kingdom, from 10s. 6d.—W. and J. SANGSTER, 140, Regent-street; 94, Fleet-street; 10, Royal Exchange; 75, Cheapside.

BERDOE'S SUPERIOR OVER-COATS, well-known First-rate Garments at Reduced Charges, and guaranteed to resist any amount of rain. A very large Stock to select from. To be had in London, at 95, New Bond-street; and 49, Cornhill, only.

THE WINTER OVER-COAT, 40s., very light, soft, and warm. Also, the LIGHT REPELLANT CAMELOT OVER-COAT, 30s., well adapted for riding or walking.—At BURCH and LUCAS'S, Tailors, 62, King William-street, London bridge, opposite the Statue of William the Fourth.—N.B. A large assortment of every garment kept for inspection.

NOTICE.—We, the Undersigned, hereby give Notice to our several Agents and the Trade, that Letters Patent have been granted for our invention of the application of the DOWN of the EIDER to purposes of WEARING APPAREL; and that, after this date, we shall take such proceedings as we may be advised, in order to restrain others from making, or causing to be made, any infringement upon our said patent and invention. (Signed) H. J., and D. NICOLL, Regent-street and Cornhill.

THE NOVELTY most recently introduced by Messrs. NICOLL is called NICOLL'S EIDER DOWN PALETOF; such novelty consisting in the adaptation of the DOWN of the EIDER to purposes of wearing apparel, and more particularly in the formation of NICOLL'S PALETOF, the original elegance and utility of which is, however, faithfully preserved.

It is found in greatest numbers in Iceland and the Fero Islands, where the least down is well known to be the best against the most severe cold; and even the small quantity which can be compressed and concealed between the two hands will serve in the formation of a Paletof, which, whilst it has most extraordinary lightness, has, nevertheless, more warmth than the finest and thickest blanket, the great desideratum for a winter garment being thus accomplished, comfort, personal warmth without fatigue.

Public inspection is invited at Messrs. NICOLL'S wholesale and retail warehouses, 114, 116, and 120, Regent-street, and 23, Cornhill, London.

THE NICOLL is the distinguishing name given to a Garment, secured by Royal Letters Patent from general imitation. It has all the advantages of the DOWN of the EIDER, and is so constructed as to be the best taken of friendship or affection. The lightness and warmth of the garment will render it highly serviceable for covering an evening costume without causing the least disarrangement; and, from the peculiarity of the formation of the whole, it precludes the necessity for any measurement being taken, as merely some slight description of height or appearance will suffice to the customer, to enable him to select the DOWN PALETOF at the cost of Six Guineas, and which may be described as one of the best preservatives of health ever yet introduced to the public.—H. J., and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, and 120, Regent-street, and 23, Cornhill, London.

THE NICOLL PALETOF (Registered 6 and 7 Vic., c. 65) WAREHOUSES, 114, 116, 120, Regent-street, and 23, Cornhill. Many have assumed the use of the word PALETOF, but Messrs. NICOLL are the Sole Patentees of the design and material. The Wholesale and Counting House Departments for the London Branches in the Shipping and Woollen Trades are in Chancery-alley, Cornhill, and 120, Regent-street.

"PROSPECTS of a SEVERE WINTER.—Several accounts report recent meteorological signs indicative of a very severe winter.—Times, 29th ult.—MAYCE'S PATENT THERMOGENIC COAT of the undyed wool of the black sheep of Australia. A further consignment of this very scarce material having been received, the Patentees are now enabled to supply the increasing demand for these valuable garments, so highly prized by all who have worn them for their extraordinary warmth and lightness. They form a perfect bed in a railway carriage, and are otherwise a most efficient protection during the coldest weather. They are offered at the same prices before the late increase in the cost of wools, namely, Three Guineas, or, if worn in London, Three Guineas and a Half.—MAYCE and CO., Tailors and Patent Coat Makers to H.R.H. Prince Albert, 53, Cornhill, London.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CAPE of GOOD HOPE, NATAL, &c. PARSENGERS to the Colonies, who may obtain their OUTFITS from M. W. SILVER and CO. CLOTHIERS, &c., 66 and 67, CORNHILL, at wholesale prices. SILVER and CO. make nearly the whole of the articles comprised in an outfit, to secure durability, so that the Cabin Folding Furniture may become permanent Household Furniture on arrival in the colony.

THE ABOVE PARSENGERS give ship-sailing INFORMATION, but they neither receive nor pay a commission, their object being to give PARSENGERS who place themselves in their hands every benefit; and they forward small packages for their customers (gratis) through their AGENTS in the COLONIES.

SILVER and CO. give PARSENGERS to AUSTRALIA, at sixty days sight, of £103 for every £100 paid here.

THE EMIGRANT Fitting-out Branch is at No. 4, BISHOPSGATE STREET, opposite the London Tavern, where a comfortable fit-out, for male and female, including bedding, may be obtained for FOUR POUNDS.

A Branch of each at ST. GEORGE'S-CRESCENT, LIVERPOOL.

LANCET-EDGE RAZOR, Registered Jan. 22, 1848.—Gentlemen are invited to inspect this unequalled and scientific invention, which is the best of the present day. It possesses the only two points necessary to a good razor, viz. an edge of surpassing keenness and lasting durability. This article of utility is warranted the best ever produced.—New Razor.—Messrs. Mappin and Co. of Sheffield, have registered a "Lancet-edge Razor," from their having succeeded in obtaining an edge possessing the keenness of the lancet point, whilst it retains the temper and lasting qualities of the steel—a combination long sought in razor manufacture.—Vide Illustration, showing the form of the razor, and the manner of using it. For particulars, see 18, Hatton-garden, London. Sold by all the vendors of cutlery throughout the United Kingdom, and wholesale at Joseph Mappin and Brothers' Warehouse, 15, Fore-street, City.

CLERGYMEN.—The Fathers, Brothers, Sons, and the Mothers, Wives, Widows, Sisters, and Daughters of Clergymen, are requested to observe, that they and none others are entitled to the privileges which the Clergy have of making ASSURANCES upon LIFE in the CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

This Society was established in the year 1829, for the special benefit of Clergymen and their families; and it is confidently expected, that, by continuing the right of making assurances to such a class, larger profits will be made, the whole of which, and not a part only, will be divided amongst the assurers. The next Bonus will be apportioned in the year 1851.

PATRONES. The Archbishop of Canterbury and York. TRUSTEES. The Lord Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester. CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS.—The Archbishop of London. DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.—F. L. Wollaston, Esq., M.A. For papers and particulars application is to be made to the Office, 41, Parliament-street, London.

JOHN HODGKINSON, M.A., Secretary. JOHN BURDER, Secretary. An amount of upwards of £1,000,000 is already assured upon life in this Society by the Clergy and members of their families, as above.

MONEY.—A Gentleman is entrusted with the money of a large capitalist to INVEST in large or small sums, upon Freehold and Leasehold Property, Reversions, Annuities, Life Insurance, &c., also, on the security of Government Securities, and Government Bonds. N.B.—Reversions purchased. Applications to be addressed to Mr. CHARLES ALLEN, 19, Regent-street, Waterloo place.

REMITTANCES TO INDIA.—The undersigned London Agent of the Agra and United Service Bank is authorised to grant DRAFTS at the Exchange of the day, and FREE OF CHARGE, upon the Head Office and branches of the Bank at Agra, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Applications to be addressed to Agent, 15, Old Jewry, City, London.—N.B.—The Bank also buys approved Drafts drawn against funds or upon parties in India.

PISTOLS.—The best and most complete Stock of every description of Holster, Bolt, and Pocket Pistol, Six-barrel Revolving Pistols, from 42s. Improved Double ditto, from 30s.; single ditto, from 15s. a pair; Improved Air Canes, 6s. RILEY, Gun Maker, New Oxford-street.

ANTIQUE VASES.—One dozen Antique Vases, filled with ROBIN'S IMPERIAL BLACKING, for 13s. Sold at 48, St. James-street, and by 1000 London agents.—Also ROBIN'S IMPERIAL FRENCH VAINISH.

FOUR FIRES FOR ONE PENNY, by EDWARDS'S PATENT FIREWOOD.—Sold by all oilmen and grocers, and delivered to the carrier, on receipt of a post-office order for 10s., payable to THOMAS STEVENSON, 13, Wharf-road, City-road.

DUNN'S FINE ARGAND LAMP OIL, is 6d. per gallon, is the best and purest, giving the greatest satisfaction in every description of Oil Lamps. Half-a-gallon or upwards delivered free five miles. Warehouse, 59, Cannon-street, City.

BRETTS SOVEREIGN SAMPLE HAMPERS.—These famous little packages have every year improved in their contents; and this TWENTY-FIRST Annual Presentation certainly excels all that have gone before it. Delivered in London, or forwarded to any part of the country, for a Sovereign.—HENRY BRETTS and Co., Old Furnival's Inn, Holborn.

VINO DE LA REYNA—PURE PALE SHERRY, delicate flavour, the genuine Juice of the grape, 35s. per dozen. PRIME OLD PORT, three years in bottle, 30s. five years, with apical bouquet, 40s. PALE COGNAC BRANDY, 35s. GLENLIVAT WHISKY, direct from the distillery, 42s. per dozen. For particulars, see references in London Wharves, Lowry, & Co. bottles or packages. PEARS and WATSON, 9, Dush-lane, Cannon-street, City, agents to G. Longuit and Son.

STOUT and PORTER.—JENNER, WICKING, and JENNER are now delivering, for Cash, to private families, their celebrated Porter at 1s. and Imperial stout at 15d. per gallon. May be had in casks of 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 gallons. N.B. Their Ales are now in very fine condition.—South London Brewery, Southwark-bridges-road.

PICTURE-FRAMES, LOOKING-GLASSES, and every branch of Carving and Gilding manufactured on the premises, and of the most exquisite and artistic style. Most of the modern fine engravings at half price, some framed. Observe, FOLLIS'S Great Map, 63, Fleet-street, corner of Haverhill-street.

PARLOR CHEMISTRY.—Christmas Presents for Intelligent Boys.—STATHAM'S YOUTH'S CHEMICAL CABINET, 5s. 6d. per box, is a fund of instructive amusement in the Experimental Chemistry, entirely free from danger. BOOK of EXPERIMENTS, 6d. Larger Cabinets, 21s. 3s. 6d., 4s., and Five Guineas. WILLIAM STATHAM, 4, Rotherhithe-street, Lillington, London; BUTLER and Co., Cheapside; and Chemists, Opticians, &c.

ROYAL PAPER MACHE WORKS and SHOW-ROOMS.—JENNENS and BETTRIDGE



SCENE FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME OF "MOON QUEEN AND KING NIGHT," AT THE SURREY THEATRE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BARON.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

We are enabled, by the activity of our Artists, to present two anticipatory scenes from two of the Pantomimes to be produced for the gratification of her Majesty's liege subjects on Wednesday next.

First is Alfred Crowquill's "Moon Queen and King Night; or, Harlequin Twilight," at the Surrey Theatre, where of late years some very good harlequinades have been produced.

The "Moon Queen" opens with a Prologue, spoken by *Burlesque and Pantomime*; a scuffle ensues, and the latter shouts his triumph thus:—

No fusion now—no mighty paradoxes
Shall puzzle pit, or gallery, or boxes;
But good, old, joyous English Pantomime;
And let us hope that it will last our time,
Bringing together in a circle here
All that was scattered by the bygone year.
Not wiser than our fathers, let us fairly laugh;
"Care," says the song, "is but a silly calf!"
I wave my wand—(waves boot-jack)—let it not be in vain;
Beneath my spell be children all again!

The personages in the opening are—Immortals: *King Night*, Mr. J. W. Collier; the *Moon Queen*, Miss E. Bromley; *Silver Ray*, Miss Laporte; *Silver Ripple*, Miss Daly; *Light the Lake*, Miss Bloomfield; and other little Rays that the Moon can raise at any time; an *Electric Light*, Mons. J. Lupino. The "mortals most immortally bothered" are: *Baron Blazenoff* (afterwards *Pantaloon*), Mr. Naylor; *Kurleywiggins* (the Baron's barber), Mr. Rogers; vassals, retainers, slaves, &c. *Myrra* (a miller's daughter, afterwards *Columbine*), Miss Liza; *Frits* (the lover, afterwards *Harlequin*), Mons. Lupino; *Grindumfyn* (the miller, afterwards *Clown*), Mr. Dewhurst; *Huskygrain* (his man), Mr. Rivers.

The opening scene is the cavern of *Night*. A lurid hue is thrown upon the grotesque figures hewn out of the rocks. In the centre of the stage is a gigantic chamber candlestick, with an extinguisher, which rises slowly and discovers *King Night* upon his throne—sitting cross-legged upon the sconce. His helmet is an extinguisher, encircled by a bright and glittering diadem. His sceptre is a latch-key. He descends from his seat with a solemn air, and waves his latch-key sceptre. His dark troops rise through the candlestick, and form into line. A comic review here takes place, after which *King Night* addresses his troops. After a chorus, the troops return to the candlestick *dépot*. *King Night* seats himself upon his own sconce, the extinguisher descends and

covers him. The candlestick floats away, to slow music. A rise and sink discovers a wild, romantic pass. Towering, snow-capped mountains—moonlight, but no moon seen—music, "The young May-moon." The scene moves slowly, until it becomes the starlit hemisphere. In the centre a gigantic moon; in the midst, the *Queen Moon* seated on a jewelled throne—her Court enters—they have silver bows and arrows. The *Queen* comes forward and sings. After a dance, with bows and arrows, the *Queen* addresses her Court, and then they disappear, dancing.

Next is the Hall of *Baron Blazenoff*; then the Miller's House, where the miller, his daughter, and her lover, have a chase with the antagonistic *Baron*, who arrives in a Hansom's cab.

The change is to a fairy bower and lake. The lovers are together in a car; the Fairy Court of the *Queen* are floating about in nautilus shells, with wreaths attached to the car. The *Baron* and his followers are seen through a grating in the bower. A bevy of nymphs rush from the bowers. A dance ensues. As the lovers are being borne off in triumph, *King Night* rises from the Lake and severs the wreaths attached to the car; darkness immediately hides the scene. The *Baron* rushes from his confinement. All is closed in by a very savage rocky landscape. Enter *Silver Ripple*, *Silver Ray*, and *Light the Lake*; the scene becomes much lighter; they look as if followed. *King Night* rushes on; the scene becomes dark again, and, after a struggle, the lovers are dragged in by *Night's* attendants, and the maid is handed over to *Blazenoff*.

The scene changes to the Celestial Hemisphere, with *Queen Moon*, and her Nymphs; and the transformations take place. The comic business then begins; and, judging from the programme before us, the pantomime will be replete with fun.

ASTLEY'S.

The Pantomime at this theatre is by Mr. Nelson Lee; it is entitled "Yankee Doodle on his Pretty Little Pony; or, Harlequin how many Horses has your Father got in his Stable?" The following is a Sketch of the opening incidents:—

SCENE 1 commences with fairy hall of *Plenty*. The Fairy *Pence* requires the presence of *Plenty*, and calls to his aid *Mirth* and *Sport* (two sprites), who discover her retreat. It being the fairy *Queen Britannia's* intention to hold a Court, they suddenly change the scene, when all the fays are assembled to do homage to their Queen with their fairy palfreys and emblematic cars, &c. *Hope*, too, joins them; and *Britannia* arriving, and being at a loss for a hero for her Christmas sports, she is informed that *Yankee Doodle* would entrap *Miss Dinah* from *Young England*, who is discovered in a desponding state by one of the fairies; and being brought before *Britannia*, she bids him be of good cheer, and seek out *Old Sambo*. He thanks her, and departs.

SCENE 2.—*Old Sambo's* House at Bow.—*Young England* obtains an interview with *Dinah*, but is interrupted by *Old Sambo*, who thrusts his daughter in the house, and *England* from the door. *Young England* throws himself down in despair, *Hope* appears, and presents him with a silver pipe to aid him; he departs delighted. *Yankee Doodle* arrives upon his little pony with a letter of introduction from the President to *Old Sambo*. *Sam Slick* follows, who is ordered by *Yankee Doodle* to dispose of the pony, and he takes him away for that purpose. *Yankee Doodle* and *Sambo* meet under unfortunate circumstances; *Sambo* apologizes, and introduces him to *Miss Lucy Long* (his other daughter) as his intended son-in-law—"The marriage shall take place this very day."

SCENE 3.—*Tattersall's*: Horse Sale, &c. going on.—*Yankee Doodle* and *Sam Slick* arrive to sell the pony, and get sold in buying a horse.

SCENE 4.—Near Hyde-park Corner.—The purchase proves still more unsatisfactory.

SCENE 5.—*Sambo's* House, with preparations for the wedding.—*Yankee Doodle's* horse having bolted, gallops in and throws him; the horse is disposed of by *Sam Slick*. *Miss Dinah* is most reluctant to become the bride of *Yankee Doodle*. All are ready for the dance, but the village pipe falls dead drunk. What's to be done? Fortunately, one is found near at hand, and is brought in. It is *Young England*, who has disguised himself; and, playing upon his magic pipe, all begin dancing involuntarily. During this he manages to discover himself to *Dinah*; other sports are determined upon, among which is blindman's-buff. *Yankee Doodle* is blindfolded; and, as the game proceeds, *Young England* and *Dinah* escape together. *Yankee Doodle* catches *Miss Lucy Long*, thinking it *Dinah*. Finding his mistake, a search is made for her; when *Dinah* and *Young England* return from the church married. *Yankee Doodle*, *Sambo*, and *Lucy Long's* rage knows no bounds—the bride and bridegroom are seized. At this moment the entire scene changes: *Britannia* appears and settles the dispute for the present, by changing *Yankee Doodle* to *Clown*, *England* to *Harlequin*, *Old Sambo* to *Pantaloon*, and *Miss Dinah* to *Columbine*. Then follows the harlequinade, with hits at past and passing events, &c.

There appears to be a good deal of drollery in this pantomime—equine and otherwise.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

COTHERSTONE, SOMERSETSHIRE.



Few of our counties have been so inadequately chronicled as that of Somerset, although it may be considered to possess abundant materials, especially such as refer to a remote period, of interest both to the historian and the archaeologist. But it is to be hoped this desideratum is in the way of being supplied by the results which may be anticipated from the exertions of a society lately embodied in Taunton, for the furtherance of archaeological inquiry; and that it may not be long ere remains so ancient and curious as those of Cotherstone shall be illustrated by associations more stirring than a mere list of the names of those who have possessed its domains, and yet of a nature more definite than the questionable pictures which romance has founded upon its tradition. According to the latter, Cotherstone claims an origin long prior to the Conquest, when a Saxon King and Queen are said to have been its founders, and to have secluded themselves within its walls, in fulfilment of a vow undertaken at the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This ancient edifice, it may be observed, presents in its arrangement the aspect of a religious house much more than that of such a stronghold as might be supposed to have appertained to Adam de Stawell, who held it in the time of the Conqueror. The old house is situated on the southern slope of the Quantock Hills, about seven miles north-west from Taunton. It is used as a farm-house; and the various ancient outbuildings have become stables, cow-houses, sties, cider-mill, &c. Among these, evidences of masonry probably much earlier than the Conquest are visible.

The approach to the house is by a handsome gate of the time of James I., flanked by turrets and a curtain wall. In the front of the house itself the architectural features are late, having been constructed long after the date of the substantial walls on which they are encrusted. A coat of arms, nearly obliterated, gives a baronial character to the portal, a late depressed arch; but immediately within this appears a Norman arch, which associates well with the massiveness of the interior.

The church is close at the back of the house, and contains some features of high antiquity, especially a cylindrical pillar, of Saxon character, which supports the arches that divide the south aisle from the nave. There are two tombs of the Stawells: on one of them is the effigy of a knight in armour and his lady by his side. The tomb is paneled, with quatrefoils, in which are shields of arms, and niches. The other tomb is greatly decayed. There are, likewise, some good bench ends in carved oak, and a curious painted font.

At a little distance from the church is a well which springs under a Gothic roof, and over which a thorn has grown: this, when in blossom, contrasts beautifully with the glassy coolness within, the curled ferns rising among the moss-green stones, and the various other plants which spring within the grey walls of the fountain, and appear reproduced in its crystal waters.

Cotherstone has descended through a continued line of the Stawell family from the time of the Conqueror to the present century.

The opening of the new Coal Exchange for the transaction of public business having caused the building which was temporarily used for the purpose during the erection of the new edifice, and which was permitted, with the sanction of the Government authorities, to be built at the west end of the quay or terrace in front of the Custom-house, next Billingsgate-market, to be no longer of any further public service, it is in course of being demolished, and the materials of which it was composed disposed of.



SCENE FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME OF "YANKEE DOODLE ON HIS LITTLE PONY," AT ASTLEY'S.—APPEARANCE OF BRITANNIA.

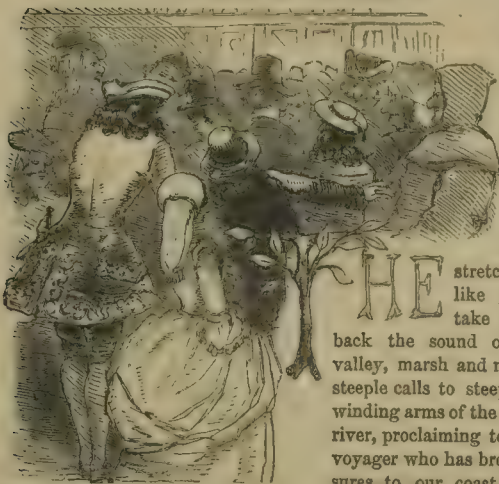
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[NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT, 1s.]

CHRISTMAS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. BY THOMAS MILLER.



HUNDREDS of silver toned bells of London ring loud, deep, and clear, from tower and spire to welcome in Christmas. The far-stretching suburbs, like glad children, take up and fling back the sound over hill and valley, marsh and meadow, while steeple calls to steeple across the winding arms of the mast-crowded river, proclaiming to the heathen voyager who has brought his treasures to our coast, and who is

ignorant of our religion, the approach of some great Christian festival. Through the long night of departed centuries has that old Saxon sound pealed over our ancient City—from soon after the period when Augustin and his brother monks landed in England, with the banner borne before them, on which was emblazoned the figure of the dying Redeemer, while they moved gravely along, chanting the Holy Litany. We have often paused, with closed eyes, in some star-lighted lane in the suburbs, and listened to the sound of those sweet Christmas-bells, until the imagination was borne far away to the fields of Bethlehem (flooded with heavenly light), and we fancied we again heard those angel-voices which startled the shepherds as they watched their flocks by night, while proclaiming high overhead, "Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." We seemed again to catch glimpses of

The star-led wizards hastening with odours sweet,
as Milton beheld them with the far-seeing eye of poetry, coming

From far upon the Eastern road,
until they reached the lowly roof which sheltered the God-born child and his meek mother, when they offered up "gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Such images floated before our mental vision, as the great Rubens seized upon and transferred to his glowing canvas, and such as we have pictured in our present pages from the work of the immortal artist, with all its rich masses of flooding light and deepening shade

and wanting only the matchless colouring to bring the original before the eyes of our readers. Such a splendid illustration as we have here given needs neither the garniture of holly, ivy, nor mistletoe to render it a fitting present for the old festival of Christmas: the beauty of the Virgin Mother, the simple majesty of the Holy Child, and the pious adoration of the kneeling sage, bear the stamp of the hand of the mighty master who was alone competent to grapple with so great a subject.

MISTLETOE.

Glancing for a moment at the evergreens which are used in our Christmas decorations, we see no cause for searching in the ancient heathen rites of other countries for their origin. That the Mistletoe was held sacred by the ancient Druids, we have the authority of the classic Roman historian to prove, and which no one has ever doubted. The altars of Thor and Woden were not overthrown in a day: those who worshipped the true God were at first compelled to kneel before these heathen shrines. Redwald, the King of East Anglia, had two altars in his temple, one to Woden and the other to the Almighty; for, although his heart yearned towards the true God, he was afraid of the vengeance of the imaginary idol he had so long bowed before. Amid pagan altars and hideous images, the early Christians knelt: and the beautiful Bertha (through whose meek persuasion Ethelbert was converted to the true faith) first worshipped beneath the roof of one of these old heathen temples in which the mistletoe was hung; and where



THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PAGE 419.)

the grim images of Thor and Woden frowned from the walls, there did she kneel and offer up her prayers to heaven. The far-seeing Pope Gregory attempted not to abolish these heathen rites altogether, but rightly argued that if their pagan temples were held sacred while set apart for the worship of rude shapeless images, how much more would such spots be revered when the light of the true Gospel broke through the heathen darkness. By many of the early Christians would the mistletoe be held in reverence; for, although it had hung above the heads of their idols, it was not the work of the image-maker, but a production of nature, and a native of their own wild forests; it twined around the grey oaks under which the Roman legions had marched, and was, perhaps, the only remnant they at last retained of their old idolatry—the only link that remained between Christianity and Heathenism.

HOLLY.

The very beauty of the green-leaved and red-berried Holly would recommend it as a fitting ornament for the great Christmas Festival. What the oak is to the summer wood, the pride and ornament of the grove, such is the holly in the land of trees, amid the nakedness of winter. When the mountain ash has shed its rich garniture of green and crimson on the funeral pyre of autumn (that pile kindled with all the gaudy hues of the decaying flowers and bowers of summer), the holly stands unchanged amid the death and desolation of the landscape, and seems sole King of the outstretched forest. While far and wide the woods are covered with snow, looking as if Winter lay asleep beneath the leafless trees, in such a spot we have seen the holly crowning some eminence (the pillow or head of the sleeper), as if wreathing his grey old locks with a garland of evergreen and flaming rubies.

IVY.

The ancient emblem of friendship, seems sacred to time and old ruins. It grows about our churches, and droops above the weather-stained windows, where it hangs waving between us and the outer light, as if to force itself upon our notice. It climbs around our country-houses, and grows above the churchyard graves, as if it claimed kindred with the living and the dead. Whether it winds its way to the top-most boughs of a tree, the battlemented tower of some sacred edifice, or around the twisted chimneys of the manor-house, it tells a tale of bygone years, and of the many old Christmases which have passed away since it first shot up its wiry stem, and threw out its few green leaves below, unnoticed by human eye. We cannot gaze on it without thinking of the many Christmas feasts it has decorated; how year after year eager hands gathered its dark-waving trails; how eyes once bright looked upon it, and fond hearts heaved and fluttered as they bore home the winter garland—eyes now dark, and hearts for ever cold, which once beamed and beat in the midst of old festivities, but will never more brighten nor bound to the merry ringing of the Christmas bells. These reflections make Christmas a solemn time; and when we think of the awful year now fast fading away, a deep shadow throws itself over our pages—the Shadow of the Valley of Death.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

To brighter scenes will we now turn—to the life and happiness which Merry Old Christmas brings to millions of human hearts, while he throws a sunshine, brighter than that of summer, over thousands of English hearths. Pleasant memories are brought to the mind by the interchange of presents at this hospitable season. London pours into the country its treasures of wines, spirits, foreign fruit, and fish; while from many an ancient hamlet and old thatched grange are sent back the produce of field and farm. Fowls from the inland meres and rushy pools; game from many a secluded woodland, dell, and wild moor, are offered up on the great altar of Christmas, until the sacrifice of Friendship throws its delightful odour throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. The swift-winged railway-carriages groan beneath the heavy loads of good things which they are doomed to drag to and fro; while the streets of busy London are filled with carriers' carts; and Parcel-Delivery-men flit hither and thither, the attendants of Plenty, clothed in decent livery, and occupying the place of those nude nymphs whom ancient fables portrayed as attendants upon the ever-bountiful goddess.

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Although the Great Fire of London destroyed thousands of houses whose roofs were blackened by the smoke of many a huge yule-clog, a few of the old edifices still remain which have looked down on the merry Christmases of other days, when

Pomp and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry,

broke the silence which now reigns around their ancient walls. Nor is the yule-clog yet extinct; for there are still many old-fashioned families in England, who would never fancy that it was Christmas, unless the huge tree-root blazed on the hearth, and shot its tongue of flame high

Up the huge chimney gaping wide.

In the country, long before it is light, you hear the voices of children going from house to house on Christmas-Day morning, and repeating the simple old couplet—

I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy new year;
A pocket full of money,
And a cellar full of beer!

when, perhaps, instead of receiving the Christmas-box, for which they thus earnestly plead, a voice is heard from within the house (by the door of which they stand) exclaiming "The same to you, my lad!"—a poor recompense for rising so early, and braving the wintry cold before day-dawn. In town and country we have still the Waits playing in the streets, and breaking the deep midnight silence with much sweeter music than that of the rude pipe and tabor which disturbed the sound slumber of our simple forefathers. Though the boar's head and the huge wassail-bowl have vanished from our feasts, and there are fewer ceremonies and outward shows to usher in Merry Old Christmas than formerly, there is nothing to regret in the decay of many of those barbaric customs which gave pleasure to our laughter-loving ancestors. Such masques and mummings as were the delight of an old English Baron's retainers, and were well adapted for the rude revelry of the huge baronial hall, are no more suited to our modern tastes, than the rush-strown floors and chimneyless apartments would be to the wants of an English lady in the present day.

There is no more to deplore in the absence of *Friar Tuck*, *Maid Marian*, *Robin Hood*, with all his merry men, the huge dragon, and the hobby-horses, than there is in the extinction of the old moralities, whose places are now supplied by the dramas of Shakspeare, and others which have appeared since he first wrote. Christmas has outlived all antique mummery, and is all the better for having shaken off his ancient and faded trappings. His great spirit still survives, unchanged by time; and, with few exceptions, he is received with the same hospitality as he was of old. His mighty soul still lives, and for one day in the year he throws the light of his bluff, hearty-old English countenance over the meagre board of the hungry workhouse, and the gloomy walls of the

debtor's prison. True, there are no longer the gates of the monastery, abbey, or castle thrown open, as of old, for the relief of "loop'd and window'd raggedness" on Christmas-Day, when none were permitted, at that holy time, to go away hungry, thirsty, nor empty-handed. Alas! the houseless beggar is too often left to stand shivering in the all but empty streets—

Homeless, beside a thousand hearths.

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

But open-handed Charity, thank God! still walks abroad at this inclement season of the year; and in no country in the world does she scatter her gifts more profusely than in England—for, surrounded as we are by poverty and misery, millions are paid and given away annually to the poor. The picture has its bright and dark sides; and to-day we will turn the gloomy part to the wall, with a sigh. Charity has, for one day in the year, caused the poor pauper to forget his poverty, and he again smiles as he sits before the board which she has so bountifully spread. His thoughts wander back to the happy Christmas dinners over which he once presided, when he had a home which he proudly called his own. Memory pictures the past—his wife, his children; some now dead—others scattered over the world, he knows not whither. He sees old faces glittering in the bright holly berries—he hears old voices in the cheerful crackling of the fire, and smiles faintly while his thoughts wander to the days of other years; and he talks over these old times to his companion in adversity—to one who, perchance, like himself, has seen happier and better days. Wealth has ever at its command the power of dispensing such pleasures as these over the land; nor would any feeling man who pays a poor-rate begrudge an extra shilling or two to make the inmates of the workhouse happy on such an occasion as this—even though he himself is poor. With what a zest a man sits down to his Christmas dinner, when he knows that he has made some poor family happy by having provided for them on this day—whether it be to subscribe to some coal charity, such as our Engraving represents; or only to throw in his mite towards purchasing blankets for the poor, or supplying them once a day with soup. And oh! how little is required to throw the sunshine of happiness around some miserable abode—to scatter smiles where tears and sighs are too often found; and to know that, instead of a sorrowful group, huddling around the all but fireless grate, the little pudding is boiling in the pot, and the small joint turning on its worsted jack, from the fork stuck into the mantelpiece above the fire—that there is a happy light dancing in the children's eyes—a clapping of little hands every time the saucepan lid is uplifted—and that five paltry shillings purchased all this happiness. Trifles such as these make both the giver and the receiver happy; and though, without, "all along the wind doth blow," there is within the breast "a peace that surpasseth all riches." If we sigh for the Christmases of the olden time, it is because Charity then overflowed the land. From the Court, the glad stream ran through abbey and baronial hall, into the lowliest cottage and the humblest shed: even the serf, who was sold like a slave with the soil, shared the feast amid the general rejoicing, though he sat far below the salt, and, through the reeking and savoury odours, obtained but a dim glimpse of the lordly dais, overhung by armour and sylvan trophies. Honest old Thomas Tusser, in his "Hundredth Good Poyntes of Husbandrie," first printed in 1557, says—

At Christmas be merry, and thank God for all,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small.

And the author of the "Sketch-Book," in a few brief, happy sentences, says those were good times "when the old halls of castles and manor-houses were thrown open at daylight; when the tables were covered with brawn and beef, and humming ale; when the harp and the carol resounded all day long, and when rich and poor were alike welcome to enter and make merry; when the Old English Gentleman, on Christmas-Day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours at his hall by daybreak; when the strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; when the great sausage was boiled by daybreak, or else two young men took the cook by the arms and ran her round the village-green until she was ashamed of her laziness." The Picture shows one of the many "Distributions" that are made in the metropolis at this festive season.—(See page 424.)

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN YORKSHIRE.—(See page 420.)

This Sketch, drawn on the spot by Dodgson, is a representation of a Merry-Making on Christmas-Eve in one of our northern counties. The scene is one of those large kitchens which are only to be found in some old English manor-house. Supper is over, and all cleared away for the dance; drinking will go on until the Waits come, which will be long after midnight, when the large table will once more be spread with refreshments, and the cup will continue to circulate until morning. Elder wine, spiced ale, and "egg-hot" are the principal beverages drunk in the north of England on Christmas-Eve. The fiddler is generally some old man who attends all the wakes, feasts, statutes, harvest-homes, and sheep-shearing feasts for miles around. He plays only old English tunes: were you to ask him to play some polka, ten to one he would open his eyes in astonishment, and say, "Is it owt good to yeat?" He hates all sorts of "new-fangled tunes" as he calls them, and would not give a straw to play to dancers who do not shake the house, and all but drive the floor in through stamping on it. He sighs for the good old times when gentlemen danced in top-boots, and wore spurs, and says, "Loaks! there woresumfun then." Nor does there appear to be any want of it in the Sketch which our Artist has here placed before us. There is sure to be a smash amongst the crockery before the laughing girl on the dresser is caught, or the kiss is obtained, which they have overturned the chair in struggling for. The old woman seated in the arm-chair by the fire looks on the scene with delight, and perhaps recalls the time when she was as merry a romp as any in the group before her. She who is drawn under the mistletoe-bough half averts her head, and seemingly grants with reluctance the kiss which her heart flutters to receive. Even the boy, who has helped to capture the fair prisoner, appears to chuckle again, as he beholds the pleasant penance she is undergoing. The "toddling child" is also "timing its footsteps" to the dance at the very moment the words "Hands across" have been uttered by the old fiddler, who acts the part of musician and master of the ceremonies, and "rates" the rustic dancers in no very measured terms when they miss what he calls "the figure."

THE GAME OF FORFEITS.—(See page 428.)

We have here a Sketch by the far-famed Kenny Meadows, who stands second to none in his delineations of character; other proofs of which we also present in his "Game of Blind-Man's Buff," and his inimitable "Christmas Pudding"—two subjects belonging to another portion of our description of Christmas. The Game of Forfeits is now, we believe, very rare in London: it is too romping and noisy an amusement for the chilling atmosphere and somewhat too stately decorum of our modern drawingrooms; so we must confine our description to what we have seen in the free-and-easy country. While gazing on this picture, the curtain seems once more uplifted which had closed over and

shrouded the merry Christmas revels we joined in twenty years ago: faces and forms well-remembered are again thrown upon the mirror of Memory; and instead of the happy group here presented, we are once more under the roof of the old thatched grange, among

Honest lads and bonnie lassies.

The Game of Forfeits commenced by spinning a wooden trencher or dish, and was called "Turn-Trencher." We took our seats round the room, when one of the party stepped forward and spun the trencher on the floor. No one could tell who would be called upon to catch it while spinning, until the name was proclaimed by the spinner, which was seldom done until the trencher appeared ready to fall. If not caught before it fell, we had to pay a forfeit. The girls gave up their purses, necklaces, gloves; the young men their watches, pencil-cases, nay, even coats and hats, if nothing better could be obtained; for not one in five caught the trencher while spinning, though we were all eye, all ear, and up in a moment. When "turn-trencher" ended, the real fun commenced by redeeming the forfeits, which stood piled high on the table. We well knew that some kind of freemasonry existed between the bonny girl who held up the forfeit and the sly gipsy that knelt down, as if pretending not to know to whom the pledge belonged, while she passed sentence with her face buried in the lap of her laughing companion. There was something only known to themselves in the way of introducing "the pretty thing, or the very pretty thing," by which the kneeling sybil was as well able to identify the party to whom the pledge belonged as if she looked him fully in the face; and what hearty roars of laughter pealed through the room when the modest Mr. Simpkins was sentenced to kiss some blushing damsel through the tongs before he could redeem the article he had forfeited; then his endeavouring to look sentimental all the while he stood looking through the tongs, as if screwed in an iron pillory; and the "Oh, dear! it was so ridiculous, she could not think or such a thing;" so, after much intercession, poor Simpkins was let off, after having kissed the knob of the poker three times. Then the tall, starched Mr. Prim, who would have fainted had there been a crease in his neckcloth or a wrinkle in his tightly-strapped trousers, what must he do to redeem the gold watch which everybody knew he forfeited only to let it be known that he had one? The pretty gipsy on her bended knees titters: there is mischief brewing; he must touch the hearth three times with his nose. They say he wears stays. You would as soon think of the Monument bowing to you as of Mr. Prim stooping so low as the hearth. Mercy on us! he smirks and kneels; and bang goes one strap—his knee has also gone through, and he is off like a shot. Pride has indeed had a fall. Or picture yourself having to whistle some tune through the key-hole without once laughing—you, whose roar is ever ready if you only see some grotesque head on the knocker of a door; or to look fixedly at the candle five minutes without once smiling, and that too when one of your companions, renowned for his long face, is puckering up his mouth like a pair of old-fashioned nut-crackers: or perchance you are sentenced to kiss some crusty old aunt through the chair-back, it being well known that you have not been on speaking terms with her for nearly twelve months. Then there is such a good-natured smile in the dear old lady's face, as she kneels behind the chair-back, that you see at the first glance all is forgotten and forgiven, and you date the commencement of a life-lasting friendship from that merry Christmas-Eve, and noisy Game of Forfeits. Dear Harriet, Rose, Julia, Sarah with the mild hazel eyes, and thou, sweet May, whose very name was "lover's own poetry"—oh! whither have ye fled? Alas! hushed are many of the "daughters of music," whose blythe carols made glad the merry Christmases of other days—voices which we hope are now heard among the angel-ranks of heaven, far away beyond that wing-swept pathway above the silvery shivering of the stars. May, with her golden hair veiling her face, and kneeling with folded wings beside the Stream of Life, and looking at her own shadow like another Eve in the "glassy, cool, pellucid wave." Grim old Scythe-Bearer, thou hast cut down a flower here and there, and left the garden in which we once delighted naked and desolate, and us to sigh alone amid the desert waste. Instead of the fresh dews of morning, thy grey wings are wet with bitter tears; thou art indeed the "Mower whose name is Death!" But the course of time is marked by changes; the ups and downs of life are the mile-posts that dot the road over which we travel, each telling us that we are drawing nearer to our journey's end.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.—(See page 428.)

Clear the decks! and leave us ample space enough for this thorough old English game. Turn up the largest table, with the leaf towards the fire, and remember that it is not fair to hide behind it: let us be wise in the midst of our harmless folly, and avoid danger. But what has Meadows introduced here?—the old grandfathers and grandmothers amongst the children! "The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth; and there can be no harm in the bald-headed old sire stepping back again into the spirit of childhood. What a touch of nature is that, where the dear old lady, having all but lost her cap, is trying to save her peruke or false front! Not for worlds would she be seen with her top—

Bare through hoar antiquity.

Rely upon it, her bald-pate is a secret to all, saving the hearty old fellow (no doubt, her husband) who enters into the joke, and seems to exclaim, "Pull away, and then you will see the nakedness of the land;" for Time has left him a few "sad grey hairs" behind, and he wears them with pride and honour. What a merry, mischievous leer there is in his dim old eye; and what sly jokes he will crack all the remainder of the year about the narrow escape she had at Christmas! And some of the hearty old blades will, perhaps, write to her, and beg a lock of her hair; and, though angry for the moment, she will at last join in the laugh against herself, and talk about her poor bald pate. Long may your graceful ringlets throw their shadows on your damask cheeks, my dear young ladies; and you live to laugh, as you do now, at the bewilderment of the dear old woman. How eagerly the sweet children enter into the sport, except the least of all, that lies squalling and neglected on the floor, and cannot make its tiny voice heard above the uproarious laughter. What an expression of delight there is on the boy's sweet countenance, who is looking up to the portly gentleman that is the cause of so much merriment. Sadly is he disfiguring the "thick rotundity" of the stout old lady with her back to us, to the great amusement of the old man who stands with one leg drawn up, and with whose countenance we seem to have been familiar from childhood. But oh! the shouts of delight when three or four children, who have huddled together in one corner, are caught by Blindman-Buff: their struggle to escape as they tumble head-over-heels, one over the other—this with a torn frock, that with a shoe off, the other with its little round fat arm clean out of its dress. That is sport indeed; and their dear, merry voices seem to ring like music through our hearts weeks and months after the festival of Christmas.

It seems but as yesterday when we assembled in the large old parlour to play at Blindman's-Buff: when the huge bunch of everlasting flowers was removed from its accustomed place on the ceiling to make room for the mistletoe bough, whose berries we should as soon think of

numbering as the kisses which were given and received beneath them. What sweet faces did the huge yule-clog flash upon on that merry night! what eyes, "which ever loved the ground," saving when glancing upon that mysterious bough, amid whose leaves and pale berries some spell seemed to be secreted! Often do they still rise before us in the still midnight—their shadows appearing to fall, as of old, upon the walls—long locks and swan-like necks ever shifting like pillars of light, as we sit and dream of the past. In the low tongues of flame that babble in the barred grate, they at times seem speaking to us of old festivals and merry days that can never more return—subdued kisses, smothered before they found utterance, and driven back upon the heart, like bees fluttering among flowers, from which they have not the power to escape. But we will no longer look upon those forms

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—(See page 417.)

We miss the father in this eager, hungry-looking picture; and if he has gone out to dine anywhere on such a day as this, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Perhaps Meadows intended conveying some such rebuke, for it seems difficult to keep the children in order, nor does the lady look at all pleased at having to serve so many. The little thing holding the plate beside the mother ought, in our opinion, to have been served first, as it is, to all appearance, the youngest. That beautiful girl seated at the end of the table will wait patiently until the last, and then her eye will often wander to her little sisters, to see that they are not eating too fast, or burning themselves. Master Freddy, in the plaid frock, should wait awhile, if we had him to deal with, for pushing himself and plate so forward. Master Jack has stuck a piece much too large for a single mouthful on his fork, and is also holding up his leg in a very unbecoming manner. As for Bill, he seems to be eating with two spoons at once: that boy will make himself ill, depend upon it, for, after having been served twice, he is sure to ask for more. Bill and Jack look like two mischievous young rascals, and we would wager a trifle that, if their pockets were searched, crackers would be found there; and that, if their mother's back were turned for a moment, they wouldn't at all mind throwing one into the fire, and making the little creatures who are eating their pudding beside the fender jump again. A pretty life do those young dogs lead that servant; and, unless their father is a little more at home, the neighbours say they do not know what will become of them. There is not a cat about the place but what they are after it; and they are constantly firing little cannons through keyholes, and frightening the people "out of their wits." It was only the other day that Master Jackey shoved a paper full of gunpowder under the pan in which an old woman roasted her chestnuts, at an apple-stall at the end of the street, and blew up her whole establishment. He would not have had any pudding at all if his father had been at home. Those boys, if left to themselves, would make a tremendous hole in the pudding before they left off, and, very probably, be under the doctor's hands on the following day.

But there is something delightful, after all, in seeing children enjoy themselves, in watching their little eyes sparkle, noticing them pause for a moment or two to recover breath, then try again: slower and at longer intervals are the pieces of pudding now taken up—the dear rosy lips have scarcely any motion, and at last the sweet rounded mouth is at rest, for, wrong as it is, they have eaten until they are surfeited. Pretty dears, if they are ill, Christmas only comes once a year; and although they will kick and scream dreadfully when compelled to swallow the physic, they have enjoyed themselves beforehand, and there is no real pleasure without a little pain. We know no readier way of turning little "babbies" into angels than allowing them to gorge themselves with Christmas pudding: all good mothers know that such heavy dainties ought to be dealt out with a sparing hand. We hope that many of the Master Jackies and Billies will read this portion of our article on Christmas, and bear in mind that even pudding carries its own punishment when swallowed to excess.

CHRISTMAS PRIZE CATTLE.

Although we are not amongst the admirers of unnatural fatness, we cannot refrain from visiting the Cattle Show, nor peeping into the butchers' shops at Christmas. We know no country that could pasture such bulk and bone as we there behold, except England, nor any stomachs that could digest such rich bilious food except those of Englishmen. We have seen some of our huge London draymen and sinewy coal-heavers pick out the fattest portions they could find, seeming to regret that there was a single stripe of lean in the whole joint. Fine Laplanders would those fellows make, and do ample justice to a banquet of whale's blubber. They would glory in a portion of a bullock that was fed only on chopped suet and oil-cake. What monstrous pigs do we also see at this season of the year! if they ever walked at all, they must, like Falstaff, have "larded the lean earth" over which they passed. As for the sheep, we can scarcely fancy that such huge legs of mutton ever moved, but by some secret process must have been dipped as they dip candles, layer upon layer, then left to cool before they were again immersed, until they finally attained their unnatural thickness and fatness. There we see calves that may have been suckled by elephants, and that seem to have shared in the bulky proportions of their gigantic foster-mothers. Alive, they look clean and beautiful; but when slaughtered and hung up, we should intercede for the levelling of a few of those useless mountains of fat before we were tempted to become purchasers. After all, a sirloin of Christmas beef is a noble adjunct to the table, and is generally valued all the more if it has been cut from a prize ox. The roast beef of Old England was the boast of our forefathers, and our national pride will never degenerate or permit any other nation to bear away this trophy.

GOOSE-CLUBS

are held at hundreds of the public-houses in London. The members pay a shilling a week for eight or ten weeks before Christmas, and, in addition to a goose, are generally entitled to a bottle of gin for their ten shillings. Those who pay but sixpence weekly have a piece of beef: tea and sugar for the women are also amongst these Christmas prizes. These clubs are got up "to benefit the house," as it is called; and there is but little doubt that, with the money spent over the meetings, every goose costs at least a pound in the end. Right proud is the landlord to show his prize geese to his customers; and great delight does he take in telling them about the number of miles he travelled by rail, of the bargain he made weeks before to be supplied with geese of the first quality at so much per head, and how, "not to be done," he examined them all; and that, when the time came for fetching them away, the goose-feeder said that he shouldn't mind "giving him a five-pun' note for his bargain." He tells you that they were stubble fed in autumn; that up to Christmas they had—he can hardly tell you what—but you almost believe, while you listen, that when roasted, they will, without any addition of any kind whatsoever, have the flavour of apple-sauce, sage and onions, and fine mealy potatoes. But he always advises those who carry off a fine goose to take with them a bottle of spirits, for "goose is rich," he says, "and spirits are always handy in a house, especially at Christmas time, for geese will sometimes disagree with the

strongest of persons," in a word, he is as kind as a father to his customers. A perfect babel of sounds is a public-house on Christmas-Eve when the prizes are drawn, and many a pint of gin is won and lost about the weight of the different geese before the members separate for the night.

MEETING OF FAMILIES AT CHRISTMAS.

One of the greatest pleasures Christmas brings is, the assembling of members of families—the bringing together once more all "the old familiar faces" around the household hearth. To see the venerable father and mother still occupying their old arm-chairs; to sit at the same place at the table which they formerly claimed as their own, beside the sister with whom they once kissed and quarrelled a dozen times a day, yet loved all the more after each childish squabble—these are the little home touches that send a silent thrill through the heart, and force tears into the eyes unawares: to see the old man still hale and hearty, though bearing the marks of the winter of age in his silver hairs—his eye scarcely dimmed, though he cannot see to read such small print as he formerly read; his whole countenance brightened up by that light from within, which proclaims a clear conscience and "a heart at peace with all mankind." To see the tears gathering in his eye, as with tremulous voice he uplifts his glass after the Christmas dinner is over and the dessert placed on the table, while in a few apt words he expresses his delight at seeing them all again, and ends by praying God to bless them all; words which unloosen the fountains of every heart, and fill each eye with tears of gentle joy, causing them to weep "at what they are glad of," as the great Shakespeare has expressed this silent language of the heart. And she who perchance at that moment sits beside him, her gentle eyes beaming with the light of love—who has shared his pilgrimage for fifty long years, slides her hand gently into his own, and by that silent pressure proclaims how much she feels; then glancing through her tears on all the beloved faces which surround her, breathes an inward prayer to be united to them for ever in heaven; for dearly does she love them all, and calmly awaits the hour when she must lead the way along that path which, sooner or later, they must all tread. Then there are the little grandchildren, all wearing something of the old family likeness, and the married sons and daughters see them seated on the grandfather's knee—on the knee where they once sat—playing with the large gold seal which they can just remember to have played with, or listening to the ticking of the great gold watch, which they, when children, believed to be alive. Then come the little histories of those who are absent, who have got on but indifferently in the world, who have made good or bad marriages; and there sometimes reigns a silence for several moments, as they recal the faces of those whom they have so often met around that hearth. The image of some pretty cousin rises up, who was the pride of their Christmas parties—the very life of their childish amusements; and tender is the appeal of some one present (one, perhaps, in whose heart she once fondly reigned), when he speaks of her unfortunate marriage, her poverty, and her sufferings—how she now dwells in an attic or a cellar in some distant town—and they are again made to feel how all loved her; a tear is shed over the recital of her misfortunes, and in a day or two after this meeting amongst those who can never wholly forget her, she receives some present which almost breaks her heart through very joy—that joy which is the grief of gladness.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LONDON FOG.—(See page 432.)

SUCH of our country readers as have never been in town about this season of the year, can scarcely imagine what it is to grope their way through a downright thorough London Fog. It is something like being imbedded in a dilution of yellow peas-pudding, just thick enough to get through it without being wholly choked or completely suffocated. You can just see through the yard of it which, at the next stride, you are doomed to swallow, and that is all. It is a kind of meat and drink, and very sorry sustenance for those who are asthmatical, as you may tell by hearing one old cough answering to another from opposite sides of the street, and which, although you cannot see the passengers, you can tell, from their grumbling, that they do not like the fare at all. You have the same soft-soapy atmosphere served up at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; every time you open your mouth you partake of it, and all day long you are compelled to burn lights, and, in addition to the fog, inhale the fumes from gas, candle, or lamp, which have no more chance of escape than you have, so burn on dim, yellow, and sulkily, as if the very lights needed all the warmth they could obtain, and thus confine themselves to illuminating the smallest possible space. The whole city seems covered with a crust, and all the light you can see beneath it appears as if struggling through the huge yellow basin it overspreads. You fancy that all the smoke which had ascended for years from the thousands of London chimneys, had fallen down all at once, after having rotted somewhere above the clouds; smelling as if it had been kept too long, and making you wheeze and sneeze, as if all the colds in the world were rushing into your head for warmth, and did not care a straw about killing a few thousands of people, so long as they could but lodge comfortably for a few hours anywhere. You blow like a grampus in a quicksand, with the keel of a seventy-four on his back, and get about as much fresh air as if you were in his situation: a pair of bellows with a hole in the side, through which you might cram your double fist, would make perfect music, when blown, compared to the noise of your own breathing. You seem as if you had swallowed six broken-winded horses; that they were inside of you alive and kicking; and, for the soul of you, you cannot get rid of one.

You step gingerly along, feeling your way beside the walls, windows, and doors, whenever you can, until at last you tumble headlong into some cellar—perhaps on the shoulders of the little cobbler who is at work below, and who chances to have his sharp awl uplifted at the moment; or, perhaps, it is an underground coal-shed, and you alight on the back of the black-looking woman weighing coals, and double her up in her own scale—receiving, in return, a couple of black eyes from her husband. After a hearty drubbing, you escape once more into the street; and, as you cannot see a yard before you, break your shins over a milkman's can, and upset the contents on the greasy pavement; he tries to collar you, but your blood is now up, and you give him a "straight arm," which sends him into the area, upsetting the fat cook as he falls. You then run for it, and come full butt against the "bow-window" of a respectable old gentleman, with whom you have a roll or two in the gutter, thankful that you did not fall on the other side, and stave in the shop-front. You shake yourself, and are glad that you are as you are—for a foot beyond where you fell there yawns an open grating, beneath which runs the huge sewer that empties itself into the Thames—and you wonder how many have slipped in during the day. You tumble into a heap of unslacked lime; but that you think nothing of, too thankful to find it was not a fire. You turn up what seems to be a court, to give yourself a rub-down, and run your head against a pail of whitewash, which hangs suspended from a ladder: the whole contents flow over you; and, before you can see where you are, you fall over a sweep, who is tying up his blanket of soot, roll into the midst of it, and come out a pretty picture—something like the inside of an old chimney, and the outside of a rough-cast wall, just mortared.

Some good Samaritan in the court takes pity on you by lending you a towel, and furnishing you with a pail of water, and you make the best of a bad job, by cleansing yourself as you can. This done, you sally out again, more cautious than ever—the deep yellow darkness meantime increasing: you proceed slowly, and feel every foot of your way, for seeing is out of the question beyond arm's-length. Cautiously you grope along by the board of a fishmonger's shop, on which lie three or four large black live lobsters; one with his claws open closes on your hand like a vice, and you run shrieking for very life. The fishmonger catches sight of the lobster dangling from your hand, and, believing you have stolen it, follows with a loud cry of "Stop thief!" He is brought up, with his head in the tar-barrel, at the front of his neighbour the oilman's door; and the monster, by being banged against the wall, having by this time loosed his hold, you go along writhing and groaning, and wondering what will next befall you.

Porters with heavy burthens, women and men with fish, water-cresses, &c., you run against every few minutes, and think nothing of that. Sometimes you are knocked down, then again it is their lot to fall, and finding that the average runs pretty fair for and against the feller and the fallen, you rest contented on that score—considering the running of the edges of half a dozen umbrellas into your mouth as so many little ones in. If you mistake a dimly-lighted shop-front for some turning, and chance to shove your head through a pane of glass, all you can do is to walk as quietly on as if nothing were amiss—two strides and you are in safety, and as far out of sight as if buried in Egyptian darkness; and they are sure to seize the first unfortunate fellow they can lay hands upon, who might have been just as likely to have made the mistake as yourself; to know which is of some comfort. That two or three dogs have run full gallop between your legs and thrown you down as many times, are accidents too common to need recording. As for your watch, that of course went before you had walked one hundred yards—you saw the fellow's arm that dragged it out of your pocket, and that was all; it was a jerk amid the deep fog, a rush, in which your nose came against a dead wall, and by the time you had rubbed the grazed tip a little, you thought that you might as well hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay, as attempt to follow the thief in that dusky, woolly, and deceptive light.

With great difficulty, and after many enquiries, you find a tavern; for you know no more than the man-in-the-moon what part of London you are in. You enter a dim cheerless room without a fire, in which the gas burns faintly, as if unable to pierce the fleecy fog which surrounds it. You wonder whether the peg on which you hang your hat would bear your weight; and, as you lay hold of the bell-rope, cannot help trying the strength of it: the height of the ceiling also catches your eye, and you marvel that more people do not hang themselves on such a day. The very poker in the fireless grate has a cold, clammy, and murderous look; and when the waiter enters, you fancy that he has just been cut down. You light a cigar, and begin to think a little better of matters, and to reckon how many glasses of hot brandy-and-water would throw you into a state of oblivion—that is, leave you dead drunk until the dawning of another day. These thoughts vanish with a second glass, and you again venture forth, resolved this time to get into an omnibus, should one be found bold enough to venture out on such a day. After waiting for some time, and hailing by mistake half-a-dozen coal-waggons and carriers' carts, you perceive an omnibus creeping by at a snail's pace; enter, and squeeze yourself into a seat beside the door. You cannot see to the top of it for the fog, so have no fear of your tailor recognising you, should he happen to be inside—one comfort out of so many evils. While you are sitting, and congratulating yourself that you have escaped so well, up comes a cab-horse with his head through the open door, and his hot nostrils on your face. A few rough compliments are exchanged between the cab-driver and the conductor, during which something is said about the glanders, which haunts you for days after; the more so through your nose being red and raw, by grazing it against the wall when the thief ran away with your watch. To what quarter the omnibus is going gives you no concern, for you are glad to get anywhere to be out of the way on such a day. Great, however, is your indignation, after having been carried some three-score yards, to find that you are at the Cross Keys, in Fleet-street, having got in at the corner of Bride-court, and that the omnibus goes no further. You pay your threepence with a protest, and are thankful that you cannot see the passengers, who are laughing at you. You have, however, the satisfaction of seeing a heavy old gentleman plant one foot into a basket of oranges on the edge of the pavement, and that puts you into a little better humour, especially when, at the next step, he plunges his head into the window of a book-shop, and knocks down the middle of three rows of richly-bound volumes, besides smashing no end of panes of glass.

On such a day, the man who milks his cow in the street is compelled to lay hold of her tail, for fear of losing sight of her; while the butcher-boy who carries out meat is often minus a joint or two when he reaches the door at which his orders ought to have been delivered. Should such a day be Smithfield Market, all the cellar-flaps in the little by-streets are left open, in the hopes of catching a few stray sheep, and having a stock of mutton for nothing: should a prize bullock tumble in, they make no bones of him, but salt down what is left, and bless the fog for supplying them with so much excellent beef.

A stranger to London, when the fog sets in at night, and he looks upon it for the first time, fancies his apartments filled with smoke, and begins by throwing open his doors and windows—thus making bad worse, by destroying all the warm air in the rooms. Even one well accustomed to the ins and outs of our far-stretching city is strangely deceived in distance, and by the size objects assume, as they loom in dim and gigantic dimensions through the heavy fog. The gas-lamps appear as if placed three-story high, unless you stand close beneath them, for what light they emit is nearly all thrown upward; while a cab comes heaving up (to appearance) as large as the huge caravan which Wombwell formerly used for the conveyance of his stupendous elephant. Once take a wrong turning, and you may consider yourself very fortunate if you ever discover the right road again within three hours; for the houses wear a different appearance, and the streets appear to be all at "sixes and sevens."

Although a real Londoner looks upon a dense December fog as a common occurrence, and lights up his premises with as little ceremony as he would do at the close of the day, yet, to one unused to such a scene, there is something startling in the appearance of a vast city wrapt in a kind of darkness which seems neither to belong to the day nor the night, at the mid-noon hour, while the gas is burning in the windows of long miles of streets. The greatest marvel, after all, is that so few accidents happen in this dim, unnatural light, in the midst of which business seems to go on as usual, and would do, we believe, were the whole of London buried in midnight darkness at noonday, which would only be looked upon as a further deepening of the overhanging gloom. The number of lighted torches which are carried and waved at the corners and crossings of the streets add greatly to the wild and picturesque effect of the scene, as they flash redly upon the countenances of the passengers, and, in the distance, have the effect of a city enveloped in a dense mass of smoke, through which the smouldering flames endeavour in vain to penetrate.

During a heavy fog many accidents occur on the river, through barges running foul of each other, or vessels coming athwart the bridges—for there is no seeing the opening arch from the rock-like buttress, as the whole river looks like one huge bed of dense stagnant smoke, through which no human eye can penetrate. If you lean over the balustrades of the bridge, you cannot see the vessel which may at that moment be passing beneath, so heavy is the cloudy curtain which covers the water. At such times the steam-boats cease running, and rest quietly at their moorings, for the man at the wheel would be unable to see half the length of his vessel. Sometimes a steamer, coming up the river, takes a fancy to a shorter cut, by trying to clear Blackwall Reach, and come overland through the Marshes below Greenwich, or by running her head into the Isle of Dogs, where she lies aground until the next tide.

Many lives have been lost through foot-passengers mistaking the steps at the foot of some of the bridges for the opening of the bridge itself, and ere they were aware of it, rolling head-foremost into the river. Strong iron-railings have been erected during the last few years, and have put an end to such dreadful accidents: at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, many, we have heard, thus lost their lives.

At this time the pavement is greasy, and, though you keep lifting up your legs, you are hardly positive whether or not you are making any progress. You seem to go as much backward as forward; and some old Cockneys do aver that the surest way of reaching Temple Bar from Charing Cross would be to start off with your face turned towards King Charles's statue, to walk away manfully without once turning your



CHRISTMAS-EVE IN YORKSHIRE—DRAWN BY DODGSON—(SEE PAGE 418.)

head, and that, by the end of three hours, you would be pretty sure of reaching the point aimed at, should you not be run over.

BRIGHTON FISHERMEN CAROL SINGING.

In concluding our Christmas article, we must introduce a group of Brighton Fishermen Singing Carols, from a sketch by Mr. Hine, together with the following notice, which he has also furnished:—

The fishermen of Brighton are said to be the descendants of a party of Spanish refugees, who settled there in the reign of Elizabeth, and were presented by her with certain land, for drying nets and other purposes connected with fisheries. Some of the names most common among them—as Mighell, Gunn, Jaspar—are also said to be written Miguel, Juan, Gaspard, &c. in the older parish records. Be this as it may, it is

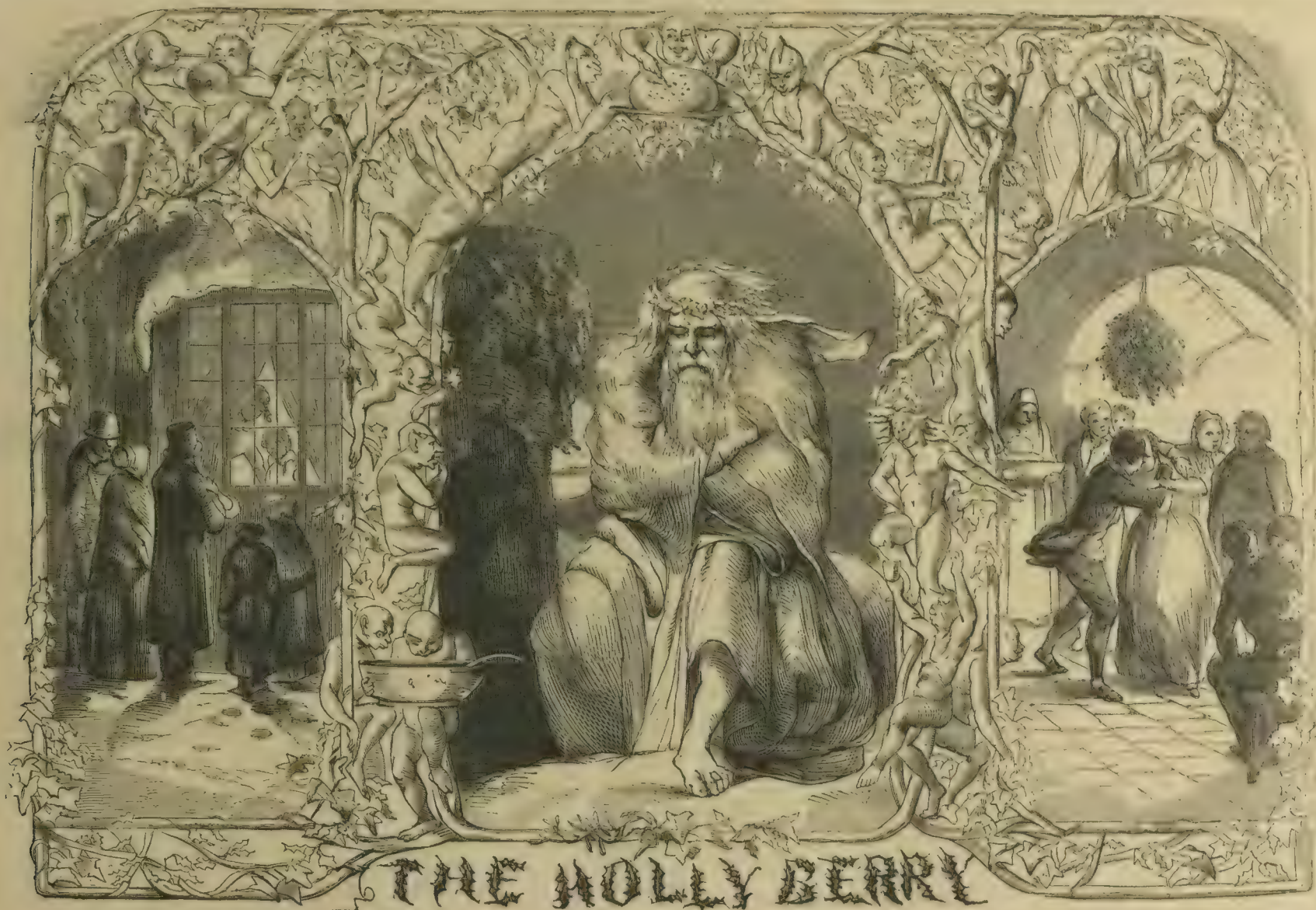
certain that they possess characteristics in feature and custom not met with amongst other classes in the town, or amid the peasantry in the neighbourhood. Black eyes and hair, and a clear brown complexion, are common amongst them, and seem to favour the idea of their southern origin. About twenty years ago, when the Old Steyne (to which they claim a traditional right) was about to be enclosed by iron railings, they drew to the contested ground some of their heaviest mackarel boats, capstans, &c., and armed with oars, spars, axes, and other implements of their trade, placed themselves in battle array to resist the proposed encroachment—pleading the rights granted to them originally by Queen Elizabeth. Nor was it until the authorities had admitted these claims, and promised that the gates should be made wide enough to admit the larger boats, in case of need, that they consented to allow the work to be completed.

Although uncouth in manners, they are industrious and inoffensive, holding but little intercourse, except in the way of business, with the townspeople, whom they generally designate "furringers" (*Anglicæ* foreigners). Their prevailing weakness is one for beer, and, under its influence, they sometimes become rather uproarious; yet, as they live, make love, marry, and fight amongst themselves, other classes of the community are not much affected by their peculiarities. The present festive season has the effect, however, of relaxing for a time their exclusive prejudices; and, forming themselves into groups of carol-singers—or, as they term themselves, "wassailers"—they enter the hotels and private dwelling-houses, and there sing their ancient carols.

After the lapse of nearly three centuries, they may be fairly considered to belong to England; and happy we are to make honourable mention of them in our Christmas columns.



CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGING, BY BRIGHTON FISHERMEN.—DRAWN BY HINE.



A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

WORDS BY THOMAS MILLER.

MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT.

Allegretto con spirito.

f *p*

cres. *ff* *ff*

Gone are the sum - mer hours, The birds have left their bowers; While the hol - ly true 're - tains his hue, Nor

chang - es like the flowers. Gone are the sum - mer hours, The birds have left their bowers; While the

pp

hol - ly true re - tains his hue, Nor *f*chang-es like the flowers. *p*On his

arm - ed leaf re - po - ses The ber - ries tinged like ro - ses; For he's e - ver seen in red and green While

ad lib. *** CHORUS.*
grim old Win - ter doz - es. Then drink to the hol - ly ber - ry With hey down, hey down
Then drink to the hol - ly ber - ry With hey down, hey down

colla voce *f*
der - ry; The mis - tle - toe we'll pledge al - so, And at Christ - mas all be mer - ry, at Christ - mas all be
der - ry; The mis - tle - toe we'll pledge al - so, And at Christ - mas all be mer - ry, merry, all, all be

p *cres.* *f*
mer - ry, at Christ - mas all be mer - ry.
mer - ry, mer - ry, all, all be mer - ry.

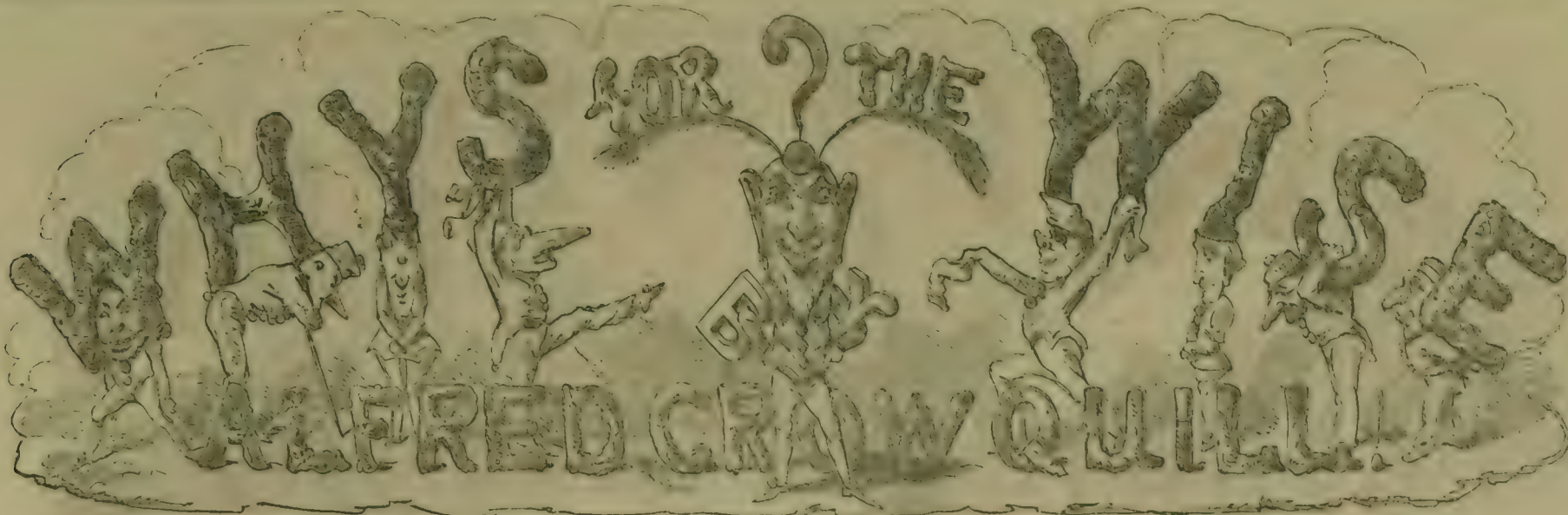
pia lento *ff*

2.
Above all cold affections,
Like pleasant recollections,
The ivy grows, and a deep veil throws
O'er all Time's imperfections;
The mould'ring column screening,
The naked gateway greening,
While the falling shrine it doth entwine
Like a heart that's homeward leaning.
Then drink to the holly-berry
With hey down, hey down derry;
The mistletoe we'll pledge also,
And at Christmas all be merry.

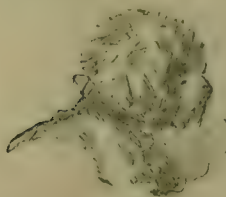
3.
We read in ancient story,
How the Druids in their glory
March'd forth of old, with hooks of gold,
To forests dim and hoary;
The giant oak ascended,
Then from its branches rended
The mistletoe, long long ago,
By maidens fair attended.
Then drink to the holly-berry
With hey down, hey down derry;
The mistletoe we'll pledge also,
And at Christmas all be merry.

4.
Each thorp and grange surrounding,
The waits to music bounding,
Aroused the cook, that her fire might smoke
Ere the early cock was sounding.
For all the land was merry,
And rang with "hey down derry."
While in castle hall and cottage small
There glitter'd the holly-berry.
Then drink to the holly-berry
With hey down, hey down derry;
The mistletoe we'll pledge also,
And at Christmas all be merry.

*** In the absence of a Chorus, the upper notes of the top line may be sung as a melody.*



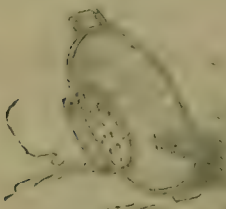
1. Why is this man like the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS?



2. Why is this like a Prime Minister?



3. Why can you only make half-a-sovereign with that which represents a sovereign?



4. Why is this like the present political arrangements?



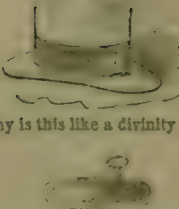
5. Why is this like a London gent?



6. Why ought he to keep this hat, although it does not fit him?



8. Why is this like a divinity?



9. Why would this make a good jockey?



10. Why is this like China?



11. Why is this like a notice of a house to let?



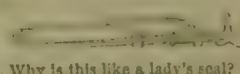
12. Why is this like Louis Napoleon?



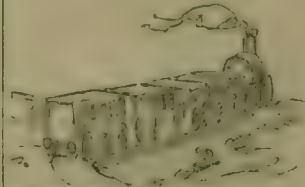
13. Why is this like prudence?



14. Why is this superior to Cobden?



15. Why is this like a lady's seal?



16. Why is this like a counterpane?



17. Why is this like Bulwer's last novel?



18. Why is this like a successful opposition?



19. Why are these skates like gruel?



20. Why is this, although the giver of courage to others, a great coward?



21. Why does this always claim precedence?



22. Why is this opera-hood like a bad husband?



23. Why ought this man never to be scolded for looking after the girls?



24. Why is this like an ambitious man?



25. Why is this like England?



26. Why is this like your wife in a passion?



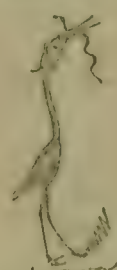
28. Why is this like a man offering you a ten-pound note?



29. Why is this like a rich man?



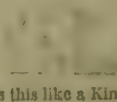
30. Why ought the donkey never to be a creditor?



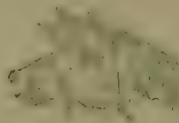
31. Why does this show the folly of accommodation?



32. Why is this like a creditor?



33. Why is this like a King?



34. Why is this like a negative?



35. Why is this like a man used to get drunk?



36. Why is this like an inconstant?



37. Why is this like the Prince of Wales?



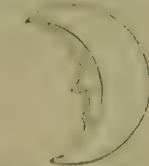
38. Why is this not fit to commence an action with?



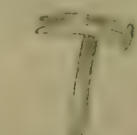
39. Why is this like ignorance?



40. Why is this like Turner's "Venice"?



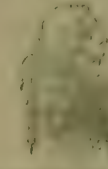
41. Why is this like Rothschild?



42. Why is this like a good General?



43. Why does this man never do?



44. Why is this man like a cat?



45. Why is this like a man used to get drunk?



46. Why is this like an inconstant?



47. Why is this like Jonny Lind?



48. Why are these bellows like a slaver?



49. Why is Cupid like an over-seeer?



50. Why is this an emblem of man's continual errors?



51. Why is this like the endeavour to discover the Pole?



52. Why is this like charity?



53. Why is this like Louis Philippe?



54. Why is it useless to send this bird a bushel of beans?



56. Why is this like Ireland?



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI."—PAINTED BY RUBENS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

PAINTED BY RUBENS.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from His own; but these,
Though strangers, His resplendent rays
Of majestic divine have spied.

Gold, frankincense, and myrror they give,
And worshiping Him plainly show
That unto Him they all things owe,
By whose love gift it is they live.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY.

This magnificent picture, unquestionably the finest of its class which Rubens ever painted, is in the Royal Museum of Madrid. In this instance, as well as in that of the celebrated picture in the Capitol of the Escorial, the Virgin, contrary to all custom, is not seated, but standing; and, in the words of Dr. Waageen, "the heavenly beauty of the features, and, still more, the dignity of the form, with the benign and graceful inclination of the body, render it exceedingly attractive."

The two paintings present other corresponding points of excellence. The Virgin is a tall, dignified figure; the rays of glory just touch her head. Of the work in the Escorial, Madame de Humboldt observes:—"The picture is so beautiful, in such noble keeping, and so free from that disagreeable voluptuousness which characterises Rubens's females in general, that it can be contemplated and dwelt on with delight, although hanging on the same wall with a Raphael and a Guido; while it possesses all the advantages which belonged so exclusively to the manner of Rubens—the most blooming flesh tints, the loveliest colouring."

Rubens painted the "Adoration of the Magi, or Three Kings," before he began his journey to Italy, in the year 1600. He is said to have added the right portion to the picture on one of his visits to Madrid, and also to have introduced his own portrait.

"The Adoration" has been commemorated in many a sweet and fervid strain of poetry—olden and contemporary. George Wither has the following Song:—

That so thy blessed birth, oh Christ,
Might through the world be spread
about,
Thy Starre appeared in the East,
Whereby the Gentiles found thee out;
And, off'ring Thee Myrrh, Incense, Gold,
Thy threefold Office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that Starre of Thine,
Thy Grace, which guides to find out
Thee,
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out maist bee:
And Thou shalt be our King, therefore,
Our Priest, and Prophet evermore.

The pious Bishop Heber has left us these impassioned lines:—

Bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye where, hovering o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Zion! virgin Queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes, but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes! in lowly guise and peace;
No peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul;
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

The following passage is from "Lines suggested by a Picture of the Adoration of the Magians," by Richard C. Trench:—

But of all this scanty state
That upon His steps might wait,
Dearest are those Magian Kings,
With their far-brought offerings.
From what region of the morn
Are ye come, thus travel-worn,
With those boxes pearl-embosom'd,
Caskets rare, and gifts of cost?
While your swarth attendants wait
At the stable's outer gate,
And the camels lift their head
High above the lowly shed;
Or are seen, a long-drawn train,
Winding down into the plain,
From below the light-blue line
Of the hills in distance fine,
Dear for your own sake, whence are ye?
Dearer for the mystery
That is round you—on what skies
Gazing, saw you first arise,
Thro' the darkness, that clear star,
Which has marshall'd you so far,
Even unto this strawy tent,

Dancing up the Orient?
Shall we name you Kings indeed,
Or is this our idle creed?
Kings of Seba, with the gold
And the incense long foretold?
Would the Gentile world by you
First-fruits pay of tribute due;
Or have Israel's scatter'd race,
From their unknown hiding-place,
Sent to claim their part and right
In the Child new-born to-night?
Thus so soon as far apart
From the proud world in our heart,
As in stable dark defiled,
There is born the Eternal Child.
May to Him the Spirit's kings
Bear their choicest offerings;
May the Affections, Reason, Will,
Wait upon Him to fulfil
His behests, and early pay
Homage to His natal day.

For the ready quotation of these illustrative extracts, our acknowledgment is due to the Editor of a seasonable volume, just published, entitled "Christmas Tyde," containing about one hundred "Festive Hymnes," and "Carols," Odes, and Spiritual Songs, classified in Three Parts—the Advent, the Birth, and the Infancy, in addition to Descriptive Pieces on subjects associated with Christmas Tyde; from the earliest poets to those of our own time. The inscription page bears the following:—

To DAME EMMA DOROTHEA, wife of Sir FRANCIS ASTLEY, Bart., these Memorials of Christmas are presented, in remembrance of her love for such hallowed themes, and her appreciative enjoyment of Christian art.

The book is produced in Mr. Pickering's characteristic style of appropriateness; printed in olden type, and illustrated from one of Raffaele's masterpieces.

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2. THE PSALTER NOTES, and Accompanying Harmonies to the Psalter Notes. By the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE, M.A. J. A. Novello.
3. CHRISTMAS CAROLS, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. J. Masters.
4. LAST NIGHT I LAY A-SLEEPING. Composed by H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. J. Masters.

The improvement of Ecclesiastical Music is evidently occupying the attention of the admirers of the sacred school of composition. To elevate the character of the music, to improve the execution of the musical service in our cathedrals, and to promote congregational singing in parts in our churches, many eminent professors and amateurs are now making strenuous efforts. In the provinces, religious art is more cultivated, and is making greater progress, than in the metropolitan diocese. We were much struck during the last Norwich Festival with the careful rendering of the services at the Cathedral in that town. Mr. Buck, the organist, takes especial pains in the important matter, and the majesty of the musical service is maintained by his discipline. One of his pupils, Dr. Bexfield, organist of St. Helen's, in the City, appears desirous of emulating the example of his respected master. A volume of Anthems, which have appeared from time to time in a detached form, are now before us, and prove the musical acquirements of this young and rising musician. In this collection there are seven full anthems—three in five parts, three in four, and one in eight parts. The words of the first anthem, "Hear my Prayer," from the Psalms, have been before treated, by Kent: it was the anthem performed at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. The anthem, "Hide thy face from my sins," in four parts, has also been treated by Farrant. Dr. Bexfield follows in the wake of Croft, Boyce, Greene, &c., preserving the grave and devotional style, and characteristics of our peculiarly national school of anthem writing. He has left nothing to the imagination of the organ-players in the accompaniments, a line being devoted to the pedal passages. Dr. Bexfield displays a feeling for graceful and expressive harmony; his knowledge of contrapuntal

treatment is evident, his symphonies are well designed, and the vocal parts move freely and flowingly. The canon in the "Glory to God" is a satisfactory specimen of Dr. Bexfield's erudition; and, as an upholder of the English sacred school, his anthems are deserving of every praise.

The work of the Rev. T. Helmore (Priest in Ordinary to the Queen, Precentor of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, and Master of the Children of H. M. Chapel Royal) is after the manner of "Marbeck's Prayer-Book, Noted," every syllable being set to a note or notes. In Marbeck only general directions being given for the chanting of the Psalms, the present undertaking supplies the gap. The ancient notation has been followed—easily understood with the perusal of Mr. Helmore's preliminary explanations. For the use of churches in which there is no organ, or where harmonised vocal music is preferred to the unison, a second book, entitled "Accompanying Harmonies," has been published. The rev. author devotes the profits of these very useful and praiseworthy publications to the Metropolitan Church-Building Fund.

The Carols comprise "Once, in Royal David's City," "As Joseph was a-walking," "Upon the Snow-clad Earth without," and "There were Shepherds once abiding." Dr. Gauntlett's carol is an original composition, the words of which are by the author of "The Island Choir." The composer and organist is one of the most distinguished theorists and writers on musical matters this country has produced, and as a lecturer has no rival. His works on congregational singing have exercised the most beneficial influence.

THE MUSICAL ANNUALS.

1. ALBUM JULIEN, 1850. Edited by THOMAS BAKER. Jullien and Co.
2. THE MUSICAL BIJOU: an Album of Music and Poetry for 1850. Edited by F. H. BURNEY. D'Almaine and Co.

Jullien's musical library has produced, as usual, a splendid album, gorgeous in the illustrating department, and rich in musical attractions. The covers in gold and colours, with the presentation page, are elaborate and tasteful. Brandard's frontispieces, lithographed in colours, are portraits of Jetty Treffz as *Arline*, in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and Sontag as *Desdemona*. The association of the two German artistes is scarcely fair, Sontag being infinitely superior to the Viennese vocalist, who, in fact, cannot be even compared with many of our own native singers. There are sixteen vocal and fifteen instrumental pieces. Amongst the former are two airs (one from the "Prophète") by Meyerbeer, three ballads by Edward Loder, two by Angelina, two by Lamoureux, two by T. Baker (the editor), and the others are by Balfe, Lindpaintner, H. Smart, Linley, Koch-Albert (Jullien). The words of these compositions are written by Mrs. Corbould, Mrs. Hemans, Messrs. B. J. Gill, A. Crowquill, G. Linley, W. H. Bellamy, Palgrave Simpson, Shirley Brooks, Lowe, and A. Waymark. The instrumental works include a fantasia, "Solitude," by W. V. Wallace, the "Prophète Quadrilles," the "Masaniello Quadrille," the "Drum Polka," the "Prophète Waltz," "Palmyra Quadrille," by Jullien, with other dance pieces by König, Barret, Lavenue, and by a son of Prince Metternich. With the names we have enumerated, it may be readily concluded that there is much pleasing music in the selection.

The "Bijou" maintains its fame as the gem of musical illustration. The covers, the frontispiece, the title and border, and presentation plate, printed at the chromo-lithographic press of D'Almaine and Co., have been magnificently executed, from designs by eminent artists. There are eight illustrations for the musical *morceaux*; some of the drawings are graceful and characteristic; and the whole is of average merit. The vocal contributors are G. H. Rodwell, Stephen Glover, A. Lee, F. N. Cronch, C. Morton, A. Wilson, and W. Palmer; the poetry is by Mrs. Crawford, H. Sinclair, L. Rolfe, E. J. Gill, J. F. Smith, and J. E. Carpenter; the instrumental writers are Ricardo Linter, S. Glover, A. Norman, Herr Lenz, E. Schwartz, and H. Bardoni. There are fourteen vocal and eight instrumental pieces. The "Musical Bijou" is altogether a splendid annual.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1. WINTER'S WARM FRESIDE. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. C. and R. Ollivier.
2. FLEUR DE MARIE. Music by G. BARKER. Cocks and Co.
3. THE LAST MEETING. By LINTER. D'Almaine and Co.
4. VICTORIA AND OUR NATIVE LAND. By S. NELSON. Cocks and Co.
5. HUNGARIAN SERENADE. By M. A. YOUNG. Addison and Co.
6. THE SISTER ISLE. By Mr. C. BEALE and SIGNOR LANZA. C. Beale.
7. THE LITTLE MOLES. Poetry by C. MACKAY, Esq., Music by G. TALHURST. J. Blackman.
8. COME, COME TO THE WILLOW DELL. Vocal Duet. By G. HERBERT RODWELL. Cocks and Co.
9. LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS, easy to sing and easy to play. LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE PLAYERS, arranged to suit small hands. G. H. Davidson.
10. COME AWAY, LOVE. SPRING. By F. HINSBURY. Addison and Co.
11. WHY DO YOU WATCH THE LONE, LONE DEEP? Duet. By STEPHEN GLOVER. Cocks and Co.
12. GUYLOTT'S FAMILY PRECEPTOR. Webb.

No. 1 is a seasonable song, in four flats, illustrated by the interior of an old baronial hall, with a Christmas party round the yule-log, welcoming the arrival of the pudding. After such an appeal, the charm of music would be irresistible.—No. 2, in four flats, three-four time, is an expressive melody. The words are by Mr. G. J. Cook, and were suggested by the engraving of "Fleur de Marie," after she had taken the veil.—No. 3 is one of the series of the legends of Italy. The poetry is by Mrs. Crawford, and the music is graceful, and well adapted for a contralto voice.—No. 4, Mr. Nelson's loyal effusion, the words by J. W. Lake, is adapted for public dinners.—The Serenade, No. 5, is elegant.—No. 6 is another national song, suggested by her Majesty's visit to Ireland.—No. 7 is a political ditty, the *refrain* of which is, "Grub, little moles, grub underground—there's sunshine in the sky:" the words are racy and spirited, like all Mr. Mackay's songs for the people.—Mr. Rodwell's duet (No. 8) is fresh and pleasing.—The two volumes (No. 9) form divisions 17 and 18 of Davidson's *Musical Treasury*, and are well adapted for the rising generation—the "little dears" who are making early efforts to sing and play. The music is by the most eminent composers, nicely arranged for the juvenile students.—No. 10. The two songs by Mr. Kingsbury are smooth and melodious.—The duet (No. 11) is clever and musician-like.—No. 12, the "Family Preceptor," is an easy guide: it is not crowded with difficulties in the progressive lessons for the piano; and as a school-book to begin with the rudiments, has been carefully compiled.

DANCE MUSIC.

1. ALICE POLKA. DES WANDERERS LEBEWohl. MARCH OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. Composed by JOHANN STRAUSS. Cocks and Co.
2. THE MISSELETOE SCHOTTISCHE, and THREE NEW POLKAS. By W. H. B. D'Almaine and Co.
3. THE BRUNSWICK POLKA. By Miss A. S. MOUNSEY. Charles and Robert Ollivier.
4. THE SEA-SERPENT POLKA. By ELLEN L. GLASCOCK. S. H. Webb.
5. THE MADRAS FUSILLER GALOP. By H. BRINLEY RICHARDS. Hammond.
6. A SET OF SIX WALTZES. By R. A. MORTON. Addison and Co.

The revolution effected in dance music by the compositions of Strauss and Lanner was noticed recently in our obituary of the former celebrated composer. Labitzsky, Musard, and Jullien have followed in the wake of the Viennese musicians, and now the present race of writers for dance purposes essay to imitate their predecessors in the use of inspiring themes, passionate melodies, caprice of rhythm, and *finesse* in the details. The Polka and the Waltz were placed in Strauss's coffin at his funeral: and the March—a very spirited one—was composed for his last *matinée musicale* in this country, last season; thus investing these works with a melancholy interest, independently of their musical merits. The other compositions we have enumerated above have all considerable merit, particularly the "Schottische," with the inviting title of the "Misseletoe"—certainly a heart-jumping as well as foot-stirring title. The composer, W. H. B., was the writer of the Christmas Polka, which appeared in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS last year. His subjects are catching and pleasing; and the devotees of the light fantastic toe will be gratified with the sparkling and well-accented polkas which accompany the "Misseletoe Schottische."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

CHRISTMAS, this year, has not produced the usual crop of gift-books. There is a blight upon these ephemera: the public is weary of inanities, whether presented in the form of Books of Beauty, or of imitations of Chimes and Christmas Carols. The Annuals are all but defunct. The once abundant supply of Keepsakes, Amulets, and Forget-Me-Nots has begun to fail, and the buds have dropped off, one by one, never to bloom again. Mr. Dickens's stories have no longer the gloss of novelty; and such a swarm of imitators have rushed into the field after him—not because they have had merit or talent, but because he has been successful—that the very name of a Christmas Book has become distasteful. Publishers, in default of other attractions at Christmas time, have taken to re-printing standard works; and, by the aid of fine paper and type, and the elegances of binding, have managed to make old friends look better than new, and to provide gift-books suitable for all tastes. Possibly, at some future time, novelty will again be in request, and a new form of annual story-book, or poem, will bud forth amid the winter snows, and draw the coin from the pockets of those who wish to make literary presents. Until that time, we suppose we must be contented with what we have got.

Fisher's *Drawingroom Scrap-Book*—the oldest and most gorgeous of the Annuals—has been already noticed in our columns; but we return to it again, in order that the subject of Christmas Books may not be rendered incomplete in this place by its omission from among its fellows. It appears this year under the editorship of Mr. Charles Mackay, who has succeeded the Hon. Mrs. Norton in that somewhat difficult post. In his hands we do not think its usefulness or its beauty likely to be diminished. The following verses afford a fair sample of its poetry:—

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

Raise high the Flag of England—
The banner of the brave!
But not to desolate the world,
To conquer or enslave;
And not for civil warfare,
As in the days of yore,
When British steel beneath its folds
Was bathed in British gore.
Each flaunting rag,
A nation's flag,
May boast of deeds like these;
But we men,
The free men,
Claim nobler victories.

Raise high the flag of England!
If mid the battle crush
Its only triumphs had been won,
An Englishman might blush.
If by aggressive armies
Its brightest fame was bought,
We'd groan to think our fathers wrong,
And deem its glories nought;
We'd weep to own
Our power misgown,
And to the world proclaim,
That we men,
The free men,
Would earn a better fame.

Raise high the flag of England—
The meteor of the fight!
That never flash'd on battle-field
Except to lead the right;
That never graced the triumphs
Of Caesars, or their hosts;
Or carried rapine and revenge
To unoffending coasts.
Unfurl it high
In purity—
The flag without a stain!
That we men,
The free men,
May swear by it again.

Wherever it has floated,
Upon the sea or land,
There world-adorning Trade has stretch'd
Her civilising hand;
There Enterprise has ventured
Her argosies high-piled;
There Science strew'd the earth with flowers,
And kindly Knowledge smiled.
O'er deeds like these,
In storm and breeze,
Our flag has been unfurled;
And we men,
The free men,
Can show them to the world.

It led our sons undaunted,
With earnest souls sublime,
To track the bounds of earthly space
Through every zone and clime.
Through savage lands death-haunted,
Where southern oceans roll,
Through swamps and deserts of the line,
Or ice-fields of the Pole.
Wherever Trade
Or Science bade,
Discovery turned her prow,
That we men,
The free men,
Might glory in it now.

Be these thy triumphs ever,
Oh banner of our sires!
May never war unfurl thy cross
To gleam above her fires.
May civil strife ne'er plant thee
Upon the plain or hill,
But Peace, Discovery, Love, and Joy,
Exalt and wave thee still.
O'er smiling downs,
And prosperous towns,
Float, banner, as of yore,
That we men,
The free men,
May love thee evermore.

The *Keepsake* is almost the sole survivor of its class. It bears this year upon its title-page the name of the Countess of Blessington, but was only partially edited by that lamented lady. The preface gives the following modest account, by her successor, of the circumstances under which her task was undertaken:—

"For some months previous to her lamented death, Lady Blessington had been contemplating the completion of this work, and had designed for its pages one of her latest productions. When the career of her under whose brilliant auspices this periodical had so often appeared was suddenly brought to a close, the proprietor, unwilling to keep back a volume which he felt was invested with so peculiar and melancholy an interest, ventured to trust its conclusion to one who, however deficient she may be in those qualifications which so eminently fitted Lady Blessington to produce a work of this nature, has at least had the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the system of management pursued by the late editress; who had even assisted in her labours, and who was

in communication with the contributors whose names—many of them long known and highly esteemed in the literary world—appear in the following pages. Having bestowed her best attention on the present volume of the "Keepsake," she trusts it will be allowed to bear comparison with its predecessors; or that, if it be found in any degree wanting, the very peculiar circumstances under which it was brought out will be accepted by an indulgent public in extenuation of the deficiency."

The engravings are of various orders of merit. Among our favourites are "May Cumming," by J. B. Smith, a beautiful study of a Scottish lass, with her water-pitcher, standing at a mountain rill; "Elfrida," by E. Corbould; and the "Exile's Wife," by T. F. Marshall.

The list of contributors is large, but not eminent, and includes a swarm of the minnows of literature, with only one or two tritons among them. In the latter class we must rank Barry Cornwall and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Barry Cornwall's contribution is the most striking in the book: rough, but vigorous—prosaic, yet poetical—homely and affecting in its way—and with a touch of real tragedy:—

VERDICT, "FOUND DEAD."

About ten years ago, a paragraph appeared in some of the daily newspapers, giving an account of an inquest held on the body of a young woman "found dead" in some obscure street or lane in London. The body was discovered frightfully emaciated, scantily clothed, and in a poor garret, which was entirely destitute of every article of furniture, comfort, or otherwise, except a few ragged love-letters, which she had preserved through every privation. According to the evidence, she had been at one time a person of considerable beauty, and had evidently died of hunger.

'Twas on a dark December's evening,
Loud the blast, and bitter cold;
Downwards came the whirling waters,
Deep and black the river roll'd;
Not a dog beneath the tempest—
Not a beggar upon his beat;
Wind and rain, and cold and darkness,
Swept through ev'ry desert street.

Muffled to the teeth, that evening
I was struggling in the storm,
Through pestilential lanes and hungry alleys;
Suddenly, an ancient form
Peep'd from out a gloomy doorway,
And, with trembling croak, it said,
"In the left-hand empty garret
You will find a woman—dead!"

"Never stepp'd a finer creature,
When she was a simple maid;
But she did like many others—
Loved a man and was betray'd.
I have seen her in her carriage
Riding, diamonds in her hair;
And I've seen her starving (starving!)
Do you hear?), and now—she's there!"

Up the worn and slippery staircase
With a quicken'd pulse I sprung;
Famine, filth, and mean despair
Round about the darkness hung:
No kind vision met my glances—
Friend or helper of the poor,
So the crazy room I enter'd,
And look'd down upon the floor.

There, on the rough and naked boards,
A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay,
Murder'd in its youth by Hunger—
All its beauty—wrinkled clay.
Life's poor wants had left her nothing—
Clothes nor fuel, food nor bed;
Nothing, save some ragged letters,
Whereon lay the ghastly head!

Nothing! yet, what more could Pity
Crave for one about to die,
Than sweet words from one she worshipp'd
(Sweet, though every word a lie)?
In the morning of her pleasure,
In the midnight of her pain,
They were all her wealth, her comfort,
Treasured, ay, and not in vain.

And with her they now lie mouldering—
And a date upon a stone
Telleth where (to end the story)
Love's poor outcast sleeps alone.
Mourn not; for at length she sleepeth
The soft slumber of the dead,
Resting on her loved love-letters—
Last, fit pillow for her head!

Mrs. Hall's story of the "Wild Rose of Rosstrevor" is beautifully and simply told. We wish it were not too long for quotation in our columns. The other articles are of the *ultra-mediocre* school, and require no further notice.

The *Court Album* is a nondescript volume, neither annual nor periodical, and looking as little like a Christmas book in anything save gilding and binding, as can well be imagined. It contains fourteen portraits of the female aristocracy, with short prose notices, written *at*, rather than upon, the lovely subjects. The ladies whose portraits are presented are, the Marchioness of Ormonde, Miss Georgina Lygon, Miss Edith Mercer, Lady Clementina Villiers, Lady Elizabeth Villiers, Lady Adela Ibbetson, the Countess of Essex, Mrs. Charles Cavendish, Miss Ogilvie, Princess Nicholas Esterhazy, the Viscountess Drumlanrig, Lady Frances Russell, the Hon. Caroline Dawson, and the Hon. Matilda Paget. The English aristocracy, that can boast among its members such flowers of loveliness as these, deserves the character it has acquired, of being the handsomest aristocracy in the world. The letterpress which accompanies the exquisite portrait of the fascinating Princess Esterhazy will show how little this beautiful volume owes to its editor, and how difficult it is to write aside of a subject—at it, and not of it. The extract affords a fair sample of the literature of the volume:—

PRINCESS NICHOLAS ESTERHAZY.

For the world—we mean the world which lies without the latitude and longitudes of informed society—the idea connected with the name of Esterhazy is quite curious enough to warrant its being transcribed and pinned down upon paper, as one selects a specimen of entomological eccentricity. The leading notion is "something about diamonds." *Othello's* barbarian estimate of the way to make a valuable world—"of one entire and perfect chrysolite" (a thought which always appeared to us as having slipped, by mistake, out of the part of *Shylock*), resembles the ordinary opinion in that matter. The tradition of the "jacket of jackets," so full of precious stones so previously appended, that "a thousand punds' worth drop off every time its wearer puts it on," is as firmly fixed in the popular mind as the legend of the telescope-maker's mark half way up the south front of Somerset House—an object which all London believes is the watch of a man who was repairing the building, who fell, and who, being saved by his chain catching a nail, left the article as a "votive offering." Napoleon d'Abrantes did something towards confirming this faith when he wrote his lively narrative of the procession of the Fête Dieu, at Vienna. "One of the finest objects in this ceremony is the detachment of the Hungarian Guard, commanded by Prince Esterhazy. Nothing can give an idea of the pomp of this corps—nothing can make you understand the appearance of its Chief. All the diamonds of the house of Esterhazy, entailed thereon like an estate, sparkled that day on the Prince, as all those upon the house of Cadaval upon St. George's hat at Lisbon. His costume, which is the national Hungarian one, consists of a pelisse and loose cloak, each plate of which is of

fine pearls, and every button a diamond: his horse's martingale is one stream of diamonds." And then another legend is rife, which states that a Scotch nobleman, showing the ambassador his estate, said, "I have four thousand sheep." "But you have mentioned the number of my shepherds," was the reply. Uniting these ideas with a general impression of awe and admiration with which the brilliant career of a successful European diplomatist inspires the public, the result is, that any nobleman who for years may bear the name of Esterhazy, will be looked upon as the minister who ought to have been present when Aladdin's mother brought the baskets full of huge jewels to the Sultan, as such a counsellor would first have diplomatically arranged a wager of dropping alternate diamonds, stone against stone (as the Beggar of Bethnal-green did with money), for his daughter's hand; and would, secondly, have magnificently flung down showers of inestimable gems from his own treasure-house, enriching his master, and utterly discomfiting the base-born pretender to a Royal alliance.

And there may be something in public faith, after all—there usually is; for, "rich in routes, diamonds, cash, and credit" as is the illustrious and most ancient house of Esterhazy, it is wealthy beyond all count in nobler jewels—intellect, high honour, and unswerving loyalty. It is even less necessary to add that the house of Esterhazy has been still further enriched by an alliance with the noble English family of Jersey.

The *Babes in the Wood*, a reprint of the touching old ballad, is a re-issue of a beautiful little volume that made its first appearance last year, and excited much admiration for the charming tenderness and simplicity of its illustrations. They are from the hand of the Marchioness of Waterford, and reflect much honour on her Ladyship's taste, feeling, and accomplishment. The book is quite a gem of typography and embellishment, and is sure to become a favourite wherever it is known. The illustrations have been executed by Mr. Brandard, from thirteen stones, so as to produce the requisite effect, without one touch of hand workmanship.

The *Book of Ruth* is issued by the same publisher. It is a black-letter reprint of that affecting book of Holy Writ, with profuse illustrations by the Lady Augusta Cadogan. The designs are very effective.

The *Episodes of Insect Life*, by Acheta Domestica, is not, strictly speaking, a Christmas book, but it is something better. It is a book for all seasons, and will be as welcome to all true lovers of nature in midsummer as in midwinter. Its design is a happy one. The author, or authoress (we think we are not wrong in attributing the work to a lady) enters into the closest arcana of insect life; and, by exaggerating their proportions in reference to the world in which they move, makes us acquainted with their habits in a manner as original as it is charming. There is no formidable array of scientific nomenclature to repel the reader—all is clear, simple, and intelligible, and we feel that in such companionship solitude is populous.

"With fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things
That innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life."

What, for instance, can be better than the opening chapter on the Lady-bird?

"THE LADY-BIRD OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

Give me leave
To eat my fill, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul surface of the infected leaf.

"Many who exterminate spiders as a matter of merit, crush earwigs without remorse, and hold black-beetles in abhorrence, look with involuntary kindness on the little red-beetle styled a Lady-bird. For this especial favour she stands indebted partly to her pretty spotted gown, and partly to her being associated with the earliest recollections of our childhood. A word or two, *en passant*, on nursery rhymes, on that one at least which is pertinent to our subject:—

'Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your children alone!'

Now, in reality, instead of flying to the rescue of her own innocents, her business is most probably to murder and devour a score of other innocents, clustered together on a hop or rose-leaf; or, in other words, to make a luscious meal of *Aphides* or Honey-dew Insects, of whom her Lady-birdship is exceedingly fond—fond as a wolf of a flock of sheep.

"So stands the fact; and the nursery fiction may, perhaps, in these matter-of-fact times, be impugned for giving a notion purely imaginary concerning the Lady-bird's 'house' and her 'children,' and her probable course and business when released from her captor's grasp. Yet what matters it? The simple couplet may implant a wrong notion, but that is soon corrected; and it may implant, also, a right feeling likely to abide. It urges to humanity at the expense of selfishness; to set at liberty the pretty prisoner, of which the childish captor is so proud, that it may go to the rescue of its distressed little ones. Such, at least, is the spirit in which we imagine this address to the Lady-bird to have been originally dictated to some little child long since grown grey and mouldered into earth.

"The Lady-bird, or *Coccinella*, has many claims upon our kindness in addition to those which it possesses as the favourite of our childhood. Of our manhood it is also the useful friend, however little we may so regard it; and it is, *par excellence*, a friend in all weathers. It greets us in early spring, enjoys the summer with us, stays by us through the fall of the leaf, and even in mid-winter often emerges from its hybernated retreat, as if on purpose to remind us of more cheerful seasons, past and to come. Perhaps on account of its hardihood—an endowment for which it is no doubt in some measure indebted to its highly varnished covering—the Lady-bird has acquired amongst our Catholic neighbours the appellations of *Vache à Dieu* and *Bête de la Vierge*, as though it were a creature especially favoured by providential care. These names, however, are somewhat more applicable if the insect be regarded as one of those little, but not unimportant agents whereby the kind Creator is accustomed to confer benefits; and that for such we are indebted to the *Coccinella* is a fact with which every gardener—every one at least who knows how to distinguish between friend and foe—is practically acquainted. He sees his rose trees and honeysuckles, and other favourites of his care, laden with blight insects (the *Aphides*, or Plant-lice, whose history we need not now repeat); and on finding their multitudes gradually thinned, he knows that he is mainly indebted for their riddance to exterminating Lady-birds, which, aided by two or three allies, confer on the hop-grower a similar benefit.

"By entomologists, the Lady-bird is regarded as a beautiful example of his favourite order of Beetles (*Coleoptera*); when the pencil of nature furnishes him with a rare or newly-coloured variety, he looks upon it as a prize. It was the striking prettiness of a black and yellow Lady-bird, added to its extraordinary vitality in flying away after an immersion of four-and-twenty hours in ardent spirits, which first attracted the attention of Kirby, and led him, for the amusement and benefit of thousands, to adopt the study of insects. Yet of the millions who are well enough acquainted, by sight, with this common Beetle, so gaily distinguished from the darker brethren of its order, how few know a single word about its history, or suspect that, besides being a pretty, it is a useful, little animal.

"Nearly everybody has a knowledge, more or less accurate, of the transformations undergone by Moths and Butterflies (the *Lepidoptera* of naturalists), but not many, perhaps, are aware that most other insects go through similar changes. Those of the Lady-bird are very curious; and the difference of form between its long flat figure in the first or larva stage of being, and its half-spherical shape as a winged Beetle, is scarcely less striking than that betwixt the Butterfly and the Caterpillar from which it has expanded."

The chapter on "Insect Magicians" affords another proof of the skill with which the author of this volume contrives to convey information:—

"INSECT MAGICIANS."

"Lo! at their fairy touch at once springs forth
A magic growth of seeming fruits and flowers,
Fair to the eye, and animate within
By more than vegetative life."

"The day approaches on which oak-apples, bearing their gilded honours, will perpetuate the memory of those their ancestral fruits, which hung, in company with a hunted Monarch, on the tree of Boscobel. Whether dress'd in tinsel, or adorned by Nature's painting, these apples of Royalty are pretty things to look at; and against the coming anniversary (the 29th of May), which will bring them within the reach of all, it may be worth inquiring whether they have again within deserving notice; or whether, as with the Merry Monarch's self, they are to be estimated only for their outward bravery."

"Pleasant to the taste these fair fruits are not (as well we know by bitter experiences of childhood); so, not daring to bite, let us pull one of them asunder, or, dividing it with a knife, reveal its secrets. We now see, surrounded and bounded by spongy pulp, a set of cells, each with its solitary living occupant, for whose safe keeping, and that of his fellows, this fruit-like tenement was called into existence, not by the labours of a trilling artificer, but by the touch of a flying fairy. The insect tenants of these pulpy palaces are not unlike, in one condition of their being, to the scions of Royal houses. It is not improbable that before one of them has attained to the majority of its winged estate, all may be despoiled of their inheritance by a host of usurping parasites, such as, in palaces reared by hands, have often enacted a resembling part."

"The above description of a common oak-apple, its Gall-ily occupant, and Ichneumon intruder, may seem over-fanciful; but in writing of Galls, our pen may possibly be carried from the dry land of simple fact by some spirit of fiction in our ink—an infusion, it is likely, of gall-nuts, the produce of the East, the very region of romance. With graver pens than ours fancies would seem, indeed, to have been the very growth of Galls; for, descending on their origin, an Italian entomologist, an observant naturalist—one who waged war, moreover, with popular fallacies—imagines that Oak-apples and Galls were animated, nay, brought into being, by a soul—not an animal, but a vegetative and sensitive soul—in the plant itself. To account for the mysterious entrance of life into the centre of an imperforate ball, he might just as well have adopted, and slightly modified to suit his purpose, the no less imaginative notion of some learned Jewish Rabbins, who believed, or not believing, taught that human souls transmigrate after death into leaves and buds. 'For certain crimes,' they would have it, 'a soul goes into the leaf of a tree; the wind then rises, and, shaking it about, causes great torment. This punishment ceases when the leaf falls to the ground: though sometimes, indeed, such a soul passes from leaf to leaf through several.'

"Before we throw these learned bubbles entirely away, suppose we, in sport, toss up the last of them, just to make with it another random hit at the origin of life in the oak-apple. Let us fancy, with the sagacious Rabbins, an erring soul incarcerated within a single leaf, or wandering from one green prison to another. A portion of its guilt thus expiated, we may imagine it in remittance of punishment, and, as a first step towards restoration, permitted to throw aside its mere vegetable skin, and to put on an animal form (albeit one of the very lowest), as the grub, or even egg of a gall-nut insect. Under a transition so important as the recovery of an animal shape, however insignificant, could a poor soul do otherwise than cause a most irregular disturbance amongst the contiguous vegetable juices—which, forthwith beginning to ferment, and rise, and consolidate around it, soon constitute again its vegetable prison—a prison of no larger dimensions than the narrow circle of an oak-apple, or a currant-leaf gall."

We will simply add, that the illustrations are as interesting as the letterpress; and we leave the *Episodes of Insect Life* to the popularity that is sure to attend them.

The *Strange Adventures of Kit Bam, Mariner*, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is a book of last year; but it is likely, we should think, to be a favourite as long as "Gulliver" or "Sinbad the Sailor." That is saying a great deal for its immortality. Kit is sure to recommend himself to the young.

"'Twere a pity
To stint the wonders to the known, and leave
Imagination not a world to conquer."

So say the notes to the volume. We entirely agree in its wisdom, and think the authoress deserves the gratitude of all boys and girls for her story; and of grown-up people too, if they would only be modest enough to avow that they delight in such pleasant and instructive mixtures of truth and fiction.

The *Lady's Album of Fancy Work* is not exactly a book for the reading public; but the working public, or that portion of it whose nimble fingers supply the lords of the creation with the nick-nacks that affection loves to give and receive, will no doubt find it valuable. The following extract from the preface is the only passage likely to interest those who read. The workers will find interest in every page.

"The exercise of the needle has been from time immemorial a favourite occupation with the females of every country; and the allusions to the subject from cotemporary historians and poets evince that this feminine pursuit was regarded with approval and respect. The invention of embroidery is ascribed to the Phrygians; and we also learn from ancient authors, that the Sidonians particularly excelled in this beautiful art of decorative needlework; it must have also made considerable progress in this country soon after the Norman Conquest, from the accounts that are recorded of the robes embroidered in gold and silver, generally worn by persons of rank at that period. The Bayeux Tapestry also remains to us as a lasting trophy of the skill and industry of Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court, and is not more interesting as a historical record than as a specimen of the needlework of the mediæval age. The introduction of knitting into this country is comparatively of modern date—so late as the middle of the sixteenth century. The invention of the art is usually ascribed to the Spaniards; though the Scotch, with some appearance of justice, assert their claims as its originators. Like all inventions, knitting has undergone wonderful improvement since it was first simply used for stocking-making; and the value attached to stockings so made may be judged from the fact, that a pair were deemed a fitting present from one Sovereign to another. A pair of knitted hose was amongst the gifts received by that lover of finery, Queen Elizabeth; but no record remains to show if these were preserved with the three thousand robes which were found after her death in the wardrobe of England's Maiden Queen."

"The love for domestic occupations, which is so admirable a trait in the character of our countrywomen, has often been a subject of gratulation; and that female ingenuity and skill may continue to be employed in embellishing the drawingroom, rather than in directing the political intrigues of the *salon*, must be desired by all interested in the preservation of those domestic attributes which give so pleasing a charm to home, and secure the comfort of all around."

"The taste which her Majesty Queen Victoria evinces for feminine pursuits and occupations has naturally exercised considerable influence in preserving habits of industry amongst her female subjects; and to her Majesty's example, and that of the amiable Queen Dowager, may be ascribed the labours of the English embroiderers are now justly appreciated, and her work esteemed as in no respects inferior to the produce of foreign ingenuity."

What have we we here? Verily, "Old Friends with New Faces"—one-and-twenty stories of our childhood—with more than one hundred illustrations by John Absolon and Harrison Weir, under the title of "A Treasury of Pleasure—Books for Young People," and seasonable as a Christmas addition to the nursery or play-room. Here are Little Bo-Peep, Simple Simon, Mother Goose, the House that Jack Built, Cock Robin, Mother Hubbard, the Three Bears, Fox and Geese, Tom the Piper's Son, Goody Two Shoes, and other little histories, too numerous for us to mention. Some bibliographical skill has been shown by including in the collection The Wonderful Story of Henny-Penny, and The Robin's Yule Song—which are told by nurses in Scotland; and Southey's version of the story of the Three Bears. The wood-cuts are not the grotesque and unlikelike designs formerly common in books of this class, but they are pretty and graceful realities. The men, women, and children, drawn by Mr. Absolon, wear the costume of the last century, but are pleasant people; and the quadrupeds and birds (always an excellent feature in children's books) are from the well-practised pencil of Mr. Weir. There is, by the way, in both classes of subjects a rural and picturesque character of simplicity—the fittest charm for childhood. The binding of the book is an elegant design, in blue and gold, by Mr. Owen Jones.



BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PAGE 418.)



FORFEITS.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PAGE 418.)

THE FEAR OF THE WORLD; OR, LIVING FOR APPEARANCES.

BY THE BROTHERS MAYHEW,

Authors of "The Greatest Plague of Life," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"TIEN! seulement une sole frite! C'est bienheureux, ma chère, que je n'ai pas demandé de mes amis à dîner. Tu auras du me le dire ce matin."

Mr. Wellesley Nicholls always made it a point of speaking to his wife in French upon such subjects as he did not wish to come to the servant's ears; and, upon this occasion, owing to the presence of the page-boy Parker, who, in his white cotton gloves, stood at the sideboard, waiting at their early three o'clock dinner, Mr. Wellesley Nicholls translated into that language the feelings he experienced on lifting up the cover before him, and finding only a fried sole, which he knew to be the usual family apology for cold meat.

Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls not being so expert a linguist as her husband, objected to argue the point in a foreign tongue; so answering simply "Oui," she told the page to pull down the blinds, and that he need not stop, as she would ring when he was wanted; and that, if any one called, they had gone for a drive in the Park.

The boy left, and she proceeded:—"As for telling you, my dear, that we should only have a make-up dinner to-day, why, of course, I thought you would recollect we were going to the Chief Baron's to-night, and I never dreamt that you would be so foolish as to bring anybody home with you. Besides, surely cold meat ought to be good enough for us when we are by ourselves."

"My dear Sara," answered Wellesley, "I'm not grumbling about the cold meat, only I can't be expected to carry all these arrangements in my head, and you should have told me, my love; for suppose I had brought any one home, now, how pretty it would have looked!"

"As for that," returned Sara, "we might have said it was lunch. But I should have had to take all my hair out, and a pretty figure I should have looked by the time we got to the Chief Baron's. I never knew any one so thoughtless as you, Wellesley dear."

Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls had the misfortune to be what is called a showy woman—that is to say, she was tall and stoutish, of a dark complexion, and had a well-rounded shoulder, which her husband loved at evening parties to behold in contrast with a black velvet dress; and, moreover, she was unlucky enough to be blest with a remarkably fine head of black hair: so that, for the satisfaction of allowing her friends to see her ringlets twisting nearly down to her waist, she passed the better part of her existence in curl-papers; in which, indeed, she would have fainted to have been discovered.

This fine head of hair and that well-rounded shoulder—now nearly ten years ago—had won the heart of Mr. Wellesley Nicholls, a young barrister, with an allowance—till his profession enabled him to dispense with it—of £500 a year from his father, Sir Giles Nicholls, who held a lucrative Government situation at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and had been knighted, owing to the lucky accident of his having, as Mayor of that town, been called upon to present some "humble and loyal address" to the King at some particular period. As the only son and heir of the Knight, Mr. Wellesley Nicholls thought it his duty to uphold the dignity of the family in as noble and fashionable a manner as he could; and, though his friendly briefs and motions-of-course only enabled him to defray his clerk's wages and rent of chambers, yet the showy charms of his wife, and the paternal title, had induced him to keep up an establishment, and launch out into parties, in a style that had long ago made his friends set him down as a man of at least treble as much as his income really was.

Indeed, the main object of Mr. Wellesley Nicholls's life was to be considered by what he called "the world" as a much richer, nobler, and worthier man than he had any pretensions to be. His whole life was one round of schemes and tricks to gain the applause of "the world." He furnished his house, not for himself, but for "the world;" he kept servants for "the world;" he clothed himself, his wife and children, for "the world." He gave champagne parties for the praise of "the world," and stinted himself, when at home, in fear of it. He had married his showy wife to gain the admiration of "the world," and had cut her humble relations through the dread of its sneers. He was publicly generous and charitable, while, secretly, he was mean, false, and unjust. He was ever trying to plate truth with appearances. In a word, he lived and lied for "the world," and "the world" returned it by laughing at him for his pains. And to-day Mr. Wellesley Nicholls has drawn down the blinds for fear that "the world" might come and look in at the windows, to enquire what he was eating for dinner.

While they were still busy with their solitary fried sole, they were alarmed by a double knock at the door.

"There, now! Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls. "But it is always the case: if you happen to have a dinner you're at all ashamed of, half a dozen people are sure to call. Try if you can see who it is, Wellesley."

Mr. Nicholls accordingly advanced to the window, and, pulling the blind cautiously aside, endeavoured to command a complete view of the door-step, but in vain; while Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, when she heard the page coming up, opened the parlour door a little way, as gently as she could, and said in a whisper, "Hush—sh—sh! Mind, Parker, we're gone out for a drive in the Park;" and then, closing it, she stood listening at it, begging her husband, for goodness' sake, not to make any noise.

All that Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls was able to catch, however, was the sound of the door closing and of footsteps ascending the stairs, until, at length, she plainly heard them treading overhead.

"Why, I declare if he hasn't shown them up into the drawing-room!" then cried the horror-stricken Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls. "That boy must be half foolish! I thought we should never be able to keep him long. You must go up, my dear. I wouldn't be seen in these papers for I don't know what," she added, with a sly glance at the looking-glass.

"It's impossible, Sara; I really can't go up, smelling of fish and porter as I must. It's impossible; I really can't."

At this juncture the page Parker entered.

"I thought your mistress told you we had gone out for a drive in the Park?" began Mr. Wellesley Nicholls.

"I told the gentleman so, sir," answered the boy; "but he said he would step in, and wait till you came back, sir."

"Did he give you any card?" asked Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls.

"No, ma'am. He said the name wasn't of any consequence," returned the boy.

"What kind of a looking gentleman is he?" inquired Mr. Wellesley Nicholls.

"He a'n't exactly a gentleman, sir," replied the page; "he's a country-farmer-looking person, in top-boots, if you please, sir. He asked to see missus, sir."

"Est-ce que vous connaissez quelqu'un comme celui-là?" asked Mr. Wellesley Nicholls of Mrs. W. N.

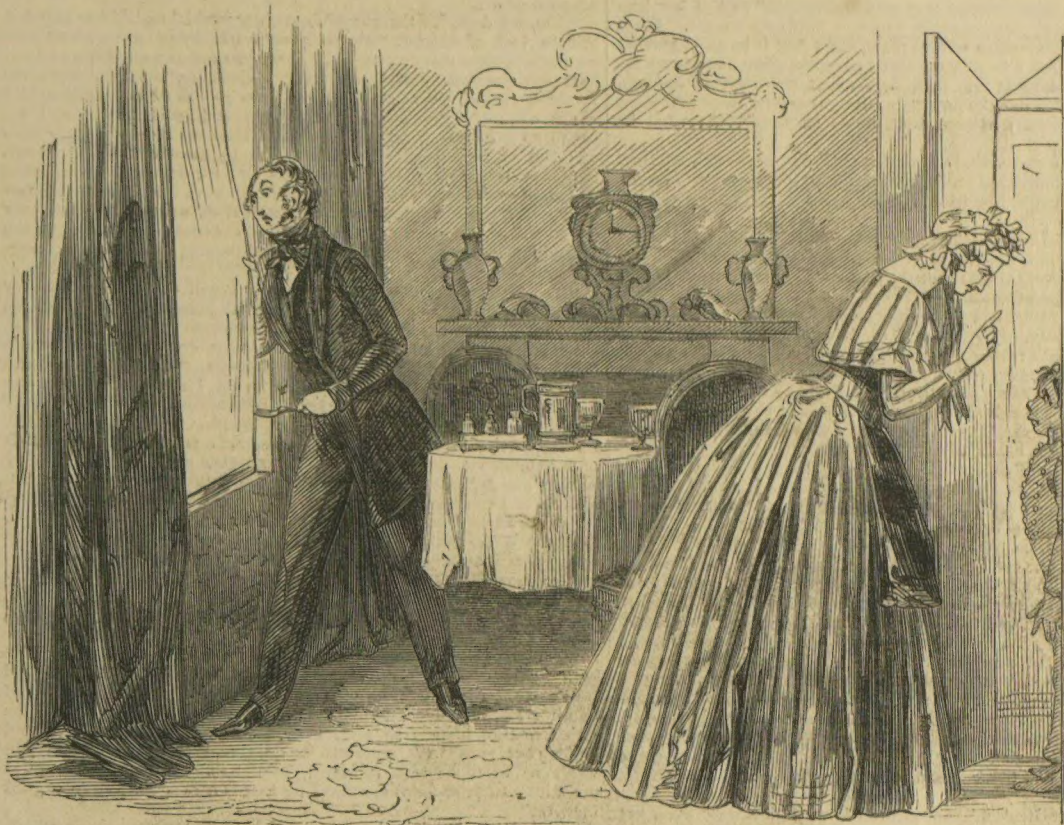
"That will do, Parker; you can go," said Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, avoiding a reply in French. And when Parker had gone, she added in a low voice, "The only person I can imagine it to be is the butcher, my dear."

"The butcher!" echoed Mr. Wellesley Nicholls. "Impossible, my dear! He could never have the impudence to come with a double knock to my door." And, remembering that his father was a Knight, he jerked his head back with becoming dignity.

"There's no answering for the airs that tradesmen give themselves now-a-days," returned Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls. "He's been after his money two or three times before, and behaved very insolently; only I didn't like to annoy you, my dear, by telling you of it at the time."

"Ah! but you should, my love!" peevishly replied Mr. Wellesley Nicholls, "you should. You forget I've my pecuniary arrangements to make, and you see the difficulties you get me into now, by keeping the applications of these people from me. For I don't like, my dear, to overdraw my account at the banker's, and I'm sure my balance there at present is not large enough to pay him. You must go up yourself, Sara, and get him to wait until the next quarter comes round. For I know, if I go, I shall get knocking the fellow down, and it's better to avoid such scenes before the servants."

Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls prepared to comply with her husband's request, by arranging her cap in the glass, and then went up-stairs, planning to herself what excuse she could make.



"Hush—sh—sh! Mind, Parker, we're gone for a drive in the Park."

When she entered the room her annoyance was in no way relieved on finding that the supposed butcher was none other than her only brother, Farmer Reuben Marsh, of Farnham, Surrey. Not that she had any dislike to her brother: indeed, it would have been strange if she had; for it was he who had supported her after her father's death, and who had cheerfully shared with her the few comforts of his home at a time when, owing to the embarrassed state of the family affairs, Reuben had found it difficult to keep the farm in his hands. But his manners and habits were so much at variance with those of the circle in which his sister now moved, that she and her husband were in constant dread lest it should be known that the fashionable Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls were in any way akin to the unpolished Reuben Marsh.

"What, Reuben! is it you, dear? Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, running up to him. "Well, this is an unexpected pleasure, to be sure," and she kissed him in a manner that showed that she no longer relished the rustic perfume of the farm-yard that hung about his clothes.

"Ah! I knew my plump sister Sally would be glad to see a body again—I knew thee thee would, girl," answered Reuben, returning his sister's embrace with such hearty warmth that the little lace cap she had pinned on to the back of her head fell on the carpet. "Why, thee beest twice as buxom, Sally, as when I see'd thee afore, at the time I was up in London for the cattle show—now five year ago, that it be. Well, I thought I'd take thee by surprise, gal. But that boy of yours all over buttons, as if thee'd fastened his jacket on with brass-headed nails like, said thee'd gone for a drive in the Park, and thee wast at home after all. Why, what a lying young rogue he be, to be sure!"

"He didn't know you, Reuben, and we are out to all visitors to-day," answered Mrs. Nicholls.

"What! out when thee beest at home, Sally?" exclaimed her brother.

"No, but you don't understand these things, Reuben," she replied. "It's the fashion, when you don't want to see any of your friends, to say that you are out. They know what one means."

"Then, if thy friends know thee beest lying, gal, what a fool thee must be not to tell the truth. And pretty friends they must be, too, that thee don't care to see! Ah, Sally, Sally, when thee wast at Farnham, thee'dst always a bite and a sup for thy friends, instead of an untruth to turn them from the door with."

"Yes, but, Reuben, suppose you're not dressed to receive company," she continued.

"Why, then, dang it!" answered Reuben, "can't thee ask the folk to sit down whilst thee goest and cleanest thyself, as thee hast done, gal, many a time and oft before now?"

"Yes, but in London, Reuben," she added, "we can't do as you can in the country. You see, one's friends judge so from appearances here."

"Appearances! Yes, I know, you mean the look of the thing like,"

returned Reuben. "Now, I'll tell thee what it be, Sally. T'other day I went to Farmer Griffiths—him as bought our black cow the year afore you left us: well, I seed on the table in their best parlour, you know, a beautiful orange—quite a pictur' it was, with such a beautiful gold coat of his own, surely! The old gentleman seed me looking at it, and says he, 'Will you have an orange, Reuben?' 'Thank you,' says I, 'I don't know as I won't, if I been't a robbing on you.' So I takes it up, and when I comes to try it, dang'd if I didn't nearly break a tooth. You'll laugh, like the old gentleman did, when I tell you, for, bless you, it warn't nothing but stone! So, that's what comes, you see, of trusting to 'pearances. Now, listen to me, Sally, if thee goest choosing thy friends by the fine looks of the cloth of their coats, they'll serve thee as the orange did thy brother Reuben; for, when thee comest to try them, thee'll find them nothing but stone after all. So, look about thee, gal! look about thee!"

"Yes, yes, I understand," answered Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, growing fidgety at her brother's lengthened visit, and fearing every minute that he would be asking to see her husband. "Well, now, dear Reuben, that you are here, I hope you're come to stop. Wellesley would so like to see you when he comes home."

"Oh, then, he's out too, eh?" replied Reuben. "Ah, I know what you mean now. It's the fashion, as thee said, when thee doesn't want to see thy friends, to say thee're out. I am getting quite a London man, you see, Sally."

"Why, what a strange person you're grown, Reuben," remarked Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls. "You will take everything wrongly. Now, do let me order something for you, if it's only a glass of wine and a biscuit."

"No, thank thee, Sally, girl," returned Reuben. "You see, I passed my word to dine at the Black Ram with neighbour Williams, as stood godfather, you know, to my little Tommy. And, to tell thee the truth, I should not be much at my ease here, for I be quite afraid to move for the crockery and things."

"Oh, you needn't be frightened of that, Reuben," answered Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, "for we don't take our meals in this room."

"Ah, then, thee beest frightened to use it thyself, eh?" returned Reuben. "Well, Sally, it be plaguey fine, gal, sartintly. They say a body had better not spile the ship for a hap'orth of tar; but I be afraid, lass, thee beest a-spiling her here with too much on't. And look thee, Sally," he continued, lifting up the brown holland covering to the ottoman on which he was seated, "where be the use of these grand satin covers, if thee beest obliged to hide them under these here pin-afores, eh?"

"You see they are too good for every-day use, Reuben," answered Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, "and so we keep them covered up; that is what is called a housewife's prudence."

"Well, but it seems a queer kind of prudence," he returned, "to have two covers to do the work of one. I always thought that was what folks meant by extravagance."

"Yes, but don't you see, Reuben," she continued, "the one is for every-



"She looked much younger than when he had married her."

day use, as I said before, and the other for grand occasions—when our friends come.”

“Then London folks must be very generous people,” replied her brother, “to put themselves to so much expense for their friends. Why, they told me London were a wicked place, but I find it be quite another sort of a thing. Yes, I be sure on it now; because afore thee came up, Sally, I were a-looking at this book here about the Orphans’ Asylum, and I see thee hast given the poor babes five guineas for these four years past; but thee spells thy name without ere an ‘h’ now Sally; what be that for?”

“Oh, that’s only one of Wellesley’s fancies,” she answered, smiling, whilst inwardly she writhed under her brother’s rude sarcasms. But you surely can’t be going to find fault with my subscribing to the Orphans’ Asylum?”

“No, Sally, gal, I be main glad to see thee do it, and find that after thee has done so much here for thy friends, thee hast got summat left for the poor fatherless things; though it strikes me I should have loved thee better, gal, if, among all thy charity, thee hadst offered to help a body with even a pound or two towards poor father’s debts. I’ve had a hard time on it, Sally, to pay them all; but, though I would not have taken your husband’s money, yet I should have blest both of ye for doing all ye could for the honour of the poor old man when he were dead and gone. It were a deuce of a struggle, Sally, but I ha’ got through it all now, thank goodness, and paid the last three and twenty pounds two years come Michaelmas; so that thee needn’t be ashamed of thy relations now, Sally, thee needn’t.”

“Well, but Reuben,” she said, kissing him, “I am sure I was never ashamed of my relations. But calm yourself, and don’t talk so loud, there’s a good brother, for I know you wouldn’t like the servants to hear all about dear father’s difficulties.”

“No, sister Sally, not for the poor old man’s sake, I wouldn’t. Now, listen to me, dear,” he continued, taking her hand; “maybe, I’ve been rough and hard with thee, but I was angered, gal. When thee lived with I and Molly, at Farnham, thee wast a different lass. Then thee spoke as thee thought, and thee loved thy brother as much as he loved thee, and thee were proud on him for all he had battled through, and used to tell my Molly there wasn’t a squire round to be put beside him. And when counsellor Nicholls asked me to gie thee to him, though I felt loth to part with thee, Sally, yet I thought ye loved one another; and as he had twice the means that I had to make thee happy, I gave thee away to him, and that’s now near upon ten years ago. And since then I’ve seed thee three times, and each of them were of my own seeking; and thy husband but once, and thy little ones ne’er a once at all.”

“Yes, but, dear Reuben,” she answered, with downcast eyes, not liking to look him in the face, “you know when you called you would never stay till they could be brought down to you.”

“No, Sally, girl, I never were at my ease in thy house yet,” he added, “for thee always put thy brother in a grand gilt, cold room, by himself, and thee wast a quarter of an hour before thee came to him, and then thee seemed so stuck up like, that I were almost freeze’d when I kissed thee; and though my Molly always sent thee the fattest of the turkeys and good things at Christmas-tide, yet thy letters were only full of thanks, and never said a word about coming to see a body.”

“Yes; but you forget, Reuben,” she interrupted, whilst a tear trickled down her cheeks, “my husband’s business always keeps him in London.”

“Well, Sally, girl,” he continued, kissing her, “I’m glad to hear it; I feared it were otherwise. But even now, when I come to see thee, thee meet me with a lie on thy door-step, and set me in a room with ruin written in gilt letters all about it, and covered over with a fine carpet that I be a-gift to put my hobnails upon; so that a body can’t help thinking how long it will be before I see it with an auction bill on it, hanging out of the window. There! thee needn’t start, girl: they be hard words to fling at thee, but they be the truest and the kindest meant, thee’st heard these ten years; for I know what £500 a year can do better than thee canst. Tell me, Sally, and I’m as certain sure as if I seed the bills, that more than half these gewgaws be not paid for; and that thee beest like the play-actors, dressed in a lot of finery that don’t belong to thee.”

“Mr. Nicholls, Reuben, will attend to his own affairs,” she answered, rising; “and perhaps it would be better if other people followed his example.”

“Ah! I know what thee meanst,” he continued; “but I’ve reproached myself for not warning thee many a year before; for, depend on it, no good will come on it, gal. Ah! poor Sally, Sally, thee’st got a bitter winter to go through, and maybe that thee’lt be glad to come down then to see thy brother. There! there! come, give us thy hand, gal, for Reuben, though he do say it, be the best friend thee’st got in the world; so don’t let us part otherwise.”

Kissing her even more fondly and rudely than when he entered, he left the room; whilst Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls haughtily rang the bell for the page to usher her brother out; and then, sinking on a sofa, the storm that she had kept suppressed within her burst out, and she sobbed as though she still had a heart to break.

CHAPTER II.

MR. WELLESLEY NICHOLLS—who, during the preceding scene in the drawingroom, had been vainly endeavouring, in the parlour, to interest himself with “the morning paper,” while his whole attention was fixed upon the angry tone of the visitor’s voice overhead—felt considerably relieved when he heard the bell ring to announce the intruder’s departure, and the street-door slam to, in confirmation of it. And then Mr. Nicholls became excessively impatient to learn what arrangement his wife had come to with the supposed butcher; but, finding she did not come down, and not hearing her move about, he grew alarmed, and ran upstairs to inquire into the matter.

He was surprised to find his wife in tears; and, taking her hand, said, in a tender voice, “Why, Sara, my love, what is the meaning of all this? Has that scoundrel been insulting you? Why not have called me, eh?”

“It was not the butcher,” answered Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, from beneath her handkerchief; “it was my brother Reuben; and he’s been going on in such a dreadful way at everything in the house. He said we were going to rack and ruin.”

“Your brother Reuben, was it? And he said we were going to rack and ruin, did he?” returned Mr. Wellesley Nicholls, between his teeth. “Very like a brother, indeed. And, even if we were, I should like to know what the deuce Mr. Reuben Marsh has got to do with it?”

“And so I said to him; and he went away in a passion,” replied Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls.

“Perhaps it would be better if he stopped in the country, along with his pigs. What does he want prying here?” inquired Mr. Wellesley Nicholls, indignantly. “If he knew anything of society, he might have seen, from our never returning his visits, that we didn’t wish to have anything to do with him.”

“He said you had always avoided him,” continued the sobbing Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls. “He seems to be dreadfully altered of late. I declare he did nothing but find fault from the very moment he came in.”

“Of course, the boor did,” continued Mr. Nicholls. “He’d have been smooth-faced enough to me, though, I’ll be bound. I suppose you objected to let him spit in the bright stove, or he wanted to smoke his clay pipe up here—eh? A low, beer-drinking, chaw-bacon farmer! It’s no reason, because I made you my wife, that I should be obliged to marry the whole family. And he shall see that I won’t, either; for I’ll take good care that he never sets foot in my house again.”

“You are forgetting yourself, Wellesley,” exclaimed Mrs. Nicholls, angrily, at the same time rising and shutting the door which her husband had left ajar. “My brother Reuben may be plain-spoken; but he is not low, nor is he a chaw-bacon. And, even supposing he were, I do not think that it exactly becomes his sister’s husband to publish it to all the servants. Besides, his greatest enemy could not say that he doesn’t mean well.”

“Means well?” exclaimed Mr. Wellesley Nicholls: “certainly, and so does your wild Indian savage when he a—when he a—but no matter; we had better change the subject, my dear. Of course, your brother Reuben, having been bred in the country, can know nothing of London life; and when he comes up here from his humble fireside, and sees a house elegantly furnished, I dare say it does strike him as extravagance. But you know as well as I do, my dear, that, from the position we hold in society, there is not a single article here that we could dispense with; and that these looking-glasses, and ottomans, and tables, and china ornaments, and what not, are as necessary to us, in our station, as his ploughs, and carts, and horses are to him.”

“Of course they are, Wellesley dear,” answered Mrs. Nicholls. “And, besides, I should like to know how Reuben can tell whether we can afford it or not.”

“Yes, my dear, it’s the way of the vulgar world,” replied her husband, with a look of disgust. “People always will know more about your own affairs than you do yourself. Now, you are as well aware as I am, that our greatest, indeed our only serious, expense has been our furnishing; and, thank goodness, we have got as elegant a house over our heads as any of our acquaintances; and, what is more, I am proud to say it is nearly all paid for. How we have done it, I can’t imagine. It seems almost like a dream to me. But this I will say, Sara, my love, that, if it had not been for your excellent management and rigid economy, I don’t suppose I should have been here at this moment. But the struggle is over, thank Heaven, and we have now only got to retrench, and cut down every little expense at home that we can possibly do without, to clear off the few remaining debts that are hanging over our heads.”

“Yes, Wellesley, my dear, I am sure I will do everything in my power,” answered Mrs. W. N.; “though at present I certainly do not see how the housekeeping expenses can be reduced.”

“Nor I, my sweetest. Understand me, Sara, my love, I am not finding fault,” continued Mr. Wellesley Nicholls. “You are a wonderful woman, and deserve the highest credit; for I am sure the table you have managed to keep upon the small allowance you have had is perfectly extraordinary. Indeed, people, my dear, imagine, from the style we live in, that I am a man of more than a thousand a year. But when I speak of retrenchment, my love, I only mean that we must not give so many parties, and not invite a set of people whose houses we never set foot into. For I can assure you, Sara, no one can imagine my state of mind when I thought I heard the butcher abusing you for his money; and, to tell you the truth, I made a vow that I never would expose myself to the same indignity again; and never incur a debt, however small it might be, without having the money to discharge it—or first seeing my way clear, which is the same thing, you know.”

“It’s the best plan, you may depend upon it, Wellesley,” returned Mrs. W. N.

“You’re quite right, my poppit,” continued Mr. Nicholls; “for I’ve been casting up everything in my mind, and I find that it will take exactly three quarters of my father Sir Giles’s allowance to put us all straight and comfortable again. So dry up your tears,” he added, seating himself by her side on the sofa, and kissing her, “and bathe your eyes with some eau de Cologne, there’s an angel, or you won’t be fit to be seen to-night, I declare. Come, now, I have got a little surprise for you, something that is sure to put you in a good humour.”

“Now, Wellesley, love,” expostulated Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, with a smile, “after all you have been saying, I hope you have not been running into any fresh expense by buying me a new dress. It would be so foolish of you, for I’m sure I don’t want it.”

“No, my dear,” answered the husband; “your black velvet is quite good enough. You know you’ve only worn it three times, or four at the most; and that would be extravagance, if you like. But you see, Sara, I’ve long wanted to get into the Chief Baron’s set—it’s such a passport to one; and you know, my darling, my chief pride has always been to hear you acknowledged to be, wherever you went, the best-dressed person in the room—and diamonds do give such style to a woman; and, with your black velvet dress, they would look positively superb. So I’ve ordered the jeweller to come here about six, and show you some.”

“Really, Wellesley dear, you should think of what you are doing,” Mrs. Nicholls returned, kissing him. “It seems unkind to refuse you, but you know we cannot afford it; and I am sure my aquamarines would do very well. It is so imprudent of you, darling. You let your affection lead you astray.”

“You see, my poppit, you don’t understand these things,” replied Mr. Wellesley Nicholls. “Diamonds, although they are the dearest articles you can buy, are really the least expensive in the end. It is merely an investment of capital; for they are things that never wear out, and are always worth their money. And aquamarines, to say the truth, don’t become you. A fine woman like you, Sara, requires something more rich and distinguished.”

“Lor, Wellesley, how can you go on so? And perhaps the jeweller would make some allowance for the aquamarines,” suggested Mrs. W. N.

“Why, I think you had better keep them, my dear; they will always come in handy, you know, for minor occasions. At first, I thought of hiring you a suite for the night, Sara; but, on second thoughts, I couldn’t bear the idea of your going about in borrowed plumes; and I knew the jeweller wouldn’t bother me for the money—indeed, my father has dealt with him for years; so that you see, my love, there’s no occasion for you to alarm yourself about the expense.”

“Go along with you, Wellesley. You’re a foolish, good-natured, extravagant rogue of a husband, that you are,” said Mrs. W. N. “I declare there’s no use talking to you. You were made for a barrister; you can persuade any one to do anything.”

“Oh, by the bye,” suddenly exclaimed Mr. Wellesley Nicholls, “I forgot to tell you Lively Harry’s coming here to-night.”

“What, Mr. Harry Chandos?” inquired Mrs. Nicholls.

“Yes, my love,” answered her husband; “I met him to-day in the Temple, and he told me he was going to the Baron’s to-night, but that he had to be at a dinner-party first in Sussex-terrace. So I asked him, as he would be in the neighbourhood, if he would take a seat in our brougham, and he said he would be with us about eleven o’clock.”

“I declare that man goes everywhere,” exclaimed Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls; “I don’t think I ever went to a party without meeting him. He certainly is a very agreeable man; he knows everybody and everything, and always has such a deal to say for himself. I suppose that’s why you call him Lively, Wellesley?”

“It’s a nickname his friends have given him, my dear,” answered Mr. Nicholls; “he certainly has got into very good society, and how the deuce he has managed it I can’t tell; I fancy it’s the nice pleasant way the fellow has got of his own.”

“Do you know what he is, Wellesley dear?” enquired Mrs. Nicholls.

“Why, a gentleman, I suppose,” answered her husband.

“Yes, but how does he live, that is, what property has he got?” continued the lady.

“Really, I don’t know, my dear,” replied Mr. Wellesley Nicholls; “that’s his affair, not mine.”

“But, I mean, what was his father?” asked the lady.

“Why, I never heard him speak of him,” returned Mr. W. N. “But Harry will be here to-night, my love, and then you can ask him all about it.”

“My dear Wellesley,” exclaimed the lady, indignantly, “how can you think I could do such a thing? Only it is so strange, isn’t it; he’s everywhere, yet nobody knows anything about him. I never even heard where he lives yet.”

“No, nor any one else, Sara,” answered Mr. N. “He has all his letters addressed to his club; and he’s a very agreeable, honourable, and good-natured fellow, and people don’t trouble their heads any further about him.”

And so it was; Mr. Henry Chandos—or Lively Harry, as he was called—was one of the many human mysteries so frequently met with in London: in fact, he was one of the fashionable peripatetics known as men about town. He was neither good nor ill looking, nor dashing, nor witty; but he had a good set of teeth, and consequently was always smiling, which made people think him more good-natured than he really was. He played billiards well, and was a good hand at cards—though, to do him justice, he did not make a practice of either. He was what the ladies called a “quizz,” and possessed a large fund of “small talk,” which he told in so rattling and pleasant a manner, that many of his young companions considered him a wit; for, though no diamonds fell from his mouth when he spoke, still he sent forth a good imitation “paste,” which sparkled nearly as well. Moreover, he was just the fellow to keep a dinner-party in good humour; and he had a good figure for a ball-room, waltzed well, sung prettily, and was a universal favourite with children. He had been engaged as second in two or three “affairs of honour,” and knew a number of men in the army; had few enemies, and always some money in his purse. In a word, he was a good companion and a great riddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls had scarcely finished their conversation about the above gentleman, when the page Parker informed them that a person from the jeweller’s was waiting below; and going down, they found that the jeweller had sent the two diamond bracelets as ordered, for Mrs. Nicholls to tell which she preferred, and another, which

was such “a bargain,” that the man had brought it “just for them to look at.”

Mrs. Nicholls thought the first very beautiful—it was only fifty guineas. The second was very splendid, and the stones were larger; but she thought it was not so well worth eighty guineas as the first one was fifty. Besides, the setting was not so tasty.

All this the jeweller’s young man admitted, adding that it was merely the difference in the size of the stones, and that the fifty guinea one certainly did look quite as good as the other; and any one unacquainted with the value of brilliants would not be able to tell the difference. This decided Mrs. Nicholls, and she was resolved to fix upon the fifty guinea article, until the jeweller’s young man opened the red morocco case containing the “bargain,” which threw both Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls into raptures of admiration.

It was a bracelet, and brooch to match, which the jeweller assured the lady and gentleman he could afford to let them have “at the exceedingly low price of one hundred and twenty guineas;” adding that, if the articles were broken up, the stones alone would be worth the money, only it was an old pattern, for which there was no demand at present.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, although not deeply skilled in the market value of brilliants, were perfectly astonished at the lowliness of the price, and agreed with the tradesman that they never could have been made for less than double the money. Mr. Nicholls declared that they were much cheaper than the fifty guinea bracelet, and thought he must be tempted to take them; although he told the young man, in a jocular way, that his master must not blame him (Mr. Wellesley Nicholls) if he never got the money; at the idea of which the young man laughed, and said that Mr. Nicholls’s father, Sir Giles, had dealt with them so long, that they would not have the least fear about their money if it were ten times the amount.

Mrs. Nicholls, seeing that her husband had set his mind upon the bracelet and brooch, touched his foot under the table, as if to say that they could not afford them; on which Mr. Nicholls again said that they were so wonderfully cheap and superb, and things that you only wanted to buy once in a lifetime; whilst the young man, seeing that Mrs. Nicholls’s love of economy still made her cling to the fifty guinea ornament, requested permission to be allowed to try the effect of the articles on the lady. And when he had put them on, Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls went and looked at herself in the long glass between the parlour windows, while she twisted her arm and body about so as to make the jewels sparkle, and smilingly confessed that they certainly did look very handsome. Her husband said he never, in all his life, saw diamonds become a woman so well; and then he recollected that she had no brooch fit to match the brilliants, and that it would be impossible for her to go out without any; and, besides, on her black velvet body the diamond one certainly would look magnificent. When the jeweller’s young man expressed a similar opinion, Mr. Nicholls, despite the black looks of his dear Sara, decided upon having the “bargain,” and the young man packed up the two which had been selected in the morning, and took his departure.

By eleven o’clock Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls was dressed, and looking as handsome as her long ringlets, and black velvet dress, and the diamonds could make her; and her husband passed the time while they were awaiting the arrival of “Lively Harry” in making her walk up and down the parlour, while he observed the effect, and declared that he felt quite proud of her appearance, and that she looked much younger than when he had married her.

Presently the brougham which they had hired for the night came to the door, and Mr. Nicholls told the boy Parker to see that the lamps were alight, and Mrs. Nicholls hoped that the coachman looked respectable, for that last time she went in the Park anybody might have told, from the man’s appearance, that the conveyance was hired.

It was not long before Mr. “Lively Harry” made his appearance, and having stated that it would never do to go to the Chief Baron’s for the next half-hour, commenced giving Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls a graphic description of his dinner party with a lot of Indian people who had lost their lives and their tempers; next he talked of all the people he had met in the Park that day, and told Mrs. Nicholls a little bit of scandal that was going the round of the clubs. Then he gave them a funny description of the last new sentimental novel, and amused Nicholls with the details of a splendid three hours’ run he had had with the Surrey hounds. He favoured them with a list of all the fashionable marriages that were on the tapis, and confided to Mr. Nicholls the name of the horse that he had heard was to win the next Derby; then he told them how extraordinary dull Brighton was, and informed them of the latest discoveries made by Lord Rosse’s telescope; and also of a large failure in the City, which he had heard of that day; and a well-authenticated anecdote of the Prince of Wales; and then one of a common railway navy in the north who had suddenly come into an immense fortune; and, moreover, he communicated to them a list of all the company that were to appear at the Opera next season. Whereupon he said, “By the bye, Nicholls, talking of the Opera, you know Lady Verulam, don’t you? Her daughter arried young Grigg, of the Guards, last season. Her town house is in May Fair. Well, I met her at Almack’s a few nights back, and an awfully dull evening we had, I can tell you: solemn as Exeter Hall—ha! ha! ha! I don’t know whether you have ever ventured an oratorio there, Mrs. Nicholls. It’s very scientific and very sleepy—ha! ha! ha! Well, to return to Lady Verulam. She’s not exactly a Croesus in petticoats, you see; and is, unfortunately for herself, afflicted with a strong penchant for the Opera, having got a brace of daughters to marry; and I’m afraid the girls, Mrs. Nicholls, love her so much that they’ll never leave her—ha! ha! Well, she’s taken a box there for next season—a snug one for her Ladyship to sleep in; and as she only wants it on the Saturday nights, she asked me if I knew anybody that would be likely to take it for the Tuesdays. It’s not dear: ninety pounds—a mere song for the Opera—ha! ha! ha!—so as I thought it would be just the thing for Mrs. Nicholls and yourself, I gave her your address and a card of mine as an introduction, and she’s going to call to-morrow or the next day.”

“It’s very good of you, Harry,” answered Nicholls, “and I’m sure my wife would be delighted; only, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Nicholls doesn’t like the Tuesday nights.”

“Oh, if that’s all, I’ll warrant the old dowager wouldn’t stand out about that; or, I dare say, she’d agree for you to have it one Saturday, and she the other. You leave me to settle the matter. I know her Ladyship’s weak side. If I was you, Mrs. Nicholls, I wouldn’t allow my husband to keep me locked up here all my life.”

“I’m sure we are very much obliged to you, Mr. Chandos, for thinking of us,” replied Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls, with a smile, while she inwardly shuddered at the idea of being forced by his officiousness into the extra expense of an opera-box.

“Not at all, not at all: I know it would just suit you—it gives one such a standing in society, you know, Nicholls. But hadn’t we better be en route, eh? It’s nearly twelve, by Jupiter. Allow me to help you on with your shawl, and cover up those charming brilliants of yours, for I declare they have quite made my eyes ache looking at them.”

“Ah, ah, ah!” affectedly laughed Mrs. W. N. “Do you like them, Mr. Chandos?”

“They are very chaste,” he replied; “chaste as an angel’s tears, or, what is the same thing, your own, Mrs. Nicholls. Do you hear what I’m saying to your wife, Nicholls, eh?”

“Yes, I hear you, Harry. Go on; don’t mind me,” answered Mr. W. N.

“The setting is not of the newest pattern, it is true,” continued Mrs. Wellesley, anxious to return to the subject of the diamonds.

“The fact is,” quickly added her husband, “they are some of her poor dear mother’s, and on that account we don’t like to have the setting altered. They have been in the family so long.”

“Certainly; very right—shows feeling, and that’s better than fashion any day,” answered Lively Harry.

While Nicholls was directing Parker to see if the brougham was at the door, the agreeable Mr. Chandos shewed Mrs. N. a new glove button, the last French invention, which a friend of his had just brought over from Paris; and then requesting her acceptance of the trifle, he took her arm and led her to the brougham.

When Parker asked “Where to?” Lively Harry shouted out loud enough for the neighbours to have heard him, “To the Lord Chief Baron’s.” And Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Nicholls felt supremely happy; though all the way there Chandos had the talk entirely to himself, for they were each of them busy thinking what excuse they could make to Lady Verulam when she called on them about the opera-box. Of one thing, however, they felt convinced—that they must not dream of taking it.

(To be continued.)

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kinds of southern fruits; rose-trees in beautiful pots, &c., are set out for sale. The Christmas evening is devoted to universal joy and festivity; every booth, cellar, coffee-house, &c., is illuminated, and the table of the poor chesnut roaster has an additional lamp. The theatres give grand ballets; the gaming-houses, balls and *soupers*; and the streets are crowded during the whole night with people and bands of music. That which strangers most admire, and no provincial person ever forgets, even when at the greatest distance from his country, is a sort of sacred entertainment, at which the whole family is present. The relations who have been absent from each other, perhaps during the whole year, are to meet on this evening; those who have been the greatest enemies pardon each other at Christmas; marriages are fixed; married pairs who have been separated are at this time again united; the shyest lover becomes eloquent, and the most coy fair one becomes kind; every heart dilates with good-will, love, and tenderness, on Christmas evening.



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